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A STRANGER HERE:

MEMORIAL

OF ONE

TO WHOM TO LIVE WAS CHRIST, AND TO DIE GAIN.

BY THE

RE^V. HORATIUS BONAR,

MINIST.

• "Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly"—Heb. xi. 16

Second Edition.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

EDUCATION.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there; and, all in one,
Become a constellation
Of crowns with which the King, thy Spouse,
Shall bind up thy triumphant brow.
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit light upon thee;
All thy sorrows there shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems;
Ev'n thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul that erst they slew.

ONACHLAW.

TO
THOSE WHO,
THOUGH IN THE WORLD, ARE NOT OF THE WORLD,
THAT THEY MAY PASS THE TIME OF
THEIR SOJOURNING HERE
IN FEAR.

TO
THOSE WHO
ARE BOTH IN THE WORLD AND OF THE WORLD,
THAT THEY MAY COME OUT AND BE SEPARATE,
AND SEE THE THINGS THAT
ARE ABOVE.

PREFACE.

THIS Volume is not one which needs a Preface. It unfolds itself without any introductory explanations.

Like the life which it records, it is not meant for show, nor got up for effect. It will not startle by incident or scene, nor attract by sentimentalism or romance. It trusts to the *reality*, the intense reality, which comes out in all its pages, for the interest it may awaken.

If, indeed, the most original man be he who acts out what he thinks, and lives all that he believes, there may be something found here which may deserve to be called fresh and new. But, whatever may be thought of it in this aspect, there will be

no difficulty in recognising in it the image of one to whom Christ was truly "all;" in whom He had taken a place which dispossessed inferior objects, and to whose eye the glory of this unseen Saviour had eclipsed the world's brilliance and the creature's beauty.

For various private reasons, the names of persons and places have not, in general, been given. This, however, will be no hindrance to the usefulness nor detraction from the interest of the volume.

KELSO, *December 1852.*

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CHAPTER I.

The Sketch.

Of the life that is *outward*,—the life that is lived before the eye of man,—there is little in this volume: almost nothing. The world's "great things" are not here. Yet there are greater things than these,—the transactions between the soul and its Creator,—the intercourse between the Saviour and the saved one.

Of the life that is *inward*,—the life that is lived under the eye of God,—with its struggles, and hopes, and joys, with its changeful movements, its lonely utterances, its quiet walks of shade or sunshine, there is much. ■ few such records will more of this be found; and it is this that gives to these pages all the interest which they possess,—an interest which will not seem poor or trivial, to those who know the difference between the seen and the unseen, and who have discovered, that the points ■ which the soul comes into contact with the God that made it, and with the eternity where its joys are treasured, are ■ points of truest ■ importance in its history.

But though the dandle of strange incident or soaring

sentiment be wanting, the reader will find little of the flat or the commonplace. The life here recorded was a copy, no stale imitation. However much the biographer may fail in sketching its features, the life itself was not tame or artificial, as if the individual were merely saying over again what she had heard others say, and trying to feel in certain modes, because she had read that others felt so, and setting down in her diary or letters some excellent sentiments, neatly culled from the experiences of others. It was singularly and real; the colour of its varied complexion arising from the health underneath, and not laid on by a skillful hand from without. It was thoroughly natural, nay, original, even to simplicity, both in thought and language. Its movements were, not from the surface to the centre, but from the centre to the surface, produced by the indwelling Spirit, and regulated by His inworking hand. It did not shew itself in the form of second-hand pietism or imitated devotion; nor did it work itself into the stiff, irksome routine of externalism, either in language or in action. It came out, without effort or study, in the warm utterance of unborrowed feeling, in the eagerness, sometimes the fitfulness, of impulse, in vigorous yet quiet consistency of character, and in strenuous pressing forward to the mark for the prize of the high calling. It does not deceive you with plagiarised experiences. It is as true as it is transparent; true both in what it speaks and what it leaves unspoken, in what it does and in what it leaves undone; sometimes changeful in its moods, abrupt in its movements, and extreme in its ebblings and flowings, yet always true;

with something in ■ of cloud, but more of sunshine, with much of conflict, but more of victory.

Take, for instance, such passages as the following, which, without unduly anticipating the narrative, will illustrate these statements. She writes to a dear friend —“ I was a little happier at prayer this morning, but it was in confessing and weeping over ■ sins. I felt so vile, that I had nothing to say; I was self-condemned and ashamed; but the sweet name of Jesus I could plead, ■ I felt that His blood cleanseth from *all* sin. I think ■ is the fittest place for me,—*in the dust*: not even to look up. Oh! I am very *unholy*! You would not love me if you saw ■ heart. But God sees it all; and I wonder I am not more ashamed of my vileness. ■ to be holy as He is holy! Heaven would not be heaven if there was the shadow of a sin there. Don't you long for heaven? It is not so much of being very happy here, even in God, that I think: I always want to be *awake*, and at rest, from this vile body of sin.” And again: “ In your next I want you to tell me more about the Psalms, and how they tell about Jesus. I thought they were all David's feelings; I think the one for this morning, the sixth, suited my state, for all my joy is fled. You said, in one of your letters, that you had then little delight in prayer. That is just my grief ■ present, and I have, what is worse, no desires after God. Oh! of all my different states of feeling, I shudder most ■ that, when I seem as if I had no need to seek God in prayer; I had far rather long, even to agony, to get a *sense* of God's presence, than be as I am now, so lifeless: my soul seems completely *dried*

up within me. Were you ever in that state when you cannot pray **■** all, because you do not know what to ask for? I like when I feel my need of God, for then He is precious.

"Dear J——, I wish I could speak to you about Jesus as you do to me, for I often think you will not care about **■** letters, for they are not fragrant with the oft-repeated name of Jesus; but what can I **■** I cannot raise my dead soul, I can only write as I feel; but when we are together, we shall be ever speaking of Him, and He will join us as He did the two disciples going to Emmaus. Do you ever feel like Mary **■** the sepulchre, when she wept because they had taken away her Lord, and she did not know where they had laid him? Oh! such tears have a sweetness in them; but mine are dried up! I cannot even weep because Jesus is away. Perhaps he is with you. Oh! if he is there, I can feel happy yet. Don't you long to bring others to Him, when you are happy in Him yourself? I sometimes wish that I could give **■** faith, and then go and ask Him for more. . . . Now may Jesus bless you, and speak peace to your heart!"

Then add to these such a paragraph as the following, and you have a specimen of the battle and the victory:—"Monday, August 10.—After **■** long **■** darkness, God, my own God, has made his face to shine upon **■** happy soul again. I got near to Jesus in prayer this morning, and could do nothing but praise. Lord, I thank thee, Lord, I thank thee! Why me, Lord, why me? Oh! how my whole soul longs and pants to live to his glory! O that I could only get rid

of my vile self, I should be happy; but self, vile, hateful self, cleaves to all I do. Oh to be swallowed up in Jesus! ■ Lord, ■ own precious, altogether lovely Saviour, make me all thine own!"

■ life like this touched the world at but few points. Its affinities were with things unseen, and its connexions were with a world that is still "to come." ■ communications were with One within the veil, and its ebblings or flowings were traceable to some far-distant orb, whose invisible influences, counteracting the forces of earth, regulated the tides of spiritual being. The religion here unfolded was no uncertainty, no mere earnestness, no well-filled-up piece of ritualism, no confused groping after the eternal birthright, but ■ "serving of God," ■ "walking with God," founded on the distinct consciousness of reconciliation through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Such were the things which gave to the life here written such a tone of profound reality. They who saw ■ felt this; they who read it will feel it too. Power, genius, breadth of intellect—many things may be lacking, but *reality* is here. What reality there is in such a passage as this!—

"This is Thursday, so I suppose you are all praising Jesus in the dear schoolroom, where, I doubt not, you have had many a happy hour of blest communion with Him whom your soul loveth. I wish I could join you ■ this moment in spirit, but, oh! I am so cold and dead! This afternoon, ■ five, I tried to pray for a blessing on you to-night at the meeting; tell me if you were happy, for I found ■ sweet to tell Jesus you were to be there

to meet him. For two days I have been actually rejoicing in the love of Jesus! You will be [redacted] to hear me say so, after what I wrote in A's letter, but I do not understand it myself. I had been very miserable one day about —, for I thought she was beginning not to love me, and afterwards I suppose I felt the love of Jesus sweeter; for I was so happy—so very happy; oh! how I longed to share my joy with you! I wonder what gave me such delight; [redacted] was not any clear views of my interest in Christ; on the contrary, I never stopped to inquire! *I could not help* rejoicing; and when Satan whispered that he would get me yet, [redacted] felt no alarm; indeed, the strangest thought came into my mind; I thought, well, if I am lost, *I will sit in a corner, and think about Jesus!* and I actually felt as [redacted] I could be happy even *there*, if I could think *for ever* about Jesus. My heart bounded up to him [redacted] I thought *I even loved Him!* but that is impossible; such a cold heart could not love Him; but then He loves me. Nothing will ever persuade me that [redacted] does not; and He loves you too. Never believe Satan's lies when he tells you [redacted] does not; *believe* that Jesus loves you, and you must rejoice. If the joy I have felt for two days were to last always, I don't think I could stay on the earth!

"Was it right to rejoice in this way without being sure that I was a child of God, and without being humbled for sin? But I could not think about myself, [redacted] was so enchanted with Jesus. We hear of people rejoicing in a sense of forgiveness, in the Spirit witnessing that they are children; in seeing their sins

nailed to His cross; but my joy was simply this, that *Jesus was love*, that He was worthy to be loved; it was not ■■■ He loved me, but that he was *love itself*, that made my heart glad. I don't understand my own feelings, ■■■ that I can think of them. I sometimes fear that I have a kind of enthusiastic joy that does not spring from faith; whatever it was, however, I wish I could have ■ oftener, for I felt as if then I could do anything for Jesus."

There ■ a certain class amongst us that speak much against "unrealities," and "shams," and "falsehoods." And they do not speak amiss or too strongly. But they know not where all this hollowness lies. They have yet to learn that the sad unreality of the age, is the want of ■ living God; that the world's great falsehood is believing the lie of the Evil One, in preference to the truth of the everlasting gospel; that the grand "sham" is that of a religion without the indwelling Spirit, and without the fellowship of ■ Eternal Son. It is not (as one of them has said) that "the eternal pole-star has gone out," but that men will not have its light. Yet every other light ■ an "unreality."

From a life like the one before us, some, perhaps, may learn the difference between the real and the unreal.

An old minister of the Reformation—of whose poetry Scotland has no cause to be ashamed—dedicating his book of hymns to a noble lady in 1598, thus writes: "It is a rare thing to see a ladie, a tender youth, sad, solitarie, ■ sanctified, ■ sighing and weeping thro'

the conscience of sin." ■ may be that such a sight was rarer in the days of Alexander Hume than it is now. But, whether it be so or not, we cannot but think that the *Memoir* before us presents us with just such a character as these simple but solemn words of his describe.

Not less in our day than in his, is the world laying ■ snares for the young and buoyant. How many are its victims, how potent the fascination that binds them, and ■ ■ ■ delivered from the enchantment! This record of one who had escaped "as a bird from the snare of the fowler," may rouse some poor child of gaiety, to seek the unwinding of the spell, which is blinding her eye to the glory of the kingdom. It may make her feel that this world's glitter is but a cheat, and that its mirth is madness; that the closest twilight stillness is dearer than the bright hall of midnight; that there is such a thing as the excellence of ■ unseen and the distant, disenchanting the beauty of the seen and the near, and such a thing as the love of Christ supplanting in the soul the fondest creature-love, and imparting gladness, truer and more abiding than all creature-joy.

CHAPTER II

The Sleep of Death.

M—— was born in K——, amid scenes of beauty such as few spots can rival. Though many of her ties to it were soon broken, never to be re-fastened, still, to the last, she loved it, as Mary might love Bethlehem, though her stay in it was brief, and her links to it were few.

She had early sorrows ; but they went by and were forgotten. Once and again, in childhood, she was made to look upon the face of death—the death of dear ones ; but no lesson for eternity did she learn from her early

■ The sister and the playmate were taken from her side; but God was not chosen to fill up the blank which, in such a case, even childhood feels, nor the Son of God resorted to as the portion of the soul,—sweeter than sisterhood, dearer than companionship, as truly fitted to satisfy the first unripe, uncertain longings of immortal being, as the larger, ■■■■ ■■■■ cravings of the aged and the wise.

To earthly relatives she clung the closer in the days of her early bereavement; but [redacted] was far away. From her tenderest years she threw herself upon the

affection of others, cleaving to them firmly; by nothing wounded so sharply as by any slowness in returning her love. ■■■■ and diffident, ■■■■ not make acquaintances rapidly; but, when made, she held them ■■■■ Wayward, sometimes even to selfishness, ■■■■ would yet do or sacrifice anything for those whom she loved. Keen in feeling, and with a touch, it might be, of sullenness as well as warmth in her temper, she was yet honest and straightforward. She could not but be trusted by all who knew her, so conscientious was she, and without deceit.

The family having removed to Edinburgh while she was yet young, she attended the Circus Place School, where she was marked by her good conduct as well as her great perseverance.

In the spring of 18—, her family went to reside in France, accompanied by the dear friend to whom most of the letters in this volume were addressed. On neither side was there, in this friendship, the tie of grace. The intimacy was close indeed, but ■■■■ was not "in the Lord;" and though of this friend, M—— could, in after years, say as Paul did of his kinsmen, "who also were in Christ *before* me," yet, during their sojourn in Paris, they "walked according to the course of this world."

M—— kept a diary then, and in it we read records such as the following. How strange would they seem in later years!

"Sunday. Went to church in the forenoon. In the afternoon took a walk with J. W. and R. in the Champs Elysées."

Again, she thus records her worldliness:—"Went to ■■■■■ ■■■■■ B——'s. ■■■■■ great fun, ■■■■■ danced the whole evening."

Again, "Sunday, went with J. W. to see the Palais Royal. Took a walk in the Tuilerie Gardens."

She was not flippant or frivolous in her worldliness, for it was not in her nature to be so. Yet that did not make her love of vanity and gaiety ■■■■■ intense and cordial. ■■■■■ was as if she did not trifle even with these pleasures, but ■■■■■ the full round of them all, with the ardour which marked her character. The theatre and the ball-room she enjoyed. And these, with the novel or some light volume of the world's literature, ■■■■■ French or English, filled up her hours.* ■■■■■ lived to herself, to the world, and to vanity. She was "without God."

As a fuller illustration of the utter worldliness with which she was then encircled, a few extracts from the journal of a companion are added:—

"*St Omer, June 13th.*—Had lessons in Italian and French. 14th.—Went to chapel forenoon and afternoon; in the evening to the Grande Place, to hear the band. 21st, Sunday.—Went to the cathedral to see the Fête de Dieu, the finest in St Omer. ■■■■■ a procession in the church. The music fine. All sorts

* That she was a novel-reader in these days will not surprise us. But I believe that, after her conversion, till the day of her death, she never opened a novel. ■■■■■ is worth while saying this, for the warning of the young. There is hardly a more subtle and deadly snare than novel reading. The love of the world, the idle sentimentalism, the vitiated taste, the disavellah for spiritual things which it produces, are enough (apart from everything immoral) to make such books objects of suspicion and dread.

of instruments. Went in the evening to hear the band in the Petite Place. . . . 28th, Sunday.—Went to chapel twice. Went to hear the band in the evening. . . . July 22d.—Spent the evening at ———. Dancing and cards. 23d.—Got my first lesson on the guitar. . . . August 18th.—Went to the opera with ———, ■■■ M——. . . . Paris, October 4th.—Went to ■■■■■■■■■■■■ chapel; after dinner walked to the Tuileries, then to the Palais Royal and had coffee. . . . December 31st.—Went to a dance ■■■ Mr B——'s, where I enjoyed myself very much. We brought in the New Year ■■■ the supper-table, and afterwards danced till four in the morning. . . . January 3d.—M—— and I went to General B——'s, where a lady played. Mrs B. sang, and the General and Monsieur D—— played chess, although ■■■ Sunday. D—— came home with us, and we had a great deal of fun. January 11th.—Went with M—— to the Italian opera, to Mrs B——'s box. Heard ———; was delighted beyond measure. 12th.—Went with M—— to the Theatre de l'Ambigu Comique, and was very much pleased."

Scenes like these are only recalled for the purpose of shewing, without concealment or extenuation, ■■■ character and early life of one for whom God had much grace in store.* ■■■ is by marking the contrast

* In the spirit in which Augustine recorded the sins of his youth, are these scenes recorded. "I am willing to remember my past iniquities," says he, "and the carnal corruptions of my soul, not that I may love them, but that I may love thee, O my God. From the love of thy love I do it, recollecting my most evil ways, in the bitterness of memory, that thou mayest become more sweet to me. Oh! sweetness that disappoints

between her earlier and her later years, that we see the greatness of the Holy Spirit's work, and the love of Him who "delivered her from a present evil world." Truly, in her case, "the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant, with faith and love which is in Christ

She was thus altogether "in the world," and "of the world." Of God, and Christ, and the endless kingdom, she knew nothing. The Bible was an unheeded volume, turned over, perhaps, once a week, when the Sabbath drew a cloud between her and vanity; but neither studied nor prized. Few could have been found further from God than she, more sunk in spiritual death; for "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth" (1 Tim. v. 6). "All my happiness was confined to this world," is her own statement of her condition in these days of gaiety. It does not appear that she had ever looked into eternity, or called to mind the judgment of the great day. Her tastes and pursuits were earthly. Of religion, she had nothing. The love of the Father was not in her; and the cross of the beloved Son invited her eye in vain.

Two years after this she went to London on a visit to a near relative. There, for the first time, the Word broke in upon her dreams, and she awoke to the thought, "I am a sinner." She seems to have had, at this time, some pleasure in listening to the Word, for, in 1843, when writing to her friend, then in Lon-

not, sweetens blessed and abiding, gathering me together from the dispersion in which I had been rent asunder, even by atom! While aware from thee only, I lost myself amid a thousand vanities."

don, and attending Regent Square Church, she thus expresses herself: "I remember the church you go to, well; many a time have I sat in ■ with great delight. Strange, when I did not care for Jesus then!" ■ the gleam was momentary; leaving, when it vanished, the darkness as deep as before. Her convictions were faint, and her inquiries after deliverance were but ■ in earnest. Her feet turned not to Calvary, nor did her eye light upon the cross. She saw neither the sin ■ the Saviour, as he saw them who said, "in ■ ■ ■ redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace," and her consciousness of guilt passed off. She had not seen enough of sin to make her hate it, nor enough of Christ to win her love to him, nor enough of his blood to pacify her conscience truly, nor enough of the Father's grace to afford her a resting-place or a joy; and so she went back to the world, or rather, let us say, she resolved not to leave it. Still, as ever, warm in her love, and firm in her attachments, and kind in word and deed, she sought her portion among the things that never filled a soul, nor healed a wound, nor dried a tear. Full of the buoyant life of youth, she was wholly "dead in sin." Endowed with excellent mental gifts, her imagination ardent, her temperament susceptible, her whole tone of thought high, she had ■ yet realized her responsibility, nor laid out one talent for God. The mind was cultivated, but the soul!—it was left to the god of this world to make his own of.

The world seemed bright to her, for she had not yet

seen the brighter. She loved it, and sought her joy in it. For the human heart must have a world to live in; and if "the world to come" be unknown, then the soul betakes itself to the present, poor as are its pretensions to gladden or to satisfy. For, poor as it is, it does pass itself off for being fair and great, so that many are ensnared. Nay, and in these last days, it seems to deck itself with richer beauty in order to win the warm, fresh heart of youth more thoroughly to itself, and draw it away from God.

Hardly can there be a sadder sight than the fascinated victim of pleasure. For all is so gay without, yet so hollow, so dark within. The mirth, the glitter, the dance, the song, "music's voluptuous swell"—these are the enchantments! These are the excitements that tamper with the health of youth's unripe affections, forcing into sudden growth the sensibilities of opening manhood and womanhood, before their time. These are the visions that lure the soul into a region of unrealities, where a false tone is given to life, and a feverishness infused into thought and feeling, which only "costs the fresh blood dear," but which leads into the very vitals of spiritual being, increasing the distaste of the natural mind for all holy truth, and the terrible intensity of its enmity to God.

And what a spell for the young and fervent! Yet how sad the spectacle! The light step is there, but it treads the way of death. You hear the joyous voice, but there is not a tone in it that could take up the new song. The flower-wreath decks the forehead; but wreaths are for the free and the victorious;—are they

seemly for the bondman and the conquered! flower and the fetter, the gem and the iron, the bud of spring and the mouldering leaf of autumn, the revel and the funeral, the brilliance of the gay hall and the blackness of the eternal darkness,—how painful, how awful the

O world, what a vanity,—what an infinite vanity! With what an array of deceptions art thou furnished for beguiling the eye and heart of man! Wounding, but not healing the soul; emptying, but never filling; saddening, but never comforting; intoxicating, but never refreshing,—thou art able to cheat us into the belief that thou canst heal, and fill, and comfort, and refresh! Thus man is mocked; thus the young heart is cheated, mistaking the unreal for the real, and preferring the beauty of the creature, to the glory of Him who is fairer than the children of men.

CHAPTER III.

The Unmasking.

SHORTLY after their return from France, the family went to reside in P——, near Edinburgh. There, as in Paris, M.'s heart still went out after vanity, and sought ■ joy in the world.

There was ■ seeking after God, ■ wish to have him for her portion. Instead of an approach to Him, there seemed ■ more resolute departure from him. Her dislike of religion and of religious people seemed to take firmer root. In part, this was occasioned by the inconsistencies of ■ very dear to her, who, having been aroused to a sense of sin, had turned back to her former ways, or at least was not walking as "becometh the gospel."

In after years, this relative thus wrote in reference to that crisis in M.'s life as well as in her own:—"At this time, ■ shortly before, J. W. through your ministry was brought to Jesus, and, having found the Lord herself, she soon began to desire our salvation. Why I was the one who ■ this time visited Kelso, and not M——, J.'s peculiar friend, I cannot recollect. But so

■ was ; and I was awakened by the sermon you preached from Isa. iii. 10, 11. For a time my distress was great, but, instead of laying down my burden where Christian laid his, at the Cross, I sought relief in the prayers and works of self-righteousness ; and my goodness, as may be imagined, proved like the morning cloud and the early dew. I mention this, because I remember, that, on my return home, this false piety of mine was a great stumbling-block to M——, and tended to excite in her mind a dislike of religion, and of those who professed it—chiefly, I think, of you.”

In spite of this aversion, she still retained her love to the early friend alluded to in the above extract ; and to visit her, she came to Kelso on the 8th ■ June 1841.

She comes, however, resolved to keep aloof from all religious influences, and to steel herself against every serious impression. She determines beforehand that she will have nothing to do with those who had been the means of so strangely altering the friend of her youth. ■■■■ much of hostility, and how much of fear, there may be in this purpose, we cannot say. ■■■■ unite in leading to its formation. Curiously mingled are the feelings with which she comes. She loves her friend, yet she hates her piety. She has delight in visiting her, yet she dislikes coming within the reach of her religion. She fortifies herself against serious impressions, as if afraid of their contagiousness. She clings to the world, as if dreading that an attempt will be made to tear it from her.

On the evening of her arrival, her friend, on parting

with her for the night, after mutual assurances of friendship, expressed her hope that their friendship might be "for eternity." This was the first word ■ the kind that had, since her arrival, fallen upon her ear, and ■ seemed to fret and annoy her, though without calling forth any remark in reply.

Thus was she going farther and farther from God, not loving to retain him even in her knowledge. She had come for a season to enjoy the society of one who knew God, but it was not with the design of learning to know this God, or to walk in his ways. She "would have none of Him." If God could have been shut out, she would have shut him out, and denied him access at every avenue.

But as she went farther from God, so He, ■ the sovereignty of his love, drew nearer. She fled, but He pursued.[■] She repelled Him, but he would not be repelled. He laid his hand upon her, and at length, in spite of all resistance, drew her irresistibly to Himself. ■ needed a strong arm to arrest one so froward, so bent upon fleeing farther and farther from the God who sought her; but the "vessel" was a "chosen" one, and must not be cast away (Acts. ix. 15; Rom. ix. 23).

This was the crisis. The sinner's hatred of God and

[■] Perhaps some reader may remember Augustine's striking expression as to God "pursuing his fugitives"—*inveniens deos fugitivos tuorum* (Conf. iv. 4). In another place he thus speaks of the time immediately before his conversion:—"I became more wretched, ■ than nearer. Already was thy right hand present, about to pluck me from the mire and to wash me; yet I knew it not" (vi. 15). And elsewhere he speaks of "deafening himself to the voice of God with the clanking of his chains."

God's love to the sinner now met, as ■ seeking, each to quench the other. Which is to prevail?

Her visit took place at ■ time when much prayer was made, specially for those that were "afar off." Although both in her character and circumstances there were many things that seemed to make her case an unlikely and unhelpful one, in so far as religious impressions were concerned, yet she was not the less, but the more, on that account, made the object of special prayer by those who loved her and who had already known the grace of God in truth. Both before she came and afterwards, frequent intercession was sent up in her behalf.

Induced by her friend, though with no willingness, she went to hear an evening sermon in the place which she had resolved to shun. This was on the first ■ after her arrival; and though she thus, in compliance with another's earnest wishes, broke the outward part of her purpose, she made up her mind to keep the inward part only the more steadfastly. The *letter* of her determination she gave up, only to retain the *spirit* more truly, by hardening her heart against all solemn thought, and drawing the armour of her worldliness more firmly round her, to ward off every arrow from the bow, every stroke from the sword of the Spirit.

But, can man arm himself against God? Can he refuse to ■ or to feel when God himself is the speaker?

The subject of discourse that Sabbath evening (June 13) was the nineteenth question of the Shorter Catechism, respecting "the misery of that estate whereinto

man fell." It was one of a series of sermons upon the Catechism which had been proceeding for some months. Each successive statement given in the answer to the question, formed a separate head of discourse, which was summed ■ with warning to each hearer, yet with a declaration that, wide as was the misery, there was deliverance as wide and full.*

On leaving church, M—— remarked that ■ preaching was "too awful for her—she would not go back." Yet her soul was troubled. No ■ impression had been made that night, yet it seemed as ■ a dark cloud were threatening to overshadow her. ■ first result was irritation. She was angry ■ being disturbed; angry at the clouds of the eternal gloom being thus rudely rolled betwixt her and the world. Between anger and alarm, the night passed over, and another day opened on her.

On the following day I saw her. But she was reserved in the extreme. As she could not with pro-

* It may perhaps interest the reader to learn a little of the state of spiritual matters at the time when M—— came amongst us. The following reminiscences are from the letter of a dear friend:—"I have been looking over my gleanings at these times, and I find that, during those weeks in the summer of 1841, when God's Spirit first moved on the darkness of our friend's heart, our minister was, in his Sabbath ministrations, unfolding a full salvation, and showing that immediate peace would follow its acceptance. The following brief notes occur in my scrap-book: 'God has provided the Lamb, he has set up the altar, there is nothing more needed than what was done 1900 years ago; furnish yourself with what God has ■. It is all you need, sinner.' . . . 'The common feeling is, that God requires something more than what Christ has done, some consolatory gift to be laid upon his altar, as if God was to be bribed by us. . . . The ■ of the Gospel proceeds on the fact that every man is under the infinite displeasure of the infinite God.' . . . 'God says, meet me at the cross! Ah, this is the merry-go-round where God and the sinner meet!' . . . ■

priety leave the room where we were, she kept almost entire silence ; and though she could not help listening to the conversation, she took no part in it. No effort would draw her into conversation. Yes or no, was the sum of her replies. She seemed bent on carrying out her purpose of shutting up her soul against conviction ; and her object was to make the interview as disagreeable as possible, in order that ■ might not be repeated.

This was the first stroke of the Spirit's hand upon her. ■■■ conscience had, though very indistinctly, been touched. But the work was to be a deep one, and rapid as well as deep, so that stroke followed on stroke, and the crisis came with speed. She was not to be, as many are, the subject ■ various fitful impressions, going and coming, ruffling the surface, yet never striking down into the depths of the lake below. She was to be thoroughly searched and broken ; yet the process was to be much less gradual than it is with many. ■■■

holiness without forgiveness.' I find also that we had a peculiarly refreshing and prayerful season about that time. Souls were brought to peace in believing, and some awakened, besides God's people being quickened. One of the latter said to me on one of the days of our May Communion—'I am like Abraham when God called him, he went he knew not whither, never dreaming of the bliss awaiting him in God's service ;' and again, 'This joy is not like the world's joy, for it heals the heart, and then it will be for ever.' I remember too the weeping of one now away, and the energy with which he spoke in the church-porch, of the effect of the Word upon his soul—'I never felt before the truth come with such power as that has done.' A Christian woman told me some years after, that she was brought to Christ under a lecture on the healing of the noble man's son, in which the same power, ability, and willingness of Christ to meet the need of those who come to him, were set forth ; *Go thy way, thy son liveth* ;—the simple word of Jesus, she said, was just to be believed, and she went on her way rejoicing."

the deep stirrings and convictions that accompanied her awakening, we have the key-note of her future experience.

In spite of her irritation at the Word spoken, and her resolution to go no more to hear it, she was persuaded to a prayer-meeting on the Monday evening. Whether it was to please her friend, or whether it was because there was an unconscious fascination in the very words that had repelled her, we know not. An unseen hand was leading her, and a will which she felt not, but which was not on that account the less irresistible, was setting aside all her determinations, and bringing her into the position which she was striving to avoid.

At this Monday evening meeting she was deeply smitten. In the midst of the address, when the minister was uttering some words of warning, she turned round to one sitting next her and said, half-aloud, in an angry tone, "What *does* the man mean?"

Terror now took hold of her. It was in vain that she tried to brush off her convictions. On returning home from the meeting, she was evidently disturbed, yet she affected great indifference, and strove to appear unmoved; and, as if afraid that those around might guess at the tumult within, she said, abruptly, when no one was alluding to the matter,—“Don't suppose that I care anything for that man's words—I am determined not to mind him.” The way in which she spoke made it evident that she was caring most deeply, but that she was angry at herself for caring, and sorely annoyed at the idea that others might get an insight

the state of her feelings. She thus betrayed the anxiety she was so anxious to hide. No remark, however, was made in reply, and the evening closed.

But her sleep went from her, and she lay trembling with sore alarm. Sin, and the eternal hell into which sin must plunge the soul, stood before her. Satan, too, as she afterwards told, seemed to lay his hand on her for the purpose of drawing her back, as if alarmed at the prospect of losing his prey. She felt as if he seized her. Then she started, and sat up in bed, trying to keep herself awake, lest, if she slept, she should awake in hell.

Next morning she was restless and very unhappy, still fighting with her fears, and still seeking to conceal her struggle and her terror, by pretending total indifference to what she had heard the night before.

Throughout the forenoon she was unsettled and uneasy, going from room to room, without any real object, her countenance, all the while, betraying the misery of her soul. She tried different ways of employing herself, but was unable to fix her attention upon anything. She knew not what to do, such was the fever within; and this moving to and fro was the unconscious expression of an inward grief, for which there was neither concealment nor relief. She lay down to write, but remained minutes motionless, her forehead resting on her hand. She then dated her letter, as if to begin. Then she stopped, forgetting what she meant to do, and totally absorbed in her own troubled thoughts, as if listening only to the gusts of a tempest that had risen within. After thus sitting for a little,

wrapped in bitter musing, she dashed the pen away [redacted] her, exclaiming, [redacted] angry bitterness—"I [redacted] strange that I cannot now even write to my own mamma!" It seemed as if for the time the spiritual convulsion [redacted] [redacted] going on within [redacted] unfitting her for everything. On being asked what was the matter, [redacted] pent-up feeling burst forth, and she exclaimed, "Oh! that man's words have *done* for [redacted]!"

The secret was thus disclosed. The words which she had heard on the previous evening were ringing in her [redacted]. They had "*done*" for her.

"What were the words that so distressed her?" she was asked. "He asked us how we could go to sleep with sin unforgiven, when we knew not but that [redacted] might awake in hell."

"I happened (says her friend, who was with her [redacted] the time) to [redacted] reading notes of a sermon by Mr M'Cheyne, from Song of Solomon ii. 14. She came to me and asked if I would read it aloud to her, which I [redacted] [redacted] listened very eagerly. I then proposed to read God's Word, and, as the above text had greatly interested her, we read a great part of the Song of Solomon, which seemed sweet to her. When I stopped, she said, 'Read on, it is very beautiful.' [redacted] wept very much, and seemed a little relieved. She began from [redacted] time to read her Bible a great deal; but still, for some time, she shewed an unwillingness to disclose her feelings to any one. Two or three times the sentence would escape her lips, 'That man's words have done for me!'"

In what way his words had "*done* for her," will be

plain enough. The expression, however, is one quite like [redacted]. She was as vivid in expression as in feeling, and often gave vent to her impulses in such abrupt expressions as the above. Many of the kind will be found strewn over her letters, for she invariably, in expressing herself, took the words nearest at hand. Hence the brokenness, yet, at the same time, the vigour and point, which throw such interest into her correspondence. To let out what she felt, and just in the way she felt [redacted] the time, was all she ever sought.

One cannot but see what a real thing this awakening [redacted] [redacted] was no excitement, no fancy, [redacted] flitting cloud of melancholy mysticism, in which so many are finding all the religion they think needful. [redacted] was all most genuine. There was nothing indistinct about [redacted] in the end, though the first shadow that stood over her might seem vague and undefined. It was the "terrors of the Almighty" that had taken hold of her. [redacted] was a [redacted] of sin that broke her down. It was the feeling of her lost estate that shook her frame and robbed her of her rest.

In [redacted] there could be [redacted] imitation, [redacted] conscious or unconscious, for she had scarcely heard of such things before. She had read no experience of the kind. [redacted] had never seen another passing through such a cloud. Whatever her feelings might be, they were certainly unborrowed. No book nor friend had said to her, "thus and thus you ought to feel." She was not trying to feel or trying to alarm herself. [redacted] impressions awoke within her, as in a moment, while she was thinking of every other thing save of them; the sense of sin laid

hold of her, when as yet she had no idea of sin at all. In after years, these deepened and became more intense ; but even from the first they were of no superficial, or transient kind.

Her feelings, at this time, seem to have been not unlike those which an old minister describes as his, when thus aroused by the Spirit :—" I had a deep impression of the things of God ; a natural condition and sin appeared (and I felt it) worse than hell itself ; the world and vanities thereof terrible and exceeding dangerous ; it was fearful then to have to do with it, or to be rich. I saw its day coming. Scripture expressions were weighty. A Saviour was a big thing in mine eyes. Christ's agonies were then earnest with me, and I thought that, all my days I was in a dream till now, or like a child in jest ; and I thought the world was sleeping. Shame, trouble, sorrow, affliction, poverty, were sweet and secure. I was wearied of my life ; I was bitterness to me, and sorrow did consume me, so that there was a sensible influence on my body, and I looked like a man come from the grave ; yet did none know my trouble. The night was sweet, because I had some rest ; but the morning was as the shadow of death, because I was to conflict ; I would even have been content to have lain still perpetually, my spirits were so over-foughten."

Immediately after this, she went into the country for a few days. There her impressions lost somewhat of their edge, and she tried to throw herself into the world again. " When she returned," says her friend, " I happened to be writing, and my Bible was lying

open on the table beside me. When she saw this, her hostile feelings returned, and she said, within herself (as she told me afterwards), 'This is miserable work,' wishing, at the same time, that she was back to her worldly friends."

But her convictions soon returned in all their force, and her anxiety increased. Nor did it again abate. She went back to the world no more—but, after a little delay, straight forward to the Cross, there to deposit all her sins and fears.

CHAPTER IV.

The Rest.

THE sleep was broken, and the sleeper had opened her eyes upon a new region of feeling and of being. She saw danger—eternal danger in front, and she looked round for shelter.

On the subject of religion her mind was a blank. Hence, though she had more to learn than many, she had less to unlearn. Self-righteousness (the great hinderer of the soul when seeking rest) had less scope for its subtleties and snares.

The only manifestation of the self-righteous feeling was in her preference of a small, dark or dimly lighted room. There she sat alone with her Bible, during the few days that elapsed ere she found peace. The gloom suited her. For terror, anger, and sorrow had taken hold of her. Light was for the joyous;—did it not mock the sorrowful? And what had sunshine to do with the darkness that was within?

She had "terrors;" but she thought not of resting on them. She had read no books inculcating "terrors" as prerequisites to the sinner's acceptance; and when

they came upon her, she fled out of them to the hiding-place. She did not rest on them, nor look upon them as a **■** or certificate, on the strength of which she might approach the cross and claim forgiveness.

As one beset with dangers, she seemed to sit down despairingly, not knowing which way to turn for help.

But the Word of God, of which she had been so ignorant, and to which she had now betaken herself, was itself to be her guide. She was not permitted to remain long in darkness. The light soon arose.

"One day," **■** her friend, "when **■** alone with her, she asked me **■** read the Scriptures to her. We began the forty-third of Isaiah, but did not get further than the first verse. On reading it she said that she was amazed **■** the love of God to sinners. She wept much over the concluding words, 'thou art mine;' and added that she wished she could feel that they were spoken to her. But even though she could not, she felt that they drew her to God. What she seemed to feel was this, that the God who sent such a message to Israel must necessarily be a God of grace; and seeing such grace in him drew out her love in return. **■** sometimes got very impatient at her own distress, and used to express herself angrily. I remember on one occasion, **■** friend, seeing her uneasiness, offered to pray with her; she refused, saying she would pray by herself. She afterwards felt sorry for this. She gradually became more willing to tell me her feelings, and we read the **■** often together. At that time she preferred this to reading it alone, as she said she understood it better; not that there was any explanation

given, but sometimes we expressed what we felt on reading certain passages, and this drew her attention more particularly to them. I, often being ■ a loss how to speak to her, urged her to see you; she was reluctant ■ first, fearing she might not be able to express herself so that you could understand her; however, she soon agreed. After you had spoken and prayed with her, her mind seemed clearer and much calmer. At ■ ■ she attended the prayer-meetings and Bible-class regularly, and never shewed any desire to return to the world. Only once after this she went to a dancing party, and said, when she left, she could never return to such a scene. She spoke to a friend of hers who was also there about these gaieties, and told her there was no satisfaction in them, and added—'Those friends of ours who will not come ■ them are happier than we are.' This was the first time she had spoken for Christ, and she said that she ■ happy at having an opportunity of doing so. This friend avoided being alone with her ever afterwards."

She had now got her eye upon the cross; and, in seeing it, peace flowed in upon her. The knowledge of what had been accomplished there took away her terror, and bade the storm be still. In the crucified One she saw the *Substitute*, and on *Him* she saw the wrath, which she dreaded, descending, that it might not descend on her. There was life from his death; there was healing from his stripes; there was joy from his sorrow.

But, ere long, this peace was ruffled. Some sifting was needed, and the tempter was allowed to disturb. ■ Wednesday the 21st of July she was ■ my class,

as she had been several times before. At the close she waited behind the others, and put into my hands the following paper :—

“ I have entirely lost the sweet feeling of peace and happiness that I had some days ago ; I am now, not in a state of sorrow or grief because I feel myself to be a sinner, but in a state of great alarm, so that I can get no rest. The more I look into my heart, the more alarmed I get, for I see it is so much worse than I ever imagined. I see and feel that I cannot think a single good thought ; in short, I perfectly feel how true that verse is, wherein the heart is described as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Now, how can such a heart ever turn to Christ ? I don’t understand it ; ever since I believed I have had less peace every day. Now you told me that, if I believe, my sins are pardoned ; how am I ever to think they are, if I feel the burden of them heavier than ever I did before ? Last night I was in such agony, because I thought I had got hold of Christ, and Satan tried to pull me back ; I tried to pray, but could not ; I could not get myself to believe that God would hear me. I was fearful ! My only consolation is in thinking of Christ ; and, oh ! if I could just know and feel that I was resting upon him, I should not mind these thoughts so much. What makes me so changeable ? Why do I sometimes feel happy in thinking of him, and at other times nothing but despair ? The Bible tells us so much about having a new heart, being born again ; now, will my heart ever be changed ? For I see I must be, before I can love Christ as I ought. I often feel both love and

ratitude to Him, but it is a selfish love ; there is no purity in my love ; I don't love Him for himself alone. If I were not so vile, I am sure I *could* love Him ! I have a great desire and *longing* to know Him ; I can't tell what I mean rightly, but I want to know Him, his character, everything about Him, and then I don't think I shall be able to help loving Him. Ought I to come to His table with these feelings ? Oh ! surely I should see Him *there* ! I long to go, yet am fearful. I feel as if I could say much more, but I ~~am~~ afraid of trespassing on your time. I fear it is asking too much, I request you to have the great kindness to give me an answer in writing : but I am sure to forget what you say in speaking, and I wish much *not* to forget. I am very grateful to you for your past kindness to me."

To this I replied next day. She has preserved my reply among her papers ; and as it may be useful, I give it here :—" Your loss of peace comes from your looking away from Christ. ~~■~~ was the glimpse you got of *Him* that gave you peace, and now Satan has turned our eye to something else, so that you could not ~~see~~ see it. Perhaps you have been tempted to think that something more is needed to maintain that peace, than the mere sight of Christ and his Cross. Perhaps you are thinking that, ~~■~~ *addition to this*, there must be the sight of something good in yourself—some improvement, some feeling, some holiness—before you can expect to retain your joy. Now, from beginning to end of a Christian's life, it is the sight of the Cross, and ~~■~~ that alone, that gives rest to his soul. It is what he sees in *Christ*, not what he sees in *himself*, that keeps

his soul in perfect peace. *Study the Cross.* Do not suppose you *know* all about it well enough, and only need to *feel* it. This is a delusion which darkens many. Search the Scriptures, to *know* more of Christ, and of what He has done.

"You say that the more you look into your heart, the more alarmed you get. I don't wonder. Did you ever expect anything else? Did you expect to see something else there than sin? It is indeed *worse*, infinitely worse, than you have ever yet conceived. No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, its wickedness. The absurdity of looking into for comfort. Would you look into a *chameleon* for light? Would you go near an iceberg to get heat? You are to look into yourself, for good, but for evil; not for holiness, but for sin; not for life, but for death: in order that you may bring all your wants, and sins, and complaints to. Study yourself, in order to become more more *disatisfied* with your heart. Study Christ, in order to become more and more *satisfied* with Him.

"You complain of unbelief—burden of being heavier—Satan pulling you away from Christ, &c. Well,—go to God with your complaints. Tell Him all you have told me,—and with the confidence, rather with a thousand times confidence; for He is infinitely more worthy of it and more willing to hear you, *even you*. 'Him that cometh unto I will in no wise cast out.' You say, 'my only consolation is in thinking of Christ.' Could you have better consolation? I am glad to think that it is so, and I

trust that your present perplexities will drive you away from every other refuge and every other source of comfort, and make you look to Jesus—to *Jesus alone*. Tell Him that you long to know him more; that you see that in Him is contained everything you need for time and eternity; ask him to unfold his treasures to you. You need not fear a repulse. He loves to hear you, and to answer you. *Trust him*. Unbosom your ~~heart~~ ~~to~~ him. Tell him every feeling of your heart. He can comfort you, and he *will*. Only do not *distrust* Him. Nothing grieves Him more than this. And *this* is the only thing that will ultimately keep you from peace. You cannot love Jesus as He ought to be loved, till He teach you; and even then, while ~~in~~ earth, there will remain much of impurity and selfishness in your love. But do not despond on that account—confess your selfishness to Him; He will forgive it all. And, besides, remember that love to Him is not necessarily ~~because~~ because selfish. It is wrong indeed ~~not~~ to love Him for his own loveliness,—but it is *not wrong* to love Him for having loved us. The want of *gratitude* would be as sinful as the want of love to him for himself. ‘We love him because he first loved us.’ Read the whole of ~~the~~ first epistle of John.

“If you are looking simply to Jesus as your Saviour, your life, your all, you *ought to go to the table*. ~~That~~ is the true test of discipleship.

“Hold on! It ~~is~~ for heaven! You have a rich inheritance before you; and, oh! is ~~it~~ not worth a little pain and labour to ‘win Christ, and be found ~~in~~ Him’?”

The peace which she had found was too real to be destroyed. It had been shaken, but it was re-established. It came directly from "Him who is our peace," and from His cross, where peace was made. He changed not. His cross remained the same. It still spoke peace to the sinner. And there, where M—— had found peace at first, there also, and in the same way, she found it again. How it was occasionally broken, and then recovered, the remaining chapters, and specially those which contain extracts from her letters and diaries, will fully shew.

Knowing little of Scripture, the speed and simplicity with which she found her way to the cross is amazing. But the Spirit led her on. She had thrown herself upon the Divine Word, and God honoured His Word. It seemed as if God himself had put the Bible into her hand, and she seized it as her treasure. From that never-to-be-forgotten week, it was with her continually. Nothing would part her from it. It became her light, her joy, her companion, along the narrow way.

The following extract from her first to a friend in Kelso, after her return home, will shew the state of her mind:—

"P——, August 4, 1841.

" What endless gratitude do I owe to God for what He has done for me! Oh that I would teach me to love Him as I ought to be loved! What a cold, what a dead heart mine must be, that does not continually beat with love and gratitude for such unmerited love! I would not exchange one hour of communion with Him, for the whole world and all the

treasures it contains. I seem to myself to have a new existence; nothing gives me now the least pleasure that formerly was all my happiness; everything that does not speak of God seems so dry and uninteresting; every book seems dull after that mine of pure treasure, His own Book. How bitterly I now regret my sinful neglect of the Book that is now so precious to me!* But I

* It may interest the reader to have some reminiscences of the season when M—— found peace. The friend formerly quoted thus proceeds:—"On [REDACTED] 20th of June, the 5th chapter of John was begun. Jesus was set before us as the healer, we saw the fulness of his character as the healer, his tenderness as well as his skill. Glimpses of the manhood of our Lord—Jesus went up to the fane; what feasts must there have been to his holy, human soul! what pure worship, what fellowship with the Father! I remember dear M—— dwelling with great delight on the steps of Jesus; she delighted in the person of the Lord, and seemed to realise his minutest actions as recorded in the Word. I think she began at an early stage of her experience, even when her peace fluctuated much, to be attracted by the person of the Lord. Her anxiety was that she might come to Jesus himself; not merely that she might understand this or that doctrine about Jesus. [REDACTED] June 27, on John v. 10-15, we were led to see the opposition to Jesus and his work: what saints are to expect from the world; when Christ does his mighty works in a town, or congregation, or family, what opposition! Our dear [REDACTED] knew something of this, and learned meekness under it. You will remember her earnest longings after humility when this cross came. [REDACTED] 8.—John v. 17-19. We saw Jesus as Emmanuel, the Son, the Sent One, the centre of all beauty, divine and human, of all glory, created and uncreated, and we were glad when it was said to us, 'hear ye him.' July 11.—John v. 20, 31. The Father's love to the Son,—the bearing of this love on us and our interests; it is because of this love of the Father to the Son that the sinner has hope; the more we realise this truth, the more firm we shall feel the ground of our acceptance. What a well of life this subject was to many! Dear M—— luxuriated in such truths. [REDACTED] 18.—John v. 34. It is in hearing the word of Jesus that we are blessed; his words contain and convey the blessing; we get it by becoming listeners to him; it is not a *factum* merely, but a *present* life he gives. July 25.—Communion Sabbath. We had meetings every night in the church this week, Mr Cousins and Mr John Bemer assisting. Sabbath evening. Mr J. B.'s text—"They held on eternal life;" people much quickened. One

do not wonder that I have so often thought it dry, for ■ did not understand it; the very same words have ■ ■ meaning, a beauty that I never saw in them before. Oh, the wonderful love of God to such a sinner !”

man could not sleep after it. . . . Our dear friend M—— came to me for a day (July 27), the greatest part of which was spent in reading the Word. I remember the eagerness with which she asked questions, and her thirst to be acquainted with Christ. She had occasional joy, but not steady peace at this time.”

CHAPTER V.

Girls and Boys.

To pass from a circle where the new nature found so much to meet and satisfy its fervent outgoings, to one where ■■■■ uncongenial, was a heavy ■■■■. During these few weeks in which she had been tasting the joys of the wondrous change, feeding upon the Word, and having fellowship with Him whom she had so lately learned to love, she had been mingling with those who were of one mind in these things. Intercourse like this she had found beyond measure sweet. But there was a wide circle of friends with whom she had been wont ■■ mingle, who were of another mind. ■■■■ must now return to these. How is she to feel?

They and she had hitherto been ■■ one in their sympathies; ■■■■ this oneness was ■■ an end. Her affection towards them remained unaltered; but her sympathies had ceased. The tie of *congeniality* ■■■■ broken; for, since she had parted from them, ■■■■ had been born into a new life; and with that new ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ new tastes, new longings, new loves, new aims of being. *They* were the same as when she

left them in June last—*she* was wholly different ; as loving as ever, nay, more deeply, truly loving, yet still a different being. There could not but be something both strange and sad on her return.

Thus she expresses her experience on this point in a letter, dated August 10, 1841 :—"When I returned home, I felt as if I were a different being. Everything about me was the same, but all within me had undergone a change. Oh ! I have had some sweet and precious hours ! so sweet and so precious, that I have longed to leave this vain world at once, and to be with God,—to see him face to face,—to be with Jesus,—to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. . . . I miss the sweet converse that we had in dear Kelso. Everything then excited ~~me~~ to greater diligence in seeking God ; ~~but~~ I often find now, a lurking feeling, that so much diligence is not necessary. ~~But~~ you pray for me that I may never grow cold !"

And again,—“I am afraid my friends will not think me a very pleasant companion, for how can I laugh and talk about trifles, when I so long to talk of Jesus !”

Again, in November 1841, she writes,—“And now I must tell you of my troubles. One thing is a cause of much distress to me, and that is my conduct with regard to others. I am always told that I ought to be cheerful, and enter into the amusements of those around me, that they may not think the change in me is for the worse, in place of the better. Lately I have been trying to act thus ; and the consequence to myself, is, that I have totally lost all my enjoyment in these things, that only a few weeks ago made me so happy.

Is ■ not strange? ■ have no spiritual joy, no nearness to God, no realising of ~~unseen~~ things. . . . Though ■ do speak and laugh with them, I have no interest in it. I have no interest in any of the things of this world; and yet no enjoyment of the things of the next. I have had many a conversation with — upon the subject. They tell me to laugh and talk and be happy. I may seem so, but in reality I am not. I think I go into extremes. One is to live so much, as it were, in *the other world*, realising its pleasures, feeling God near, and delighting in prayer, and reading and *thinking upon Christ* (oh! I love to do that!), that I long to be away and with *Him*; and thus I unfit myself for other things, till I begin to think that I am very selfish in trying to make myself so happy; and then I go to the other extreme, get wretched, and care for nothing. Could I not join them? I am afraid it is only advanced Christians that can do that, for they are not so selfish as I am. . . . Is it wrong ■ take no interest in this world, and to seek continually to live in the contemplation of the next?"

Had her change been a partial or a gradual one, the dissimilarity might not have been felt so much. ■ her conversion had been ■ sudden, ■ might say abrupt, the nature of the change had been so decided, so much the opposite of everything superficial or transient, that in the return to old companions, and even relatives, there was a shock distinctly felt.

■ was a sharp trial to her. Yet she felt ■ be wholly unavoidable. Unless she could put off the new nature she had received, or part with her new tastes,

or draw a veil between her eye and the eternal kingdom, she could not be what she once had been. It was not that she dared not compromise; she could

It was not simply that it would be sinful to re-enter the world; she could not. The depth of the change had made things impossible. The change, though real, had been more shallow and partial, there might have been struggles, and yieldings, and compliances, and regrets, and vacillations. From all these she was saved. She was not she had torn out the world's joys from her breast; they had been resistlessly but quietly dispossessed, so that there was no longer room for them. It was not she succeeded in trampling out the "the heart," as Whitefield called it; the blood of the sacrifice had quenched it. She was not that she had cast off the world; she had fallen off by the very necessity of the new nature, in which it found nothing to which it could attach itself.

But while all this greatly simplified her course, and her from those entanglements to which hearted discipleship never fails to expose the individual, it did not remove the pain arising in her soul, from the consciousness of the uncongeniality between herself and those whom she so truly loved. She met them as before, but there was a difference. Could she fail to perceive and to feel

Besides this, there was the awful thought, that while she had thus been made partaker of eternal life, they had not. They were still in that world which she had left; and she knew that to belong to that world is death,

and that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. She might bear taunts and coldness. She might submit to accusations of pride, or self-esteem, or unkindness; but how could she bear the thought that the everlasting welfare of those whom she revered and loved was still at hazard?

It was this that tried her so sorely. And throughout her life, this trial was always her keenest. She yearning over unweaved relatives or companions, often rose to agony. That one whom she loved should be lost for ever, was more than she could bear to think of.

Her new position in her circle is thus referred to by one dear to her "in the flesh," and afterwards yet dearer in the Lord:—"On her return it was very manifest that a real and decided change had taken place. It was now that she began that constantly kept up correspondence with J. W. which will best describe the progress of her soul, the trials she met with, and the battles which, as a faithful soldier of the cross, she had now to fight. One of her sorest trials was that she stood alone and had no one to speak to or sympathise with her; and, in her affectionate nature, this has been very painful. I have totally forgotten all I learned in K——, and had, at this time, a decided enmity to the truth. I remember yet the painful feeling which the sight of M—— reading her Bible used to stir up. There was one spot in a little spare bedroom where she used to meet with God; and, go at what hour I pleased, there she sat with her Bible on her knee, poring over its contents. 'She is for ever that tiresome Bible,' was my thought, but, fortu-

nately for me now, I never gave expression to these feelings. One day she came to me with a book tied up, and inclosing the little paper which I sent you.* I opened the parcel eagerly, in the hope of finding a book congenial to me; and felt much disappointed that it was only a Bible. What a long-suffering God he has been to me! My beloved one did not go long mourning alone, however; for, about two months after her return from K——, you came to Edinburgh and visited us. When M—— told me you were coming, the mention of your name brought strange feelings to my mind, and I felt the instantaneous conviction flash upon me, that ~~now~~ was the time when Christ or the world *must* be chosen. The Lord inclined me to listen to you, and I believe, if I have found the Saviour at all, ~~it~~ was that evening when you spoke of him to me.

* From this "little paper" we extract a few sentences:—"My beloved sister, will you accept as a present from me the accompanying volume? It is the best of books, for it is able to make you wise unto salvation. Oh! pray to God that it may do so. Read often in His holy book, and read with prayer. . . . Pray that he may teach you to love him. . . . Do not despond, and say you cannot love him, that you have no feeling. Pray for feeling. Ask him to teach you to love him and his ways, better than all the world, and he will teach you. . . . He longs for you to come to him, that he may bless you by giving you himself. . . . He wants to make us happy with his love even here; and then, when we leave this life, where shall we be if we have believed in his name? In heaven with ~~himself~~. We shall see him face to face, we shall see him as he is. Is not the thought of living for ever with Jesus in heaven, enough to make us give up this poor, perishing world? . . . One thing is needful; oh! choose that good part, and it shall not be taken from you. And, dearest, when we pray for ourselves, do not let us forget to pray for ~~himself~~. Let us pray that, as we are now a family on earth, we may be found, at the last day, a family in heaven. . . . That God may enable you to overcome, is the earnest prayer of your most affectionate sister, M——.—August 28, 1841.

After this, M—— was most earnest in her exertions to win the rest of us to Christ, and we agreed to have a prayer-meeting for them every night, which we kept as long as we were together. The Lord has answered many of these prayers of M—— already, and I trust that he will answer them still, and bring those of us nigh who are as yet afar off."

Her anxiety as to the spiritual wellbeing of others, referred to in the above extract, is thus manifested in a letter to myself, of date Sept. 25, 1841:—"Do you think that —— has really found peace? I am quite puzzled. She is at times full of joy, and at others, again, she does not seem to know whether she believes or not. She appears to me to take her confidence too much from what she *feels*; and, therefore, when she does not feel, she begins to doubt. Perhaps you can discover her real state from her letters to you; and you would make me very happy if you would write a few lines to me, to let me know what you think of her. Oh, my dear sir, how anxious I am about her! She is very anxious about others, which surely —— would not be, if she did not see the necessity of —— herself. You will be glad to hear that our two friends, whom we spoke to you about, seem very anxious. One of them (who, I think, is most so) came to speak with us yesterday. She said she knew no one who would speak to her about these things, and she seems to dread the ridicule of her companions, if she were to become religious; and then, she says, she is so fond of the world, and that she has not strength of mind to give it up. But —— she were once to taste purer pleasure,

if she could [redacted] and see that the Lord is good, she would [redacted] be so fond of the world, and would not find [redacted] so difficult to give it up as she thinks. She asked me for a book upon the *vainness of the world*; could you tell me of any that might be of use to her? I have another favour to ask of you, that you would pray for my beloved [redacted] brother, who is away from us all. Perhaps we may never see him again on earth. Oh! pray that we may meet him in heaven. And will you ask God that he may meet with Christian friends wherever he goes, who will tell him about Jesus? [redacted] that I could know that he is Christ's! Then would he be safe, whatever happened to him in this vain world."

Some short time after, the relative referred to in the commencement of the above extract, having become a fellow-pilgrim with her on the way to Jerusalem, we have such a letter as the following, giving us a glimpse of their feelings and trials:—"I must tell you an interesting conversation we had. [redacted], and [redacted], and [redacted] dining with [redacted] and, after dinner, some remark of R[redacted]'s about putting 'love' in place of 'charity,' in [redacted] 13th of [redacted] Corinthians, led to a deeply interesting conversation upon spiritual things. [redacted] is a very solemn thing for two girls like us to speak of these things before others; and very painful. They were all very angry with us; for they think we suppose none of the family is converted but we two. They say they cannot understand us at all; and [redacted] said, [redacted] was so strange to see two of one family thinking differently from all the rest; and when he said,

Can you explain it? I said to him, Lay the case before God, and ask Him to explain it to you. I just fancied [] opening [] eyes, and *showing* [] [] reason. Oh, he could understand us then! [] was a painful scene; but I felt very grateful that [] were permitted to speak for God before such precious ones. It is strange how unbelieving I feel [] these times, and how *deserted*, as if I were left entirely to my own strength.

. . . . I am always glad when we speak in that way, for it gives us an opportunity of bringing [] a great deal [] God's Word, and it makes them think of these things whether they will or no; and it does R—— and me good, for it stirs us up, and makes unseen things more real. But I wonder when any of them are to be changed. The only thing that gave me comfort this morning was these simple words—the *God of truth*. But when the Spirit really applies them, they can feed the soul for a long time. Can't you trust the God of truth, my beloved one? Oh, yes; let us trust in Him [] all times. We shall soon see him face to face, and then all unbelief will fly away for ever. We cannot gaze on that loving countenance, [] have another year. [] to see it now by faith! Jesus seems to be smiling on us both, even while I am writing to you. [] be his *only*, his *wholly*, his *now*, his *FOR EVER*! I was much pleased with what you said, about speaking to me soul every day. It would indeed be very blessed if we really did that. [] is apt to [] that is too little; but, alas! if we look back upon our past life, how many days in which we have done nothing! Yes, we are selfish creatures; at least I am."

Thus her joys and sorrows mingled together; her hopes and her fears alternated. In the midst of much to ruffle and sadden her, she still held fast the [REDACTED]. Though broken [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] friendships, and suffering neglect in many unexpected quarters, she found [REDACTED] companionship of [REDACTED] could supply every want, and compensate for every sorrow. Though oft "in heaviness through manifold temptations," [REDACTED] yet "greatly rejoiced" in the fellowship of her new-found Saviour.*

The following extracts from letters to her Kaiseo friend will fully unfold her feelings. They are miscellaneous, but not the less [REDACTED] for [REDACTED] object. We confine [REDACTED] selections in [REDACTED] chapter [REDACTED] the letters written during the five months succeeding her conversion.

"P—, August 14, 1841.

"[REDACTED] DEAREST J—,—I dare say you are [REDACTED] [REDACTED] hearing again so soon from me, but I cannot help writing, as I long to tell you of all God has done for me. At every new proof of his love and pity, after first thanking the Giver of every good and perfect gift, I long to tell you all the feelings of my heart. Oh! it is a delightful thing to think that God looks on you with love—that he teaches us to love him; but I need not attempt to speak of the gratitude I [REDACTED] him for his rich mercy; when I think of all his unmerited love, I am lost in wonder and admiration: and then how I hate

* Shortly after conversion, an old minister thus describes his feelings—
—"I went about the fields singing songs of triumph over Satan."

myself! I have found a remedy for pride; I think of Jesus! that is enough, it lays me in the dust, and then I not only feel sorrow, but shame for my sin. Oh! how I grieve that I must still do nothing but sin against such a holy God! In everything I sin and come short of his glory; but, blessed thought! Christ made atonement for all sin—and, oh! does he not now look upon me in the face of Jesus Christ!

" There is one thing I wish to write about, for it appears to me so strange, that I cannot understand it. On Sundays, or after the Communion, or, in short, after any time when I have felt peculiar joy from a sense of God's presence, I am almost sure to be unhappy afterwards; now, why is this? I felt it both after the Communion in Kelsey, and when I returned home. I was very happy at the time, but almost immediately after, the feeling changed, and my heart was restless and unhappy. I seemed to long for something, I knew not what; and it was the same last Sunday. It seems to me as if I had a Sunday through the week, and that Sunday was like a week-day! Now, should you not think that Sunday would be a day of peculiar enjoyment to me, when I may meditate on God and his love, read his own Word, and go to his house the whole

Yet it is not so. I am sometimes frightened by thoughts that take possession of my heart,—hard thoughts of God and a distaste of religion altogether. Surely God is not angry with me for having these thoughts of him, for he knows how I hate them, and my sincere desire is to have very different thoughts of him. I am glad he knows all my heart, for then he

knows how I long after him. 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.'

"P—, August 17, 1841.

"My Mrs H.,—I cannot tell you with what pleasure I received your letter. My heavenly Father has been indeed abundant in goodness to me, in giving me so many opportunities of knowing more of Him, and of hearing His beloved name. His name ought, indeed, to be precious to me, and I humbly thank Him that He has made it so. How amazed I am that I could ever have had pleasure in anything apart from God! Will you have patience with me while I tell you of a thought He has taken possession of my mind—I know how—I think Satan must have put it to rob me of my peace, for it certainly does sometimes make me more miserable than I can tell you, and even with God's own promises before my eyes, I cannot get comfort? It is the thought that I am not in Christ, that I am not trusting in Him, and that, consequently, I ought not to get comfort from God's promises—that they are only for those who believe. Now, should you not think it an easy thing to know whether you believed a thing or not? and yet I find it often very difficult to know whether I do or not. Do not mistake me; do not think that I want to find anything in myself to lean upon for comfort; on the contrary, I want to know that I am not looking to myself, but to Jesus; I want to know that I am holding fast, for, till I know that I am doing so, I am in continual fear. Now, is it not strange that I should have these fears now which

■ had not ■ first! You say, get clearer and clearer views of Him who is the perfection of beauty. ■ my dear, kind friend, will you tell me how I am to get clear views of Him? I am very stupid, very slow ■ learning, but, oh! I am most willing, most anxious to learn. These thoughts sometimes tempt me to despair, but having tasted that the Lord is gracious, I am very unwilling to think that I have not an interest in Him, to think that I shall not be found in Him. I must go on.—I would die with joy this moment if I were *sure* that my hope was in Him. For what is life without Him? My dear friend, will you write to ■ as soon as you can find time, and tell me where the fault lies? it must be in me. Oh! tell me how to rectify it, and may God bless you for it! You ■ forgive the ■ of ■ letter, for I cannot write to-day. There is only one thing now ■ want to ask your advice upon, and that is how I ought to study the Bible—I mean, in what order I should read it, and what parts I ought to read most.”

“*P—, September 1, 1841.*”

“ Sometimes, when I am sitting alone, ■ feel so happy that I can scarcely bear it; but, alas! how soon ■ joy ■ turned to bitter, yea, bitter grief, when the thought comes across me that others whom I love do ■ share ■ with me! I do indeed feel that the thought of one's own bliss is almost forgotten in sorrow for others. I most gladly agree to the proposal of praying for them; and, oh! if we should be heard! My heart thrills ■ the thought! Let us plead, again and again, the name so dear to God's ear, the sweet

name of Jesus! I have often thought, in praying for others, that God has promised to give us whatever we ask in that name. Now, if we ask him for the conversion of any one we love, will he not grant our prayers? It appears to me that I ought not to despond so much when I have his own promise; and 'God is not a man that he should lie.'

" How I love the very name of a Christian! I have taken a great longing to know some of God's own children. "

—, September 11, 1841.

" I cannot tell you the happiness I have had since I last wrote to you. I was then in grief about R—, but, oh! how my blessed heavenly Father has enabled me to rejoice for her now! I trust she and I are now travelling together the narrow way that leads to —. I trust she is now one of God's children, and that nothing can ever pluck her out of his hand. I think I feel more gratitude when I think of R— than of myself; there is something so exquisitely delightful in the thought that God has called her to himself, that I cannot thank him, I can only weep, and my tears are tears of joy. Mr —'s has been a blessed visit to us both. R. and I can now speak together, for we are of one mind; we love the same dear Saviour. Have I not cause for gratitude? Should I not love much, and yet, is it not grievous that my heart is so cold? But I do not despair. Jesus can melt even my heart. I have been — times in a terrible state since I last wrote you, but I have now found

peace, and I trust it will not again leave me so utterly as ■■■ ■ can hardly tell you the horrid thoughts ■ had; but the more sinful I found myself to be, in place of being the more grateful for a Saviour, I began to despair, and to think I was too wicked ever to be saved! I thought God could not love me; I felt as if he loved all the world but me; in short, I was miserable;—oh! may he grant that I may never feel so miserable again, and may he forgive me my wickedness in doubting his love!”

—, October 19, 1841.

“■ DEAREST MRS H.,—I feel such a great desire to write to you, that ■ think I must obey the dictates of my heart, and try to write you a few lines. I ■ I could tell you all I feel and all I have felt since I last wrote to you; but, oh! I have a cold, cold heart; I think nobody has such a cold heart as I have, for I am not grateful to my Father in heaven, and yet ■ have so much to be grateful for. Dear Mrs H., I think one reason why ■ love you so much is, because I know that you love Jesus, and, oh! I should like to love him as much as you do. Is His not a sweet name? I sometimes say to myself, when I am cold and ungrateful, Jesus loves thee so much that He died for thee, and then I think about His love, His redeeming love, till I love Him too—I can't help it. Think of loving Him always, and without sin! ■ to be in heaven!—to see Him as He is! Can it be, that for vile sinners there is such blessedness in store?—wonderful love! I sometimes think that when I get to heaven I shall at first

be contented with seeing Him, with gazing with enraptured eyes ■ Him who died for me, and then that I shall be wishing for a look from Him, then a word, sweet and lovely as Himself, and then I will fly to Him, and never, never leave Him more! . . . When you write, speak a great deal about Jesus, and tell me, too, what a wicked, sinful creature I am, for, when I think about Him I forget that I am so vile, which I should ■ do, for I know I ought to feel great sorrow for sin. I ■ do not hate myself enough. Dear Mrs H., is ■ very delightful to think that our glorious ■ has not knocked in vain ■ the door of R.'s heart? She has opened ■ ■ beloved Saviour, and I trust—why should I doubt?—she is now His own ■

“ November 5, 1841.

“ I felt great sweetness in praying for you all to our Father this morning, and last night I went to implore a blessing on you when I knew you would be at ——. Tell me when you write, if you felt God near, for I prayed so that you might; and, dear J——, pray much for me just now, for I am very, very sad; I may say with truth that I go mourning all the day long; I tell God that I do so long to feel him near, that I cannot live without him, and yet I have not found him. I know that he hears me, but I cannot, oh! I cannot *feel* that he does; he seems so far away, and as ■ he were hiding his face. Perhaps it is his discipline, and that he is trying how long I shall persevere to seek him in the dark; if so, I ought to submit, and I do, but ■ is with sorrowing. Oh! if he would

try me in any other way, I think ■ could bear ■ ; but to withdraw *himself* is a kind of slow death, always dying, but never dead! Dear J——, will you tell him that I have waited long! Tell him to smile upon me at last, to give me cause to say, ‘I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry;’ and pray that I may have deep convictions of sin, that I may *hate* it, and that I may have strong faith, for I have very little.

“ When I got your letter this morning, before I opened it, I prayed that ■ there was anything in ■ about ■ love of Jesus ■ might be enabled to feel it, for nothing seems ever to melt this desperately hard heart of mine. One thing *will* melt it—a sight of the Lamb in heaven! ■ will melt *then*, because I shall be like him, for I shall see him as ■ is; but ■ could melt it *now*, he might look upon me *now* and make me happy: oh that he would! Tell me if you are happy, and that will give me some happiness too. You can feel for me when I am mourning after God and not finding him. ■ cannot be cheerful and gay with others; I know I ought to deny myself for the sake of others; but there is no one on earth I ought to love like God, and I ought to grieve at his absence. Am I not weeping after Jerusalem’s King! and should ■ not long to be *home*? I am only afraid of ceasing to weep after Jesus! I would rather weep for *Him* than laugh with the world!”

“ P——, November 11, 1841.

“ I hope you often think of me and pray for me, for, oh! I need your prayers; the oppressive

load is still on me; I am scarcely, if at all, better than when I last wrote; I don't know what **I** is, I very often attempt to pray, but I have **no** comfort in **it**; sometimes, for *one moment*, I feel a degree of sweetness; but Satan comes immediately and takes it away. Last night I had the most extraordinary feeling of terror and misery I ever yet had. **I** had gone to the throne for some comfort (for I know that I can get true comfort nowhere else); well, **I** **was** **near** **nearness** to God, and, about ten minutes after, Satan put such dreadful thoughts into my mind as made me think that I was lost. Then **I** felt as **if** I had been too presumptuous **in** striving to get so near to God, and that he was angry with me! I sometimes feel afraid of Satan; but, after all, he cannot really harm me. **I** want to know all his wiles, that **I** may not fall a victim to them.

" Tell dear ——— that it will not be with **my** will, if I do not come Kelsoward with the spring flowers. What a long time it seems till then! When I think that the leaves have all to fade, die, and fall; to be covered with snow, and the snow to melt, and again the leaves to begin to bud before I see you! But, after all, it is a short time, and it will pass **all** last: that is what cheers me often when wearied with earth's emptiness and with *sie*; that heaven will burst upon my view! *our* view! *Then* we shall see the wisdom and love that are displayed in all our dark and sorrowful hours; we shall *then* 'know how much we owe.' Oh that that may indeed be the end of all! I sometimes think how precious Christ must be in afflictions, for,

when anything hurts you, do not your thoughts immediately fly to one who you know sympathises with all your griefs? What a heart must Jesus have!—no wonder the poor soul that feels he is far away is sick with longings for him! I had a letter from A—— on Tuesday, and she will have ■■■ answer this morning. ■ wish I could write anything worth her trouble in reading ■; but what can I write but sin! All I do is sin, all I think is sin; I am all sin, and Satan tempts me ■■ doubt I am too sinful to come to Christ! Well, Mr ——— told me one thing which ■ try to *hold fast*; he said, ‘Trust God for eternal life, and if you do not get it, God would be untrue.’ Now, it is impossible that God should lie, so that I mean to trust him for life, and surely I cannot perish. I want to begin a course of reading with you, if you have no objections,—I mean that ■■ should take any part of the Bible you like to fix on, and let us read it *prayerfully* together, and tell each other any new views we may discover. Should you like it, do you fix the hour, and the part to read, and tell me in your next: and ■ should like also to fix another hour for meeting at *the Throne* together. We might often meet in spirit though absent in body. ■■ five o’clock suit you? And don’t you think, increase of grace to ourselves should be one of our petitions, and the other intercession for any one peculiarly dear? Let us then agree to plead together ■■ five for ■■ parents—plead you for mine and for your own, and ■ shall do the same; and let us remember the promise, ‘If two of you shall agree as touching anything they shall ask,’ &c. ■ have now proposed three times when

we two can meet at our Father's throne,—ten in the morning, five in the afternoon, and at our hour for reading. I wish, my very dear J——, you would propose another meeting to ask some other blessing; it will be doubly sweet, the one fixed by you; but is it not lamentable that we are so little sensible of the real value of the privilege we have, in thus being able to make all our requests known unto God? There must be much unbelief mixed with all we do, for, if we really *believed* that God should have all our petitions answered, should we not be more deeply grateful for this precious privilege, and more frequently and more earnestly plead the promises? . . . My wish is to get to the end of it (the journey). I do long to be done with sin, and to see the sweet face of Him who died for me, and for you, and for many others. Will not that be a glorious day when we shall meet at the right hand of God, 'and hear the Lamb pronounce our names, with blessings on our heads'? I had much sweetness this morning in pleading for us all. I begin with your circle, and when I speak of you, I feel, indeed, that I am speaking to One who is the hearer and answerer of prayer, but I have no sweetness yet in praying for myself. I hope you pray for me. I am ashamed of the egotistical letter I have written, but shall send it nevertheless, because I don't wish you to think better of me than I deserve, for I know you will love me in spite of all. Believe me, my very dear friend, yours in the love of Jesus.

—P——, *November 18, 1841.*

" MY BELOVED J——,—Many thanks for your letter.

I was very happy to receive it. I hope in time to grow less selfish, and not to require of you to write so often. I am happier than when I last wrote to you. Thank our Father for His lovingkindness to a worm of the dust. I have more comfort in prayer, particularly since I have begun our five o'clock meeting. It is curious that I should have fixed the hour you had hitherto devoted to prayer yourself, but is it not strange?—two days ago, when I had gone at five, I felt it so sweet, and all at once I thought, I am sure J—— is kneeling with me just now, and you really were. But we need not wonder; is I not the same sweet Spirit that tells both our hearts to retire from the world and be a while with our Father! I do begin to feel again as if He loved me. And the first smile I got, after so long an interval of [] and sorrow, was so sweet, I melted my [] heart, [] struck me with such remorse [] having doubted His love. It is sad, very sad to sin against love. I hope you will write soon to R——, for I don't think she is very happy, and I am sure I have a fellow-feeling for her, but I am a very bad comforter, particularly to her. I don't like to encourage her doubts, [] yet I should like to give her some comfort, so do you write to her, and tell her much of the love of Christ, and of the love of Christ to sinners, for I begin to think that we are often striving to get a title to His love, as if we were something besides sinners. Don't you think that we are often apt to forget that although we are *children*, we are still sinners? Oh! J——, I see [] is a harder thing than I had ever imagined to consent to be nothing and let Christ be everything

I have been reading a short memoir of Mrs Judson; how I envy her the feelings she had about the purity and the justice of God! I too often think *bad things* of God; I really believe I am too proud to submit to his sovereignty, in calling some and leaving others. I cannot get it to agree with our freedom of action. It is terrible, the horrid thought I have about His being *cruel*; I know all is rightly and most mercifully ordered, then is it not strange that I cannot submit to Him in all things, and feel that He is right? Will you pray much for me, that I may be brought to *love* His holiness and His justice—pray that I may really feel and acknowledge that He would be just in condemning me? but is it *strange* that I should love Him and yet not feel satisfied with all His character *at the same time*? If you understand what I mean, I wish you would ask Mr B—— about it, and let me know what *he* says, for *he* distresses *me very much*, that I cannot think rightly of God."

"P——, November 27, 1841.

" How I long for the conversion of *my* beloved ——! I think differently about her, fifty times a-day. Something at one time makes *me* tremble with eagerness of joy at the thought that our prayers are even *answered*, and again my hopes are dashed to the ground; I fear I am too impatient, but I do yearn for her to see. But I cannot allow myself to believe that God will not answer our prayers. Oh! J——, do you pray for her *believingly*?—Oh that I could say we were a *redeemed family*!—let us pray for the outpouring *of* the Holy Spirit. Do you think it

is a token for good that lately I have seemed to *feel* what abundant blessings we might get, if we prayed *constantly* and earnestly for the Spirit! It seems as if something reproached me for making so little use of our precious privilege of *intercession*, and telling me that if I prayed much, much, that the blessing would come abundantly. Oh that I could! but my heart is ice. My precious friend, will you pray *much* for me, that I may be more earnest in seeking God, and in even *wishing* to seek him!—for I am shocked to find how little *real desire* I have for what I pray for. Pray that I may have more desires after God and holiness, and more love to prayer and reading his own Word; for it seems as if the world were getting back my affections again. I thought my Saviour *Jesus* had all my heart, but, alas! I have been bitterly taught that my heart is more wedded to earth than I had ever imagined. I thought like *Peter* that I could die for *Jesus*, but I did not know myself. I wish I were with you, my dear J——, to talk of our Beloved, for, oh! I trust I can say He is my Beloved, though so little, so very little loved by me; but, praise be to his blessed name! I love Him *because He first loved me*. Don't you love that verse? it is very precious to me, because it tells of *His* love, which must kindle mine—oh that it would! But what runs me in, that I really don't seem to wish that it would."

2d December 1841.

" I am very glad that your Communion season was so precious to you. Oh that I had a heart to

praise Him for His kindness to you ! But I cannot. I never knew such a vile heart as I have. You remember I used to tell you of my intense horror of the place of misery ; but I think now that the sin that is in me would be worse far than the torment of body ; but don't [REDACTED] I am growing better, and would not live where sin is ;—I don't mean that : I mean that sin is so hateful as against God, that I could not bear to live where everything would be hateful to God ; for, dear J——, though I cannot do anything to please God, yet I do earnestly wish to be enabled to live to Him, and not to myself. To-day my heart [REDACTED] grieved [REDACTED] sinning against my Father, that I did not know what to do for misery ; but, oh ! I hope I am forgiven. I wish I had even one little bit of love to Jesus ; pray that I may. Oh the conflicts I have had with coldness and deadness of soul ! . . . I have just read your very welcome letter. I could not help crying for joy on getting it ; and what made me weep still more is, that I cannot feel as I rejoice to see you feel about Jesus. [REDACTED] that I loved Him ! But [REDACTED] is not so much my love to [REDACTED] that I want to see and to feel ; [REDACTED] is His love to me that I want to believe, in such a way that would kill sin, and make me love Him in return. J——, I will tell you the truth—I am not happy ; my heart is so very worldly, and I think lately [REDACTED] have spoken [REDACTED] much of our own feelings, that it has just *deadened* me. I want to know and to *feel* the feelings of Jesus to me ; your letter has, I trust, stirred [REDACTED] to try to get a taste of His love. . . . I see more and more how *unworthy* I am, but I want Jesus to love me. You do

not know the delight it gives me to think that Jesus loves the *wilest*, because then *I* can put in my claim. Sunday is our Communion, and I want you to pray much for me, that I may go prepared. Ask two things—that I may go deeply, very deeply humbled for sin. my own *individual* sins, but that I may also go rejoicing in a sense of forgiveness, I may find Jesus at his own table. I should like if you would ask that I might go with a *humble joy*. Satan once suggested to me that I was too presumptuous; but he has need now. Alas! I do not live near enough. I know you were happy. I am happy at present in your love—oh that I were so in the love of Jesus!"

7th December 1841.

" What a wonderful conversion I—C——'s has been! She is so beautifully simple in all her views and feelings. How she makes me blush by expressions of gratitude to God for having brought her to Himself, and the way she was brought, without any distressing fear or doubt—as she said to me to-day, 'I was brought in such perfect love!' Oh! is it sweet to think of her! I would give a great deal for her confiding simplicity; but I am always in trouble about something or another. I am always asking, *why* is such a thing! but you know a little about my way, for we often conversed about things I did not understand, or rather I say, would submit to. Don't you think it is pride which prevents my having trust that I am right? Whatever it is, I wish it were removed, for it prevents my gratitude flowing out towards

God as it ought. I wish ■ could get over this spirit of inquiry about God's dealings with me. . . . Have you continued as happy in the love of Christ as you were when you wrote? Oh! that name, Jesus! the chiefest among ten thousand! the altogether lovely! the Lamb of God! the Beloved! the Plant of Renown! the meek and lowly Jesus! the ■ of Sorrows! That last title sounds to me almost the sweetest just now! I have written some of his lovely names, to try if ■ would melt my hard heart, and make me feel as if he loved me. I should like to sit at his feet and listen to his gentle voice, as Mary did of old. I told you our Communion was last Sabbath. Well, I felt so cold all the time during the prayers, that I prayed in an agony that Jesus would meet me at his table; ■ when I went forward, I had a momentary feeling of joy, a sort of bounding of the heart, that made me feel, that if I did not get quickly to the table, I should lose him; and, after all, when there, I could only weep. I felt, well, I am safe here, I am secure; not even Satan can pull me away from this place; still I could do nothing but weep. I could ■ rejoice; but they were not bitter tears, I think; but the sweetest feeling I had was seeing I—— C—— beside me. I longed to say to her, 'Here ■ are together at the feast of Jesus.' M——, J——, and R—— had gone to the first table, and, not knowing if those around me were sisters, it was very sweet to have one whom I knew was a sister in Jesus Christ. . . . R—— and ■ had a long talk with dear —— on Sabbath night. I had read aloud a very striking sermon on the necessity of being born again,

and I think she must have been struck with it, for she began to speak to us, when all the others had retired. I think the Spirit is striving with her; but then Satan tries to [redacted] away the good seed. God, however, is stronger [redacted] Satan, and [redacted] conquer in the end. We gave her text after text to prove that we must be born again, and you know nothing can resist the sword of the Spirit. . . . But [redacted] have [redacted] nothing to say of our Beloved! What a long letter I have written, and the name of Jesus scarcely in it! How cold is my [redacted] in talking of Him, the mention of whose name ought to make it burn within me!"

"P—, December 16, 1841.

" I wonder why Jesus loves me; it must be [redacted] [redacted] is love. I would give the whole world to be able to love Him. I have been thinking a great deal about that sentence in your letter, where you say, 'If His [redacted] [redacted] so sweet, what must Himself be?'—what indeed? [redacted] often long to die, to go and [redacted] Him, and then to be like Him. Yes; it is the absence of all sin that makes Him so very lovely; [redacted] is, oh, yes! He is the chiefest among ten thousand—the altogether lovely. Then why don't I love Him, and shew my love by my works? [redacted] must be [redacted] I am so full of sin. I join in your desire to be holy—I don't like being so very sinful. Do you really think that I shall get to heaven at last? Oh! I tremble to [redacted] I perhaps may be lost. I wish I were sure. Do you know, sometimes, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] idea to [redacted] seeing Jesus then even to be in hell? but I must be in

Christ—I must just keep continually coming to Him and trusting in Him. ‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.’ Blessed Jesus! He loves you: is it wrong to love Him for that? . . . I am invited to spend a week or two with ——. I am not very sure about going, for I dread getting ashamed of reading and praying so much, and you know how clever — and — are, and how weak and ignorant I am. Do you think I would be putting myself in the way of temptation? I then I do not go in my own strength: in the Lord I have strength, and I think that I should have more strength given me on purpose, and God would put words into my mouth. I must say I wish to go, for I think God might bless my visit to —, and, dearest, you must pray much that it may be so, and that I might glorify Jesus by winning souls to him in that house. . . . The night before last was the first time I could join you in prayer since my illness, and I felt it very sweet to commit all dear to us, to Jesus. . . . Let us plead more and more! I have a growing conviction that my visit to R—— may be blest to those at home, because I could write, and then you and I could pray for a blessing on my letters; and I think my own impression of eternal things would be deepened, and therefore I could write and pray more feelingly. Oh that Jesus would answer my prayers for them all! Amen.”

■ P——, December 18, 1841.

■ DEAR MRS H.,—Thank you very much for your kind letter. How differently I feel now, —

ured to what I did when I last wrote you! Everything then appeared so *easy*: now I am very seldom . . . I remember in one of your letters you said that it was a very painful process the getting clearer views of . . . I suppose I am going through that process, for I do not find everything so sweet as I did at . . . One thing greatly vexes and grieves me, and that is, that I thought I had given my whole heart to Christ, but I find that I have not, for if Christ reigned in my heart, how would anything have power to vex me? If I had Christ, should you not think that I would not care so much to see that people don't care for me; or, still less, that I should ever give one sigh of regret to the world? I sometimes think that Satan is painting the pleasures of the world in flattering colours to me just now; but he does not succeed so well with me in that, as when he whispers that those whom I love don't love me so much now, and that I am vexing those for whom I would suffer anything if I could only get them to turn to Christ. Oh! these things make me fear I have not come to Jesus yet, for would not a sight of Him make up for all? . . . I am afraid, dear friend, you will think this a very egotistical letter, but I certainly am very selfish—I see that more and more; I wonder any one ever thinks of loving me. I don't wonder there are many that I love, for they all deserve to be loved, but I have no loveable qualities; . . . here is another thing, I fear, will make you not care for my poor epistle—there is nothing about Jesus in it. . . . I to think of writing all about myself when Jesus might be my theme!”

—, December 27, 1841.

" I wish I could love Jesus! This morning I asked him to take my heart, and reign there alone: and I think he heard me, for I felt a little, a very little, as if he were *near* me. I — always — of earthly rivals taking the place of Christ in my heart. I think I shall have many a painful struggle before Jesus reigns alone. But then I may love people — Christ, may I not?"

" E——, December 30, 1841.

" Here I — still —'s. I have such a bad cold and cough, that I cannot go to P—— to-day as I had intended, for this is the day we were to have set apart for prayer, but I hope I shall join you in spirit, though I cannot get away as much as I would like. Dear — and I had a short chat last night. — had gone out, and — herself said she wanted to speak *seriously* a little. I — with joy, and she began by saying that I was going too far, and that these things should be kept sacred in our own breast; in short, she said just what I should have said myself a very short time ago. Ah, how humble I ought to be when I think who has made me to differ, and how *grateful*! I was thinking, this morning, before I rose, what a different life — should — had continually in our thoughts — derful, the glorious prospects we look forward to. Oh! — we would ever realize the hope set before us, of spending an eternity of happiness and glory, an eternity *with Jesus*, how we should patiently bear, nay, rejoice, in all the petty cares and disappointments we meet with in

this wilderness, this bleak waste! Yes, it is bleak and cold when Jesus is unseen! But though unseen, he is not always *unfelt*. Sometimes, when I cannot get to pray to him, or to read his Book, I think about him, and that, some day, I shall at last see him face to face, and then my heart bounds and dances with ~~delight~~ delight, and I feel as if nothing were too hard to bear for his sake; and then, oh! don't you long to bring everybody to him! Oh! how sorry I am for those who do ~~not~~ know Christ! I want you to pray much for —. I do not know why, but I feel so much ~~earnest~~ earnest in pleading for her than almost any one, I have such a longing for her to be brought. Would it not be very delightful, after all her trials, to see her rejoicing in the feet of Jesus, a humble, happy follower of the meek and lowly Jesus? Her very trials give me a ground of hope, for I think they are just so many knocks on the door of her heart, as if Jesus were determined to be admitted. I can sympathise with dear E—— about the angels, but I wish I could ~~talk~~ ~~talk~~ with you about sin; for I don't hate sin enough! Does it not shew how devoid I am of all holiness, when I can hear about, without much *groaning*, such a body of sin? Oh! how Jesus ~~must~~ have loathed it!—how his pure, spotless nature ~~must~~ have shrunk from such pollution! And yet did ~~He~~ not bear our sins? J——, I wish I could live to His glory. I wish I could go about, as He did, doing good, and spend my life in winning souls to him. I do hate myself when I think that I never do anything for Christ. I might blush when I think of

you going [REDACTED] speaking words [REDACTED] Christ, shewing sinners a complete Saviour; and I, what [REDACTED] I do for him! I wish you would tell me what to do. Here is a new year beginning. I should like to spend it *all for Christ*. I sometimes [REDACTED] I would rather wait a little longer [REDACTED] if I might be made the means of winning souls to Him, than even to die now and go to Himself. Lately I have been so sure of God's love, I cannot [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] but as "love," and it is not so much Jesus as God the Father! It is [REDACTED] [REDACTED] say, *my Father!* It is curious, the different things which come into my mind. You know that [REDACTED] is Jesus who gives confidence to the sinner in approaching God. Well, I had some time ago such delightful convictions of the love of God Himself. I was so persuaded that his name was love, that I thought it was dishonouring to him to plead so earnestly for anything, because that seemed as if he were unwilling to give it; and I *knew* that he was so very willing. [REDACTED] not reconcile this; but then I thought—well, it is *because He is willing* that I do plead so earnestly with him. Sometimes I think I am ungrateful to Jesus in praying more to *my Father* than to him, and it is curious, though I pray most to God, it is always Jesus I *think of*, and long to be with in Heaven. But I must stop now and finish this to-morrow, for I want you to get it on New Year's Day.

"*Friday afternoon, P——.* My own beloved friend, I have just come to P——, where I found your letter. I have still such a bad cold, that even if there is church this evening I cannot go, but I shall try and get away

at half-past six to plead with you all ■ our Father's throne. ■ subject is a very sweet one. How glad ■ am ■ what you say about *rejoicing in Christ alone!* ■ have done that much lately, and when ■ cannot see ■ own interest in him, I think, well, I ■ surely have come to him, else ■ don't think I could rejoice in him. Am I right ■ thinking that?

"■ that I had a heart to thank him! but, J——, I have a wicked thought sometimes about God. I don't feel *satisfied* with him, till he saves *all* I love, as well as myself. Will you pray that this rebellious and wicked thought may be forgiven? I ■ sometimes ashamed of myself before God, but, oh! I have no sense of the *guilt* of sin. Thank you, dearest, for the chapters about the *sympathy of Jesus*. I ■ read them often. I trust we ■ ■ ■ rejoice together—all of us; and let this be our prayer, that we may *all* be brought, ■ another year be done. May Jesus ■ you, and shew you ■ love. May he speak ■ your heart. Remember my beloved parents at five o'clock. Yours, affectionately."

These are specimens of her spiritual growth. How rapid it had been! How wondrously she had sprung ■ in stature, during these few months! How few among us have made the same amount of progress in the course of years! We seem to dream; she was awake. We loiter; she hastened onwards, with Jesus ■ her side, and the eternal glory in her eye.

CHAPTER VI.

Progress in 1842-43.

THOUGH all the true features of the new man came out at once, under the Spirit's hand, yet their development into prominence, and order, and expressiveness, ■■■ ■■ thing of more gradual growth.

It is true that, in receiving the Lord Jesus as "our life," ■■■ pass at ■■■ "from death to life." We were crucified with him ; we died with him ; we were buried with him ; we rose again with him ; we went up with him, and are seated with him in heavenly places. It is not merely that we *ought* to die to sin, and live unto righteousness ; but we *have* died to sin, and have been made "alive unto God" (Rom. vi. 2-11) ; ■■■ things have passed away, ■■■ things are become ■■■ (2 Cor. v. 17). Such is the *new legal standing* into which ■■■ are brought. In believing on Him who died and rose again, we become identified with him in his dying and rising, that, in God's sight, and in the eye of law, we are ■■■ and treated as having actually ourselves died and risen.

Thus far ■■■ condition is not ■■ gradual one ; ■■■ standing in the sight of God is, from the moment we

believed, complete, as to acceptance, for our identifica-
 Accepted One is complete.

progress repentance, progress in holiness, progress in likeness to the Lord, is not a thing to be overlooked or swallowed up in the privilege of accept-

Some, indeed, have magnified standing and relationship to God, as to slight the importance of inward work upon soul. They have spoken of forgiveness, till they have actually trifled with sin. In their prayers they give thanks for acceptance, to make others suspect that they have ceased to feel themselves sinners, that they think it unnecessary to confess sin before God.

Very different were the feelings of her whose life we recording. Progress—progress—progress—this her watchword. Forgetting the things behind, she reached forward to those before. Pervaded with sense of the forgiving love of God, she bemoaned, night and day, the body of death which she carried about with her. An ever-deepening consciousness of sin of her characteristics.

But is not for the purpose of marking one feature in her character that we have drawn together the following letters, written in 1842-43. Our object to show her progress in the various points in which we are to seek conformity to the image of the Perfect One. In aiming at this progress, she felt the necessity of being rooted and grounded in love. Thus she writes in August 1842 :—

“ I wish you could write us a letter once a month, telling us love of is strange how diffi-

cult we find it to believe that love. I wish I could do as Jesus bids us, 'continue ye in my love;' but when I see myself so very full of sin, ■ seems impossible that God could love me; and hard thoughts of God come in to my mind at times, in spite of myself. I had been very unhappy before your letter came, struggling against sin, and unbelief, and coldness, and distance from God. But your letter has done me good, for I have been so full of joy, and have had a very sweet feeling of nearness to God lately. I liked much what you said about the gentleness ■■■■ forgiving love of Jesus, and going to him in our coldest hours. What I want is to realize God's presence at all times, to live as seeing Him who is invisible. Oh! I wish you were here, that you might speak to me of Jesus. . . . I hope you will come soon. We have no one to speak to us as you do. How much we owe to you! You were the first who spoke to us of Jesus, the first who cared for our souls. How well I remember the first time you spoke to me! It was ■ the class. You said, Have you found peace?—are you happy? I said 'no,' then; but, oh! I can say 'yes,' ■■■■ I have a happiness which the world can neither give nor take away. It is strange what a difference I find in all my feelings;—one short year ago, all my happiness was confined to this world; now, this world is a wilderness, a place of sorrow and sin, hateful sin; and my happiness is all above, for Jesus is there. But I wish I loved him more, and lived more to his glory, and I wish I knew more of him. I seem to know less than I did ■ first."

In January of this year she thus expresses herself :—
 " I much wish that I were humble. I sometimes think it ought to make me humble to see how much pride I have, and then to reflect who is the creature that dares say, I am proud,—I a poor, wretched, very sinful creature. I proud, and Jesus meek and lowly! I wish I could hate myself! I really think I love him most when he is afflicting me. I sometimes have felt as if he were beating me, and that I was astonished that God should do it; then restless, and inclined to rebel; then got more and more resigned and subdued, till at last I felt convinced that it was the hand of love, and then I could rejoice. . . . I think that Christ has been teaching me that I am *all self*! I have felt three sins to be very grievous lately, and those are pride, selfishness, and unbelief. You will say, 'only three!' I know I have many more, but these I have seen most lately. I have been so convinced of unbelief, that I got quite frightened, and began to think I had no faith at all. Oh! how I have been trusting to my own strength! I tremble to think of it. I wonder that I have been burdened, when I have not been casting myself on Jesus, getting my strength from him. But he has promised to give me all things, if I ask in his name, and I know that he will increase my faith. Oh! I cling to that with such joy! But there is one thing that I must ask you about, for I don't understand it; it is, that though at first I felt great distress at the conviction of my terrible unbelief, yet, after a while, I felt quite glad that I had seen it. It must be because I can now pray so earnestly, for more

faith, whereas, when I thought I had it, I felt no such need. All my prayer now is for faith; and I feel so very happy to think my prayer will be heard. I have much to say to you. Tell me when you are tired of complaints, and then I won't write any more. I always remember you and your people, and dear Kelso."

Without further introduction or comment, we now give extracts from the letters of these two years; they will be the best indications of progress. One or two are from Kelso, where she came on a second visit in the spring of 1842.

"*Kelso, March, 2, 1842.*—My own dear R——, here I am once again in this sweet town. Oh that you were with me! My happiness is imperfect when I remember that you are not here to share it with me; yet our happiness will always be imperfect here below; when in the bright realms *above*, it will be perfect. To think that you and I shall stand *together* and see Jesus face to face! Only think of seeing HIM, the Beloved One! Does it not seem too glorious to be true? and yet it is true. The more glorious it is, it is the more like God."

"*Kelso, March 10, 1842.*—My R——, how glad I was to learn that you are happier! Jesus longs to make you happy. I think that you are likely to be much happier in your soul than I, because when we are surrounded by outward trials Jesus is far sweeter."

"*March 11, 1842.*— . . . Last night Mr B. was speaking of the storms of this life, making us rejoice the more in the security of our Ark. How I wished for you! Let us praise Him, my beloved, that you and I

are safe in this ark. How often I have rejoiced on your account, more even than on my own, I think! I am so happy to know that Jesus loves you, that He has washed you in His own blood, covered you with His own perfect righteousness, that He sanctifies you by His Spirit—the Spirit dwells in Himself—and that He at last receive you to Himself, to *live* for ever with Him in His Father's house. If oftener realised this glorious inheritance, how easily would all our light afflictions here be borne, nay, rejoiced in!—for ‘we know, that if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.’ Do not let us wound our beloved Saviour by doubting his love. About Mr Hay, J—— says you should not meet him since —— is so much against it. I am grieved about this, yet I think too it is a proof of the love of Jesus; for He seems, in thus removing every earthly prop, to wish to have you all to Himself, that you may find your *rest* in Him. Still, my earthly heart is grieved that you should lose such a dear Christian guide, but I hope it may be only for a *little* time. Let us pray that, *all* be for the glory of God, you may be permitted to *see* him again. J—— bids me ask if you are like the man in *the* parable who sold all and bought the pearl of great price. I am most grieved that you are not to write to Mrs—— again. What can be the reason for wishing you not to write to such a Christian? She will be very sorry about it. Does it not really seem as if God were taking away everything *from* us give us Himself alone? And is not He enough?”

“Saturday. . . . Pray much for me, dearest, that

all my motives, in whatever I do, may be pure and holy. I have been praying, ever since I came here, that God would make me an instrument in his hands for promoting his glory whilst I am here, that I may be made useful, by his blessing, in bringing souls to Christ, that [REDACTED] worthless life which he has redeemed, may be spent in his service. Oh ! join with me in this prayer !”

= April 1, 1842.

“ MY DARLING R---,—I received your note this morning, and am grieved to hear that dear --- is vexed about our letters ; yet, after all, [REDACTED] may perhaps do good instead of harm, for she will see how anxious I am about their souls, and she cannot be angry at that. I asked our *reconciled Father* this morning, that it may work for good, that [REDACTED] would bless it to the souls of our beloved ones, and I feel *persuaded* He will hear my prayer. ‘ This is the confidence we have in him, if we know that he heareth us, we know that we *have* the petitions we desired of Him.’ Let us copy the faith of Abraham, and, though our way seem dark, let us still trust in the *eternal word* of a *faithful* God. Our loving Father may not *seem* to be answering our prayers, but they are all treasured up. Let us leave our prayers at his feet, and wait till he answer them, and, oh ! I *know* that in his good time he *will* answer us. Let us, therefore, plead with him, my own beloved, that all our troubles may work together for our good and the glory of [REDACTED] great [REDACTED] knowing that ~~our~~ present light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and *eternal* weight of glory. Let

us trust in the word of *Him* who cannot lie; and ■ not say you are not *Him*. Abraham went out, 'not knowing whither he went;' let us do the same. We have left the world and its vanities; we seek a better country, that is, an heavenly; but we, ■ Abraham, must trust in God, though our way be so full of troubles, so dark that we do not know where we are going. ■ we do not see the way, makes no difference in God's faithful promise, 'they shall never perish.' ■ knows the way, and He has promised to lead us and guide us continually. The way was all dark ■ Abraham, but he went ■ as patiently as if it had been all light, trusting simply on the pledged word of *Him* who ■ the God of truth.

" J—— sends this message to you: 'Rest your whole soul on the arm of the Beloved, and you can never be ■ You have the promise of *Him* who cannot lie. Lay your head on the bosom of Jesus when it is aching with the sorrows and reproaches of this valley of Baca. It is a peaceful bosom, and will impart to you its own peace.'"

" P——, April 20, ■

" ■ BELOVED J——,—I arrived here quite safely last night. I got very sick and faint after we had gone a few miles, but it went off again, and I was quite well all the rest of the way. God was careful of his child, though so undeserving of any of his love. Oh! what a God we have! I wish I could dive deeper into the ocean of his love. Oh! praise the Lord with me, my beloved! let us exalt his name together! I feel in a strange way to-day. I feel as if God were so near, and yet I cannot come ■

Him. I cannot lay hold on Him. What a ^{ble} and holy must be to live very near to God, if ^{as} here, that God-munion with Him, one *felt* [REDACTED] [REDACTED] glorious presence, is so full of the joy that [REDACTED] speakable and full of glory ! I wish I lived nearer Him ; but I am so cold, and so unbelieving, that if I don't get the answer to my prayer soon, I have not faith to plead and plead again till I prevail. It is ~~now~~ nearly four o'clock, ~~and~~ dear A—— will [REDACTED] setting off to the class. Tell her I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ber her, and that I hope she will think of me when she is walking up to it solitary. [REDACTED] an aching heart yesterday when I looked at you for the last time—oh how desolate I felt ! But, J——, [REDACTED] shall [REDACTED] take a *last look* when we get to our *eternal home*. We shall meet [REDACTED] heaven, my beloved, and *Jesus* will be with us, and will wipe away all tears from our eyes. We shall then be both perfectly *holy*, we shall love each other with a holy love. O to be holy, to be emptied of self, hateful self !

"Dearest R—— was at the coach waiting for me ; it was very sweet to meet her again ; she, too, is precious in the sight of *Jesus*, for she is washed in his blood.

* It makes me sick to speak of my vile self—let us rather speak of *Jesus*, of our Beloved ; yet what can I say ! I have no words, glowing, burning enough, in which to speak to you of Him who is fairer than the sons of men. Oh for a beam from the Sun of Righteousness to enlighten and warm into life my dark, cold soul ! Do you remember the two chapters we read together on Monday ! I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] with [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

us true. Do not forget next Monday at half-past two. say you are not read together again. Let us ask Jesus if we will. Whether he send the loving Spirit to [] of the things of [] and shew them to our souls. I shall remember you and your scholars to-night at five.

"R. was telling me this morning about her district. I wish I were better, that I might go about with her, and try to do some good in this place; but I am in [] hands; He will make me well in His own time. Pray for me, [] sickness may make [] cling closer [] Jesus. O that [] [] absence more, and [] heart were as sorrowful on account of sin as [] because I cannot see you! [] me when you write if you are rejoicing. I think you were when I left you. You [] to feel [] near. Tell me [] still gladdens your heart with His presence."

"27th.—Ask God to forgive my sinful fears, and to give me more submission to His will. I am grieved and ashamed when I think how unwilling I am to suffer illness when it is He who sends it; and how little He sends! How gently [] deals with me, ungrateful worm that I am! I am still in a weak state; but I think I shall get strength soon. Did you meet me at half-past two? I was [] —'s that day, and was afraid I should not be able to meet you; but I did, for it was curious that he and M—— went [] to walk at the very hour, and left me alone! I read our two chapters, and passed a very sweet half-hour.

"We had not time in Kelso to fix what we are to read together every Monday; I think, if you like, it would be nice to read Acts together, for I have not read it much, and I remember you saying there was a great deal of the gospel in it. Tell me if you would like it, or else fix any other part of our precious volume you like better, and let us read a chapter next Monday, at the same hour, and we can speak about it in our letters. I think we should have a short prayer before we begin to read, and ask that Jesus may be with us both. I wish, my beloved, you would ask for me a prayerful spirit, for I feel as if my heart could not pray—as if my prayers were shut out. I wonder when I shall get out of my dark, troubled state! Dear R. and I had a meeting on Sabbath. We remembered the school, and particularly you and your girls. Often the only happy time I have at prayer is, when praying for Kelso, and in asking Jesus to bless my beloved friend. R. and I were at her district on Saturday, and we spoke to all the people; but, oh! they seem very indifferent! One woman is just like your Grissy, she assents to all you say, but it has not reached the heart yet, I fear."

"April 30.—R. has just come in from visiting her families; I—C— was with her. She told us all about her father, whom she seems to think much changed. He told her that his illness had been blest to him; is not that delightful? She reads a great deal to him, and he seems to like it very much. We must remember him in our prayers. Does it not

seem strange that, when all my prayers of late have been that I might be enabled to be of use, God has laid me entirely aside, so that I can do nothing to promote His glory? Will you pray for me that He would sanctify all my troubles to me? I have a great desire to say to you, and a great longing to talk to you about Jesus, that name that sounds so sweet in a believer's ear; but I have already written too much, for I feel my back painful."

" May, 1842.

" I remembered you yesterday, dearest, your Communion, you and me, and I hope my prayers were answered, and that you were happy, leaning on the bosom of your Beloved. It is a wonderful resting-place for a sinner, the bosom of the holy Jesus. Did you say, 'My Lord and my God'? My own beloved Lord!—oh! if seeing Him through a glass darkly is so infinitely blessed, so sweet, so very, very sweet, how shall we feel when we see Him face to face! The man of Sorrows, the Jesus, the Man of Sorrows! O that I could love Him a little!—but I would not be satisfied even with that; I want to love Him much, to love Him as He ought to be loved; that we shall not be able to do till we are like Him, when we see Him as He is. How we should long to bring others to this precious Saviour! I wish I could pray more earnestly and more believingly for others; but I have a cold, unloving heart. I am sometimes tempted to doubt if Christ can melt it. Pray for me, I may have more love for

the souls of others, and that I may continue to plead and pray for them, though I seem to get no answer to my petitions. I seldom feel as if there were any reality in spiritual things, unless I am alone in prayer to God. I feel exactly the opposite of what I did in Kelso; there I felt more in the Spirit in church, or with others, than when alone; whilst here, I come home hungering and thirsting for heavenly food, and I feel better when I am alone with my long-suffering God. I am sure He is wonderfully forbearing with me! How I resist the Holy Spirit, and return all His love with ingratitude and sin!"

"P——, May 23, 1842.

"I have just been meeting you in the throne of grace, where I had much delight in pleading for great blessings for you and all in my native town. It is very sweet to pray for Kelso, to ask God to bring souls there to Himself, and to bless His own sheep. I am dear Mrs H——, with my warm love, that I never forget her. I wish I could meet with you in her house to-morrow.

"I have had another attack of illness since I wrote to you. I am now, however, quite well, which I am almost sorry for—I was so very happy during my illness. Pray that I may come out of the furnace purified seven times. I am in great fear that my frequent illnesses are not sanctified to me.

"I have been very happy lately by seeing the freeness, the fulness of Christ to every one. I put in my

claim as a guilty sinner, and I know He will not cast me out. How sweet He is! He is *altogether* lovely; and ■ is mine! Wonderful! Well may I say, *Why me, Lord!* why me! But we are always reminded that this is but the wilderness after all: there is no perfect bliss here."

"Edinburgh, May 27, 1842.

"I have so many things to speak to you about, ■ ■ hardly know where ■ begin; indeed ■ don't think I should write at all to-night; for I am so ■ and lifeless, that I am afraid I shall infect you. When I found that I could not get to town to ■ them all, I ■ and asked *Jesus* to be with them, and I think I never had so much ■ pleading ■ His presence before. I felt so sure that He was listening to me, and that ■ would ■ my prayer; and I think He did, for ■ think R. got a blessing. How completely I enter into your feelings, in longing to have more *substantial*, ■ tangible views of Christ! I feel as if ■ had just a *little bit* of Him, and that little makes me long to know ■ of Him; to see more of ■ glory, ■ sinless beauty. Our holy Jesus! ■ lovely, lovely Saviour, why ■ my heart ■ narrow, so cold, that I can see or feel nothing of ■ preciousness! I remembered your petition, my beloved, and ■ continue to plead it for you; but I ■ feel, in praying for you, ■ my views of heavenly things are so low and earthly, that I do not know what to ask for you, so that ■ tell Jesus

that, and ask [redacted] to give you all the blessings that are treasured [redacted] in Him, to fill you with His own [redacted]

"Do you expect to go soon to London? I wish we might travel through [redacted] wilderness *together*, leaning on our Beloved, and *ever* speaking of Him. Oh! how much I cling to [redacted] own will yet, even when I know that His will is that alone which can make me happy! He sees what is best for me, and how, and in what situation, I can best promote His glory; and should not that be enough for me? I want now to speak to you about that part of your dear letter where you say you are afraid lest you should hinder the blessing to any of your pupils by pride or negligence. Now, my beloved J—, if you feel afraid, how much more reason have I to tremble! My unfaithfulness is fearful; but, J—, do you really think that will hinder God blessing any soul? Is there the least chance that I may come between any loved soul and salvation? Tell me about this in your next letter, for it has made me very unhappy."

"Edinburgh, June 4, 1842.

"I am confined to the house to-day with a cold, and I want to have a talk with my sister about Jesus, our beloved Lord. O that I could speak of Him! I have been a great backslider of late, I think; I have not lived near God or to His glory; the world seems creeping into my heart again. Is it not sad to think that any idol should fill a heart that has known Jesus,

that has tasted that the Lord is gracious! I wish that, in every letter, you would tell me if you are happy in the love of Him who is altogether lovely, or you Mary, who wept they had away her Lord, and she knew not where they had laid

"This morning, at ten, I had a strangely mixed time. At first I could do nothing but grope the dark; my heart was sad and heavy, for God hid his face; but in one moment the veil seemed to be taken away, and my God smiled upon me, and I could feel that he was near. Oh, the of that moment! I felt such delight in asking Him to look on me in Jesus, not to look at all, except in his beloved Son; for then, and only then, he can say, 'Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.' It is blessed, when you feel very vile, to hide in Jesus, and though still as vile as ever in yourself, to say, 'Abba, Father!' Don't you often feel disposed, when you have got hold of Jesus again, to say with the Bride in the Song, 'I hold thee, and will not let thee go'? In reading our chapter, the only part I could dwell on at the time was, 'this same Jesus.' It seemed so sweet to think that it was the same Jesus who was so lovely, so loving, so gentle, so full of sympathy on earth, who is now in heaven, 'the of sinners,' pleading for them at God's right hand; that it is the same sweet voice that on earth said to the troubled sea, 'Peace, be still,' that now in heaven says, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'

"If you like, you may fix another day besides Monday, and can read two chapters a week; the oftener we

meet the ~~man~~. I wish I were always 'in the Spirit.' Dear R. is to write you very soon. She is not strong at present; but I hope summer will revive her. I wish she had more joy in believing. She never gets quite rid of her doubts, which is strange, for I should have thought she would be so confiding. I had a long walk with ~~the~~ Hay on Monday.* It is refreshing to meet a Christian like him. We were at tea ~~at~~ Miss R.—; I like her exceedingly; but how can one help liking one who is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and sanctified by the loving Spirit? It is now nearly

* The Rev. James R. Hay, afterwards minister of the Free Church at North Berwick, is the person here alluded to. He was born ~~at~~ Kelso, and his soul was early drawn to seek after God. His zeal as a Sabbath-school teacher was singularly fresh and fervent. Rising often at four o'clock on a Sabbath morning, he would continue in prayer for his class or hours together. The interest which he took in the welfare of each was ~~uncommon~~. He met with them, he visited them, he prayed with them, he wrote to them, he kept his eye and heart upon them in after years. Stirred up by the example of his friend Mr A. Murray (whose labours the Lord has so owned in the South Sea Islands), he resolved to dedicate himself to the missionary cause, and left Kelso to carry on his ~~work~~. He did so, and while studying in Edinburgh, he manifested the same fervour of spirit and the same zeal for God as in his earlier years. He was afterwards led to change his mind as to the missionary field, and in the year 1844 was settled at North Berwick. His health soon broke down, and within a year after his settlement he died, resting on his long-snows, well-loved Lord. In the month of September 1842, he was on a visit to Dundee, and thus writes to M— and her sister:—"Having much to tell you of what the Lord has done and is doing in this town, I shall soon pay you a visit, and join with you in giving thanks to the Lord, your Lord and my Lord, for his gracious doings. There are three weekly meetings held within the walls of L— house (where he was staying), at which I have often to officiate; and never did I witness such interesting scenes. The number on Sabbath nights, within the last two months, has increased from sixty or seventy to nearly two hundred. Most of them are mill girls, and many of them have truly become members of the family of God. . . . I hope you are both prospering in soul, and realising yourselves not ~~the~~ inhabitants of earth, but heirs of glory."

five o'clock, so I [redacted] go and plead with you at our Father's footstool. Oh for a spirit of prayer! My precious friend, farewell for a little! May Jesus be with you now and ever.—Your own “M——.”

“P——, Wednesday, June 4, 1842.

“[redacted] would think we could never forget Jesus, yet how continually we do! At least I know I do. I have been thinking a great deal lately of being [redacted] to realise his presence at all times. I feel that I should be such a different being if I were to remember that his holy eye is [redacted] upon me. How it would banish worldly, vain thoughts! I don't know if you [redacted] this, but I find it [redacted] much easier to recognise God's presence [redacted] prayer, or in reading the Bible, than [redacted] other times throughout the day. I have been praying much lately for this continual dwelling, [redacted] [redacted] were, in Jesus' presence, and I want you, my beloved, to ask this for me at our ten o'clock meeting.

“I am expecting my dear R. every minute. [redacted] wish she would come, for it is very lonely for me to be without her. How I love her! More than ever, now that she is a follower of the Lamb. [redacted] and I have many a sweet talk together, and [redacted] such times we always long to be at home. When are we three to have a meeting again, I wonder! To-morrow is my birthday, the first I have had since I knew the Lord, the meek and lowly Jesus. I should like [redacted] to be a day of much [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] Oh, to think [redacted] I have turned a deaf ear for so many years to the sweet

voice of my Saviour! I am the very chief of sinners. I shall never cease wondering why vile I was chosen, [REDACTED] others, O how much more worthy, left! You must remember me to-morrow, and pray that I may be *truly* humbled."

-, June 15, 1842.

"I cannot tell you with what delight I received your dear letter this morning. The moment I had read it, I longed to go and answer it, to tell you all my heart; but I went first to plead for a blessing upon you, [REDACTED] the throne of grace. Do write again immediately, and tell me if you have again [REDACTED] joy and peace in believing. I am *sure* you have, for I had such delight in praying for every blessing upon you this morning, that I know God heard me, and ^{will} answer my prayer. I wish I could tell you that I am still in the happy frame I was in when I wrote to you last; for I have had such a week of distance from God! Is [REDACTED] not a comfort to think that God's love does not change as we do? He is *the same*. [REDACTED] looks on His sinful children in the face of His beloved Son, and we are all fair in His eyes. Wonderful love! God loves with an untiring love; but I wish that the contemplation of this love would melt my hard stone of a heart, and make me cease from wounding Him by sin. I have seen myself very vile this last week; I have often groaned under the load of corruption in my truly desperately wicked heart. How this should make us prize Jesus, whose blood washes all

this vile sin away ! Would that we could always praise ! I am very glad that the texts I sent were blessed to you. ■ that Jesus would give me every word I ever write to you ! I asked Him this morning that He would teach me to write, and would bless His own words to you.

"I hope you meet me at five ! It is a *beloved hour*. I wish I prized it more. ■ is curious that R—— and I should have felt so much the same lately with regard to P—— and M——. We often think the Spirit is striving with ——, O that He would enable her to drive out His enemy ■ her own—sin— and let Jesus into her heart ! I often think of how much ■ would love Him. ■ think love would dwell much in her heart. She is so like a ■ of the Lamb now ; what would she be if she knew Jesus, and loved Him from her heart ! R. and I read ■ chapter to her and aunt every night before going to bed ; ■ when aunt goes up-stairs, my darling M——, with a kind of anxious, sweet look that he often has, says, ' I think ■ had better read a Psalm now.' How I love her when she says that ! Don't you think it is a good sign if she ■ hungering for the Word ! She is very fond of the Psalms, she sings them so earnest. I have more hope in pleading for her than for —— at present, for she seems as if she had been in some degree awakened ; ■ least he seems to have a feeling, as if it were in spite of himself, *that all is not right*. Now, I don't think ■ darling —— feels that at all ; but with God nothing is impossible, and I am trying to hope against hope. We can but lay our prayers at the feet of Jesus, and

we know, that 'whatsoever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive.' I was struck with what you said going to God *downcast*, expecting and feeling that you deserved his frown, and yet getting his smile: it is what I have often felt, and I think nothing ever humbles me so much; yet it is strange, that notwithstanding all this cause I have to be humble, I am still proud! I am sometimes ashamed to confess my pride to God, it is so hateful; but, my J—, I be thinking now of concluding, and yet I have so much to say to you. What a letter to send! I wanted to make it about Jesus; but I can't speak of Him. I have lived far from Him lately, yet not too far for Him arm to bring me back, or for His voice to say, 'Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.' Don't you often wonder to what the voice of Jesus must be! On earth they wondered the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth—what must it be in heaven! Fancy that voice saying to you (and how I rejoice to know that I will!), 'Come unto me.' I wish I could live more amid these unseen joys, that this earth might fade from my heart. Will you pray for me, dearest, that I may live nearer God than I have ever done!—for I feel the world creeping into my heart; yet I trust I am grateful for this, that I find its pleasures very poor, after having tasted the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."

"July 6, 1842.

"I wonder if we are ever to meet again to have talk about Him who loved us, and washed us from

our sins in **my** own blood. **I** **loved** Him more ! or even a little, for **I** sometimes fear I have no love to **Him** at all. I have been longing to get a **letter** from you lately, to help and quicken my **soul**, for **I** think I have been declining **the** life of God. **I** wish I could live *always* near God. **It** has been **my** prayer for a long time that I might continually feel that **I** **was** near to me, **I** might live as seeing 'Him who is invisible.' It **is** strange the difficulty **I** feel in doing this. I sometimes think that **I** am an *infidel* half the day. **I** really believed that a holy God was ever watching **me**, what a different being I should be ! O for the perfect love which casteth out fear ! I feel it difficult to believe that God can love me, I am so desperately wicked, so awfully unholy ; but then, the thought of my Surety, **Lord** *my righteousness*, makes me rejoice, though often with trembling ; for my **is** weak ; but **says**, 'to them that have **might**, he increaseth strength.' What might **not** get **faith** strong ! I was very wretched the other morning **prayer**. I **went** gone with great reluctance, for **I** **was** so utterly *dead*, that it seemed impossible I could **be** quickened. Well, the thought **came** into my mind, **although** **I** **was** cold, yet it was **for** my sake, but for the sake of Jesus, His beloved Son, **God** heard me. But oh ! **Jesus**, in place **filling** **me** with joy and confidence in pleading **all**-prevailing name, I **was** actually *unwilling* to be indebted for all to Jesus ! My heart is worse than I ever conceived it possible that any heart

could be! I think that after all the love of Jesus to such a vile worm, I should rebel at being nothing that I might be all! Pray for me, my proud heart be humbled. It were enough, would think, make me humble, to know that I am proud."

"*Thursday.*—I have very little, if any, life in me at present; but Jesus is my life; yet though I know that He is so, how little do I feel upon it! I am so difficult to cling to Jesus, when I see myself so entirely empty; but that is the very reason I should cling to him the closer. You say, 'Is it not nothing to me nothing, that he may be all in all?' I trust I am beginning to feel more sweetness in that. It is strange you should have said that when I had just been writing to you how differently I had been feeling on that very subject; but I hope that I shall do, and that Jesus will enable me. He will bend and bring low my proud heart. When I think of Jesus, my own precious Saviour, I am willing, oh! more than willing,—I am rejoiced that He should be all, and I less than nothing. I cannot tell you the bitter feeling I have, when I think that even for one moment I should so dishonour Him. I am grieved, my beloved, that you still complain of languor and deadness. I cannot bear to think that you are ever anything but rejoicing; but, you say, it makes Jesus the precious, and I think you that, you will soon be happy. All happiness must come from Him. I am always happiest when I am and that He is lovely. I always remember you in my prayers, and seldom kneel any time without mentioning your beloved name; but I

fear I often do ■ very coldly. I have a very unloving heart; but then I comfort myself by remembering that ■ is for the sake of his beloved Son that God hears my prayers, and that, pleading *His* name, He will hear me, though I am ever so cold."

" July 12, 1842.

" Are you not wearying of the wilderness, where you cannot love Jesus as you would long to do? I am so sorrowful when I think that ■ ■ always a struggle, a *fight* to keep my heart in the love of my God, to get my whole affections and thoughts fixed ■ Him who is so worthy, ■ infinitely worthy of ■ love. It is painful to be so earthly—so carnal. I ■ so completely that earth is my native atmosphere; it ■ ■ other nature to ■ to be spiritual. ■ for the time when the atmosphere of heaven will be my native air!—when this vile body of sin will be a glorious body, when I ■ love Jesus without effort, without sin! Is it really true? But perhaps I have a long life in the wilderness before me ere I stand *fruitless* before ■ presence of ■ glory with exceeding joy; and ■ that I could spend that life, that life which He has redeemed, to His glory! What can I do to glorify Jesus? I am ■ terribly useless! Do you think Jesus will not use me as an instrument in promoting His glory? I sometimes fear it, and it grieves ■ very much; yet, my beloved friend, Jesus knows that the glory would be His. It would indeed ■ ■ unspeakable honour to be the means, under Him, of bringing ■ one sinner to Him; but I would still

be only the instrument. Oh that I were a more willing one! Will you ask this for me, for there are many whom I long to be brought? I have been alone here all day, and I have been trying to be all day with Jesus; but still my soul cleaves to the dust; I need the loving Spirit to quicken me. Do you ever *pray to the Spirit*? I generally ask God to send Him upon me; but to-day I prayed to the Spirit himself, and I felt it so sweet to ask Him to tell me about Jesus, *all about Jesus*; to reveal Him to me, to shew me His sweetness, His beauty, the freeness and the fulness of His work. How ignorant I feel myself to be a prayer! I never know what to ask for; but the Spirit has promised to help our infirmities, and Jesus tells us He can have compassion on the ignorant.

"My greatest difficulty, and a great sorrow I feel to be, is what I have often complained to you about, namely, *the different persons in the Godhead*. You will perhaps tell me not to be troubled about that; but I can't help it; and I am the more troubled that I cannot quite explain to any one what I mean. I wonder if any one ever felt so strangely as I do. I feel, when praying to Jesus, as if I wronged the Father, and did not care for His love; and then, when all my delight (as it often is) I say, 'Abba, Father,' I am miserable by thinking that I don't love Jesus! What should I do? I try to tell God, but I scarcely know

* This seems to have been the more falling of an over-sensitive nature, wrought upon by Satan to distract and perplex her. It is evident, from every page of her correspondence, that she did not overlook any of the persons of the Godhead. To think more of one person of the Godhead

how ; ■■■ thought ■■■ gives me comfort, ■■■ knows *all about it*. Still, I have had ■ a long time now.

"I ■■■ remember you ■■■ your approaching communion ; I hope you ■■■ find Jesus ■■■ on ■■■ day. May you lean upon His bosom, ■ the beloved disciple ■■■ ■■■ a happy resting-place ! There are no thorns there. O that I knew more of ■■■ bliss ! When there, you have the peace which passeth ■ understanding ; to be there ■ joy unspeakable, ■■■ of glory. How lightly ■■■ all the ■■■ of ■■■ life ■■■ upon one who ■■■ found this sure, ■■■ resting-place ! Does it ■■■ as if *nothing* should ■■■ make us sorrowful again, ■■■ the thought of piercing *this bosom on which ■■■ lean* ? How continually I do that ! If it depended on my thinking *one* holy thought, speaking *one* holy word, or doing *one* holy act, I could ■■■ that face that ■■■ marred more than any man's, or lean for one moment ■■■ that bosom of love ; but I rejoice to know that it does not depend on me ; it is all *free* love, and for *sinner*s. I want to love Jesus, and I cannot ! what shall I do ? O that I were *holy*, that ■■■ here I could love Him a little ! I fear, my beloved, that I have written ■ very egotistical letter, and yet I meant ■ to be ■■■ about Jesus ; but I can never speak of His love without telling you that I long to love Him."

■ July 28, 1842.

"I don't think I ought ■ write to you to-day, for

than of another ■ different times, is not to overlook or dishonour any ; it is simply to act according to the constitution of our finite nature.

I am so cold ; I am sure to freeze you. I don't think any one ever had such a hard heart, or such a dead soul as I have. Nothing ever seems to melt me : a night ■■■■■ would ; a single glance of Him who hung on the cross for vile sinners like me, would melt the ice ; but I cannot see him ; ■ cannot feel his love. Oh ! if I could only lie ■ his feet, and weep tears like those shed by Mary Magdalene, how blessed, how happy should I be ! ■■■ I cannot shed a tear ; I feel as I could never weep again. ■ wonder what is the matter with me, for I was so very happy lately, and had such delight in prayer, and now I have none. O that you were here to pray with me ! We have often rejoiced in God, in the smiles of our Father's face *together* ; and now, I wish you were here, that you might speak to me of Jesus, till my whole soul melted. I am very unhappy, for I feel as if I did not care for Him, and as if He did not care for me, and yet I have been telling Him ■■■ morning that ■ cannot be happy without Him, that *I will not let Him go* except he bless me ; but I cannot find Him ; my soul is quite dead. Surely Satan must be tempting me, and making me think hard thoughts of God ! I hope you are happy ? I remembered your petition yesterday, and hope you could wash the feet of Jesus with your tears. I think I would rather have Mary's place than John's to-day ; anywhere near Jesus would be ecstasy. O that I ■■■ find Him ! I would not let him go. What a ■■■ thing sin is ! ■ is a bitter thing, for it makes God hide his face ; ■ pierces the loving bosom on which we ■■■ O to be *holy* ! ■ is, indeed, blessed, my beloved,

to think that we have a *holy* home awaiting us. I wish I were there, for there is so little of God here, so little holiness.

" May you be much blest at this Communion. May you weep with Mary Magdalene, whilst you lean with the beloved disciple on the gentle, loving, holy bosom of your own Jesus; may you say, with Thomas, ' My Lord and my God.' How I envy you going to a communion table! I long very much to go again, for it is long since I have been; perhaps I should find Jesus there.

" My loving Father, you forget me, though I am so often forgetting Him. I wish I never forgot Him, that I were *always* full of love to Him, *always* delighting in Him, *always* lived to His glory, *always* felt Him near. I wish it were *always* summer! I don't when it is *winter* in the soul. Yet this serves to remind us that this is not our home; it is indeed ' polluted.' We must ' come up from the wilderness, leaning upon Beloved.' Don't you wish you *always* felt that you are really a pilgrim? When shall pilgrim days be over, and all Zion's travellers be home? You ask me what you are to plead for me; plead for *forgiveness* for a cold, icy heart; plead for a heart *broken for sin*, and full of love to Jesus, and to those for whom He died. Plead that I may *always* realise His presence, that I may live as seeing Him who is invisible; plead that *everything, whatever it is*, that comes between my soul and God may be removed; plead for holiness, plead for the Spirit, plead for gratitude for a ' love which passeth knowledge,' plead for more love to poor sinners who

know not God ; plead for more love to God's dear children, and that I may be more like them. Will you remember all these petitions ? How many wants we have ! We are very poor beggars ; but Jesus is rich, and loves to give. I feel that He is far more willing to give than I am to receive. How strange it is that I am not willing to be blest !

" I want you to remember M—— and me at eleven in the morning ; for after I have met you at ten, I pray and read with her for half an hour. Pray for me that God would teach me to teach her.—Your own attached
" M——."

" August 1842.

" **MY BELOVED FATHER,**—O that you were here to speak to me of Jesus ! I read your precious letters, which are so full of Him, over and over again ; but I can only weep, because He is not to me what He is to you. I wish that I felt Him as near and loved Him as you do. Does it not make you long to be with Him, done with sin and sorrow, and distance from Him, and to see Him as He is ? Here, the moment you get hold of Him, almost before you feel that He is near, you lose sight of Him again ; but there He will never be hidden.

" I am so glad that you were happy at your Communion ; you could not help being happy, for you got near Jesus. I don't know what has come over me, but I cannot write to you to-day. I think it is because I have so much to say, that I cannot say anything. I am in a strange state at present. I am sometimes so

joyful ■■■ happy, that ■■■ very thought ■ Jesus makes my heart swell ; and then, again, nothing seems ever to move me. What distresses me is my worldly-mindedness, ■■■ ■■■ always realise heavenly things, or always feel God near. Everything ■ this earth is so dull, so tasteless, after tasting spiritual joys ; and yet my heart cleaves to it in spite of me ; and then, all I do ■ ■■ polluted by sin. Oh ! J——, ■ think that ■ holy God sees my evil heart, and yet ■ does ■■ hate me ! ' I ■■■ ■ knew something about God. I seem to know less every day. ■ it not strange ? Do you find that you grow in the knowledge of God ? Is it not wonderful to think, that although He ■ ■■ glorious in holiness, ■ perfect, so pure, ■ spotless, yet a vile sinner, laden with iniquity, may go to Him, to this glorious being, and call Him ' *Abba, Father !* ' O the unutterable sweetness of that name !

■ May Jesus bless you and make you joyful in Himself. May you rejoice in the Lord *always* ! I am so happy and joyful when I think that you are His—that my ■■■ beloved is safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd, hidden in the clefts of the Rock, so that ■■ storm can ever come near her ! ■■ to think ■■■ you shall ■■■ ■■■ be separated from Jesus ! ' Lo, I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world ; ' and ■■■ then ■■ will be with you : ' when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; ' but *I trust, my beloved, I shall pass the waters first.*

" Am I ever to be done ? I grieve to send you such a letter, with so little of Jesus in it ; but you ■■■

forgive ■■■ I cannot speak of Him, for I have an earthly tongue. Write soon to your unworthy ■■■ attached
 "M——,"

"P——, September 5, 1842.

"MY ■■■ BELOVED ONE,—It ■■■ curious that you should have been thinking of that verse with me; but I was much struck with the different ways in which we had looked on it. In thinking of 'holiness to ■■■ Lord,' all your thoughts went to Jesus, while mine, as usual, went to my own vile self. For nearly a fortnight I could not realise the presence of God, or feel Him near, though I often cried to Him with very bitter tears. He seemed as far away as ever; but this morning *I found Him again*. I felt Him near, and my tears ■■■ sweet! Praise Him for it, dearest, with me; ■■■ ask that I may not again lose sight of Him. It is strange, when I cannot realise that God ■■■ near, I ■■■ not pray for you; but whenever He blesses my own soul, then my heart *hastens* to ask blessings for my beloved friend, and I find it very sweet to plead for you. I want you to pray just now for a dying young man, the brother of our neighbour's servant. He is dying, and, I much fear, unchanged. How calmly we can talk of these things! How ■■■ have I of ■■■ faith which is the evidence of things not seen! I cannot realise ■■■ feel his awful situation as I ought. ■■■ and I have been praying for him, and sending him some tracts; O that they may be blest! . . . I have seen our Queen several times. She has much to draw her heart away from God. I fear I do pray too formally

for her. Let us agree to plead together more with our hearts for her and for all dear to her."

"September 20, 1842.

"I long █████ be free from sin; oh! it █████ loathsome, █████ yet I █████ not see it at all as I ought. But I █████ not trouble you with speaking of my sinful self; I want to speak to you of God, of our █████ Saviour, but I cannot do it. O that █████ had you here to speak to! I long very much for you █████; it will be so very █████ to speak with you of Jesus as we have █████ often done, and tell you all my sorrows. █████ sometimes wonder when I █████ to get right again, and get █████ sweet glimpse of Jesus. My soul has been so dark, and sorrowful, and heavy, for █████ long █████ time █████ There seems a weight █████ my heart, and a veil █████ my eyes. I █████ happier a little while ago; but now █████ am █████ much cast down as ever. I long to begin the school; surely I shall find Jesus when speaking to little children of Him. In heaven He will never be away, or hid even for one moment. █████ if █████ should never get there? I am so very unbelieving, so unlike a child of God. You told me, in your dear letter, to go and weep with Mary at His sepulchre; █████ is strange that I had just been reading █████ very chapter! █████ could find no relief in any way, and at last I thought of the sweet chapter we have so often read together; but █████ could only weep, because I could █████ Him. Yet you █████ He is always █████ Do you know Satan sometimes tempts me to disbelieve His existence altogether! █████ it not fearful? Oh! it is great agony! Do you think █████ child of God could

ever have such a dreadful temptation! R. and I are quite solitary just now, and we have a great many very sweet meetings and readings together, and at such times we always remember our most beloved J——, and my sweet native town. And now farewell. May your own precious Saviour bless you now and always. Your own loving
 "M."

"P——, October 6, 1862

"I must tell you about our school, for that is certainly a great deal in my thoughts ■ present; and I know how much you ■ love to hear how ■ getting on. Well, Tuesday was the first day, and R. and I opened it ourselves, ■ we did not like to ask any one in Mr B——'s place. I had fourteen little ones, and R. five big ones. We sung 'The Lord's my Shepherd'—as we had not got the other tune,—and then ■ prayed, and then divided our classes, and in about an hour ■ again assembled, and read a little bit of 'Glory,' then a prayer, and they went away—and so ended our first day of school. R. and I sat down together at the fire after they were all away, for a long time, neither of us quite sure whether we ought to be pleased or disappointed. But, on the whole, we settled that we ought ■ pleased, for, though they did not listen to us when we told them of Jesus the Good Shepherd with as much interest as we at first expected they would, still, they behaved very well, and were ■ at all noisy. We want a good while before the hour to get the forms placed, and the books in order; and when the first girl entered the room, and took her place, you

would have been amused at the look, half *sheepish*, half *triumphant*, which R. and I gave to each other. To-day we were so aroused ;—one big girl came with the others, whom we had never seen before, and sat down very quietly beside R.'s class—and two little ones to T——'s, and one to mine—and when we asked them who they were, who sent them, they told their names, and said their mothers sent them !

"This is rather encouraging. One of mine is called Jeenie Deans ! There is one of my class a perfect delight ; I never saw such a sweet child in my life : she is lame, poor little thing ! and she sits in a chair beside me as quiet as a little mouse. She is only five, and she can already say all the letters ! 'Oh ! I love to talk to her of Jesus ; she is just like one of His lambs. I am so grieved that she is only to be with us for a few weeks. She lives in Edinburgh. I want you to remember her particularly in your prayers, dearest, and O pray that I may get words to speak to her ! . . .

"I am very, very sad and sorrowful ; and yet, for all the terror I often feel in prayer, I am restless till I can get alone, and to my knees. Is not that strange, when very often I can do nothing but weep ? I wish, my beloved, you would tell me what to do, for you have no idea of the misery I suffer. I think it is Satan tempting me to doubt if there is a God at all ! Surely I am not believing him ! Will you ask God to search my heart, and shew me my sins ! for I must be my sins that make Him hide His face. 'He does not afflict willingly.' Oh, no ; it is all my own vile self ; but I want to know more of my own heart, that I may

humble myself under His hand. O pray also that Jesus may reveal Himself to me as a Saviour, to save me from my sins, and that His chastenings may make me more holy, more humble, and more loving. It is getting late, so I must finish this letter; and, long as it is, I grieve to think that there is so little of Jesus in it. But I can't write of Him now, for I am quite cold and dead; and yet 'He is white and ruddy, the chiefest among a thousand.' He is so precious and altogether lovely Saviour. Why do I alone see no beauty in Him, that I should desire Him? I want to say, with Peter, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love Thee.' I sometimes think I do love Him a little. Surely Satan must be trying to pull me away from Him. Do you think so? If I is he—oh! he takes a *desperate* pull; but Jesus is stronger. I must trust myself to Him, and try not to fear."

" November 4, 1842.

" What a sweet season this has been at St Luke's! I think many of God's children must have feasted on Sabbath. All I felt was a hard, unbelieving heart, and a body of sin. At the table we had a very beautiful address from Mr Andrew Bonar from Revelation, 'Him that overcometh, I will make a pillar in the temple of my God,' &c. He said, 'It is sweet to have a father and an elder brother; we like to have a father and an elder brother; but nothing gives us such perfect bliss as to be able to say, *My God*.' On Monday I got most. Our own Mr Bonar preached

this verse, 'As my Father hath loved me, so I loved you; continue ye in my love.' My whole heart was melted, in spite of sin and my cruel enemy Satan. What delighted me was the unchangeableness of Christ's love; and that, though love gets cold, He does; and though we are unworthy, He still loves us;—and we are 'continue in this love.' When we leave the table, we are not to go from His love; His parting address to His people, is to continue in love. I liked when he said that, for I so often feel as if I really leave Jesus in the church;—it is to feel His presence in the midst of a cold world that Him. My beloved J——, to think that we shall be in love during the long ages of eternity! I wonder we don't weary of this wilderness. We had a very solemn meeting on the Sabbath evening. Mr Burns preached one of his awakening sermons, and then said that we would remain to pray with any who it, after the rest away. We did so, and how we prayed we spoke! Our whole soul seemed to be yearning for sinners. We could not let us away, and again we said he would remain a little longer. We remained to the end, and I am very glad we did; it was just like Jacob wrestling with God. There were several awakened that night, I believe. When are you coming in? How I weary to see you! I have such a longing desire to kneel more together at our Father's throne. We have often been when there together. But I feel that I must not long too much for any earthly blessing. I have too much self-will."

—, November 23, 1842.

" [REDACTED] OWNS BELOVED J——,—I have often [REDACTED] [REDACTED] you mention about telling God to look on His beloved [REDACTED] I sometimes feel so ashamed of myself, that it is a great delight to say, 'See God my shield.' Don't you often feel ashamed of doubting God's love? It is unmerited, entirely undeserved by [REDACTED] and yet [REDACTED] still so true that God *does* love us with such a wonderful love, that often I can only weep when I think of it. O for a heart to praise Him, and *never* to grieve Him by doubting such a heart of infinite love!

" I can feel with you, my beloved *sister*, when you complain of a hard, unbelieving heart. I think I [REDACTED] felt my heart [REDACTED] as it [REDACTED] been lately. I am often astonished that *nothing* ever melts it. What I [REDACTED] just now is want of love to souls. I loved them far more at first. Is not that strange? Surely I am living very, very far away from God, otherwise I *must* by this time have got a little of His love even into my heart. What a sin this is! To see souls living around me without Christ, and not [REDACTED] for them! I am very much grieved about this. Will you ask that Jesus would make me in this respect more like himself? O that I could weep over perishing souls! There are many here to weep over. It is a *ungodly* place this. *The world* seems [REDACTED] stamped upon everything here, that [REDACTED] is very difficult to live in [REDACTED] constantly, or [REDACTED] occasionally, realising the [REDACTED] world, where Jesus is loved by *unwilling* hearts. I was thinking last night of what a sweet expression that is, 'walking with God.' Should not you like to [REDACTED]

through ~~the~~ walking ~~with~~ God!—*feeling* Him near! There is such a holy kind of feeling in being near God. But I need not speak so to you, for I know but little of this blessedness compared to you. I wonder if any one ever made such slow progress as I do. Do you remember that sweet part in *The Two Sisters*?—‘She seemed to be always lying ~~in~~ the bosom of Jesus, and now and then lifted up her head to smile on or to comfort those around her.’ I am reading the book just now, and certainly never read anything to be compared with it. It often makes ~~me~~ sad to read it, ~~as~~ is such a rebuke to my selfish, worldly heart. ~~We~~ had Mr Hay at the school last Monday. He spoke very sweetly to the children. I hope he will often come and cheer us on. Whom do you think he introduced me to? Mr ~~Chalmers~~! What a sweet ~~man~~ he has! He is exactly what I fancied every Christian to be.

“I went to hear Dr Chalmers at St George’s. ~~It~~ was a very fine sermon, but too learned for me. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ interesting time this is in Edinburgh!”

“P——, December 1, 1842.

“MY OWN BELOVED J——, —I have taken a longing of late to write to you, I scarcely know why, unless it be that I like to tell you all that our *loving Father* has been shewing his poor sinful children. How I do weary to talk with you face to face, and to hear you speak of Jesus, our *own precious, altogether lovely Saviour*, and to pray to Him together once more! May He bless you much with His felt presence! I sometimes feel much

sweetness in praying for you; but it is not often that my cold selfish heart can pray aright for any one.

"M—— has just taken the pen out of my hand to write you a few lines. She is a very sweet creature; I wish she loved Jesus. She is very kind to poor R. and me in all our troubles. None of them ever come from her. I wish you would write to her, and tell her that she should come to Jesus. I often think they are all far more like God's children than I am: indeed, I know they are; but this is my comfort, that Jesus died for the *ungodly*, and such am I. I have had much delight lately, in thinking about the faithfulness of God, perhaps because I have had only that to rest upon, being so utterly destitute of all feeling. Isn't it sweet to think of the 'Thus saith the Lord,' and to know that He *will* do as He has said? Oh! J——, He is a wonderful God! I sometimes sit and think of everything till my head gets giddy, and it just ends in this: I am the chief of sinners, and know *nothing*, absolutely nothing of God. O for the simple confiding trust of a little child!

"I have just returned from our school; they are all as careless as ever. I tremble lest my unbelief should hinder the blessing. I get more unbelieving, more heartless, about their souls every day. They could not have had a more hard-hearted, sinful, helpless teacher than I; and yet God has placed me there; at least I trust He has. You must pray much for us both, particularly for me, for I am the most unbelieving. They are often a burden on my mind, but oftener I seem quite as careless as themselves. I cannot describe to

you ■■■ have endured, and still do endure, from infidel thoughts. I cannot realise or believe anything : ■ is *very* dreadful ; it seems *strange* to speak to them about their souls ! Surely it can only be *the everlasting arms* that are supporting me at this time. I would give much to have you for even one short hour to tell me *that it is* ■ true. What can it be ? His precious promise, ' Ye shall not be tempted above what ye are ■ to bear,' sometimes comforts me ; and, then, God knows it all. I don't *feel* that He does, but I try to *believe* it.

" I am glad that you meet me at the throne so regularly. I almost always get at five now, but it is long, long since I have had a sweet time, it is all fighting with unbelief, coldness, want of desire, and sin, hateful sin, which at times seems to reign in me.

" No wonder that we mourn, when we lose sight of these glorious realities, so that to speak or write of them seems strange ! It is a sweet fountain, the fountain of living waters. Why do I live so far from God, and therefore drink so seldom of these ■ streams ! May you, my beloved, be hidden deeper in the clefts of the Rock that was smitten for you. Tell me, when you write, if you are happy ; if all is light ; it is horrible when all is *dark*. God is light ; let us live near, very near Him, and then ■ shall not walk in darkness. What sweet meetings we shall have when you come ! Oh, to think that, if God will, we shall meet so soon ! I hope always to send you the money for the Jews, ■ least as long as I have any to send. All I have is God's ; should it not be used for promoting His glory ?

I often lament that I do so little [REDACTED] way, but I have often not a penny to bestow."

December 10, 1842.

"MY OWN BELOVED J——, —I was trying to [REDACTED] Jesus to-night for His love to you [REDACTED] His table; but my heart was cold. I have a *hateful* heart. I am very much rejoiced to know that you are so happy; what a day you must have had! There is no blessedness compared to the joy that is *unspeakable* and *full* of glory; [REDACTED] then 'the joy of the Lord is your strength.' You will be strengthened now, my beloved, to work for Jesus, and you will find it a sweet labour to go and tell sinners of the love of Him who is filling your own soul with such a [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] blessedness.* I dare say you have at this time been longing to see Him *as He is*. These [REDACTED] of glory make one long for that sweet home where we shall for [REDACTED] drink of the water of life, of which a few drops fill us with such blessedness.

"I heard Mr Islay Burns, for the [REDACTED] time, on Thursday night, and this was his text: 'But ~~now~~ they desire a *better country*, that is, an heavenly.' It [REDACTED] very sweet sermon, but very short, as he had to read a letter afterwards. I could do nothing but cry all the time, I [REDACTED] such a longing to be in a better country *with Jesus*. [REDACTED] strange, whenever I feel [REDACTED] love [REDACTED] Jesus [REDACTED] one so awfully unworthy [REDACTED] I, [REDACTED] always makes me weep. Oh, J——, what a being Jesus [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

* This gladness [REDACTED] another's joy, so often given vent to in these letters, reminds one of the apostle's feeling: "We are glad, when (or although) we are weak, and (that) ye are strong; and this also we wish, even your perfection" (2 Cor. xiii. 9).

But I know nothing of Him. I cannot feel, or see, or believe anything — present. I cannot tell you how I feel, I scarcely know myself; but I am — dreadfully unbelieving. I cannot realise anything; — then I have such a hard heart. My greatest comfort is in telling — — look on His beloved Son, and to look on me through Him. I want to be contented to — — darkness or light, in sorrow or joy, just as — — pleases, so — — I — — myself; if I could say, ‘My Beloved — mine, and I — His,’ I would wait — — time to get — I need; but do you know that when I spoke — — this to Mr — — when he — — here, he said, ‘And yet the joy of the Lord is your strength?’ and I have — — troubled about it ever since. Does it not — — as if — — meant to say, that I was wrong in saying I would try to be contented to be in darkness if that — — God’s will? * Mr Hay came to see — — children, and — — had a conversation about the sad state of this place, and — — agreed to unite in praying for a revival here, — — wish you to join us. We have not fixed any particular hour, as perhaps it will be better — — plead for it when — — — drawn to pray. Our English minister is fixed here for seven years. R. and I felt so very miserable there — — Sabbath, that — — have determined not to go again, if — — — help it. — — the Communion — — — too—what a different — — from — — — you spent! But — — — this passing world will be done, and then eternity begins—oh! may — — be to all whom — — love, an eternity — — Jesus!

* As darkness has its root in sin and unbelief, it cannot be God’s will that we should remain in it; and we know who has said, “I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.”

"I have been thinking much of this verse—'God is love;' and I see I have never believed it. If I really believed that, could I have all the sinful, hateful doubts that my soul is filled with? How I pant for the blessed nearness to God, which you, my beloved, have been enjoying! I care for nothing when God hides His face; all is dreary and unsatisfactory. Last night I think I got a little nearness to Him, when R. and I had our meeting together, and it has made me to-day more impatient than ever at my distance from Him, and my utter want of desire. R. and I have a meeting every night. We enjoy them very much. I ask for all the others, and for more grace to ourselves;—for you, and for all God's dear children. You must pray much for us both at this time—that we may be consistent and decided in following God, especially at this time, for ——— and all her family are to be here the end of this month. What will they say to our school? Both R. and I are rather in dread about their coming, we have so many troubles already; and we fear their arrival will increase them. But we must be strong in the Lord, and then we need not fear. Perhaps it will drive us closer to Jesus; and, if that be the case, then, welcome all the trials this poor world can inflict. Perhaps God will give us a word to speak to them. You must ask this."

"P——, December 27, 1842.

"Mr own [REDACTED] own,— . . . How curious that He should have laid you on a sick-bed just after giving you such sweet discoveries of Himself at His table!

Perhaps ■ was that you might not lose what you had got there, by mixing again in the concerns of this cold, God-hating world ;—that on your sick-bed you might feast over again the blessedness you then enjoyed. I trust He has been very near to you all this time ; but I long to hear that you are better.

“ I wish I could write to you as you would like. I long to speak to you of Jesus, as I might speak if I were not the coldest, deadest being, who ever ventured to call herself a child of His. I often doubt if I am one. I cannot *feel* His love, and I cannot speak of it. It is ■ the same, although a poor worm like me—*a bottle in the snare*—cannot speak of it. I shall give you His own words,—‘ My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand ; His mouth is most sweet ; yea, He is *altogether* lovely.’

“ Mr Hay was down at the school yesterday, ■ spoke to the children ; and little Robert P——, whom I mentioned to you, seemed to be struck, for he began to cry ; and when I asked him what was the matter, he said he was afraid of hell. I spoke ■ him about Jesus, and His love to little children ; but he still continued weeping, so I sent him home to his mother. Ah, Jesus loves him with a tenderer love than even she does ! I went to-day to his house, and had a chat with his mother about him, and read the third chapter of John to them. She is not a pious woman, but is a very pleasant person. Robert, poor little fellow ! had got over his terror. We must ask that he may become one of the lambs of Christ’s flock.”

—, December 30, 1842.

"O that the Spirit would come and breathe on **my** dead soul! I feel, like you, that it is not easy to be contented when the light of *His* countenance is withdrawn. It is impossible to live to His glory when in darkness and heaviness. **We** cannot shew forth His praises when at a distance from Him; at least I feel **I** to be so. I often weary now for the time when we three shall stand *faultless* before the throne, with exceeding joy; and when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and when the veil shall be taken away; when no sin shall separate between us and *our God*; when we shall no longer weep because we cannot find Him, and **we** so *continually* dishonour Him; when **He** will no more hide His face, and when we shall no more wander from **Him**; when we shall see Him as He is, and *be like Him*. Like Jesus! Can you believe it! When you **are** such evil filling every part of your heart, **can** you believe that that heart will really **be** one day pure and holy? O for that time! It will be a wonderful change for mine, for **I** am the vilest of the vile. How happy they all **are** in heaven, **because** they see Jesus face to face, and because they *never sin*! Even here, when Jesus shines upon us, and enables **us** to feel Him near, and when sin seems a little subdued, even here we enjoy a little of the bliss of heaven. Are not you glad that it is the same kind of joy **we** **shall** times feel here, that **we** shall have there, though in a wonderfully different degree?

"Do you read our chapter in Acts now? It is sweet to be reading together, as well as praying together. **I**

sometimes think I should have more peace if I read more ; but I am generally more inclined to pray. Are you ■■■ any meetings ■ the North Church ■■■ last week of the year ? R. and Mr Hay and I have agreed to read together the ■■■ chapter when it ■ striking twelve on Saturday night, and I want you, my beloved one, to join us. Will you ? We have fixed on ■■■ twentieth of John. Are you and I ■■■ to ■■■ another, I wonder ? And let us plead for each other, ■■■ we may live ■■■ to God's glory during the year ■■■ is so ■■■ ■ come, than ■■■ have done this year. Oh, plead that He would bruise Satan under our ■■■ shortly, and would take away ■■■ infidel thoughts. Let us plead that the joy of the Lord may be ■■■ strength, to work for Him throughout the year.

" My beloved sister in Jesus, I must finish ■■■ now, as I want to write a few lines to ■■■ about her soul. Farewell, dearest ; may Jesus watch between thee and ■■■ when ■■■ absent ■■■ from another.

" Your M——."

Thus closes the year 1842. She has ■■■ been a year and a ■■■ upon her pilgrimage. How eager her steps, how rapid her advance ! Truly she hastens onward, as if she knew that ■■■ time was short ! ■■■ eighteen months have done more for her than eighteen years ■■■ for many.

The year 1843 opens with the following glimpse of her pilgrim experience. ■■■ beginning of January, ■■■ wrote ■■■ me :—" Your letter was ■■■ welcome, because it directed us to look for comfort out of

ourselves. I, at least, find nothing but darkness and sin within. . . . I so long to feel Him near and to be happy in Him, but I often feel as if he were frowning upon me, and I am so miserable, for I now can have no happiness when far from God. . . . I should be far on the road now, and yet I always seem either at the very commencement or else going back. I am afraid I am not earnest enough, I do not pray enough, nor do anything as I ought, yet I call myself an heir of glory. I am afraid of myself. Oh! suppose I am not 'found in Him' at last! I cannot bear the thought. I could not spend an eternity without Jesus. Ah, that should make me feel more for those who are living without Him in the world, and who, if they seek Him not here, must live for ever without Him. There are no more of us returning to God yet. Perhaps many might have been changed, if I had been more faithful and prayerful. . . . We hear that we are to have Mr M'Cheyne and Mr Milne at the Communion. What a treat it will be to hear Mr M'Cheyne again! * . . . We often speak to —, but we do not get on well; for we feel she needs to be roused, and then she gets angry, and says—How do we know that she is not right? We often long to win her to Christ, in place of alarming her to flee to Him; but when we speak in that way, she always assents to all we say, and says, 'Of course, there is nothing else worth

* M—— generally went to St Luke's in Edinburgh, at Communion seasons. Not relishing the kind of teaching that she got nearer home, she tried other places, and at last resolved to go to Kilmalburgh, to attend the ministry of Mr Robertson, the excellent and devoted minister of the United Presbyterian Church, then at that town, now at Kewington.

but Christ ;' but when we see she does not care for Him at all, we cannot help telling her, and then we get all wrong again. I think ——— does not mind us so much as she used ; she cares more for parties than for Jesus.

" I was much obliged to you for the tract about the second coming of Christ. I must study the subject from the ———. Mr Watson sent me your address about the Church. I want so much to know all about our dear Church. I am so glad that you are going out without being forced to go, for then you will shew that you are willing to part with everything for Christ. I longed to be a minister when I read it, that I might be privileged to suffer for His sake."

——— remaining letters of this year — give without ———. They exhibit — same stranger-spirit, the same urgency of haste in passing on to the kingdom.

" P——, January 1, 1843

" ——— J——, — . . . What a wonderful being God is! That is all I can say. I cannot speak of God now. ——— when could I speak of him—poor earth-worm that I am! I had a strange time at prayer to-day. I felt such a satisfaction (I ——— my sweetness, for I seldom have a sweet time now), just in the thought that *He existed*, that I could not pray. I tried to praise and thank ——— for His loving-kindness, but my words ——— poor, and my heart was cold. I think Satan is very busy with ——— just now. He always finds *drumly* ——— work amidst. I ——— I have seen a little ——— depravity ——— my heart lately, but I

greatly grieve that this does not make Christ precious. I long to get near God again. I bear to have His face hidden so long from me. I should like to lay my sorrowful soul on His bosom, and call Him *my Father*, my God, my Saviour. How I do long for you to come, that we may together plead, and say, 'We not let Thee go except Thou us!' I think I not write more to-day. I finish this on Monday, if the Lord will. Is it not sweet to be in hands? Let us both say to-night, 'Doubtless, Thou Father.' Are we not accepted in Beloved? O that He were more beloved! May Jesus bless my very dear friend."

"P., January 23, 1843.

"DEAREST J., . . . What distresses me is, that I cannot pray. I realise God's presence, any spiritual thing at all. I feel as if I not need anything, and I have not much desire as I used to have. The throne of grace is now to me a place of great conflict and . . . I can seldom get my thoughts fixed *one moment*. They continually wandering; and I have so spiritual or feeling, that the soul, and heaven, and hell, and God, seem *strange sounds*; that is exactly the word, they seem *strange*; when I think of people's danger, *own danger*, the necessity of fleeing from the wrath come,—it seems all strange, as if the words had no meaning attached to them, that, when I go to pray, I repeat all these things as if I were mechanically, and often I can only groan in agony. Sometimes I am praying for an

hour, and all the time can say little more than, 'Oh! have compassion upon me; Lord, hear me! Lord, help me!' And I have been so long this way, that I am getting **more** despair; but I feel that nothing can ever drive me from a throne of grace, though I were to **do** nothing **but** weep at it all my life. 'To whom **shall** I go but unto Thee?' Dear J——, He has the words of eternal life, **and** I must go and plead with Him. But oh! 'I **am** weary with my groaning.' Will you tell **me** this to God? That is why I am so selfish as to grieve you by telling you how sad I am. Oh! the infidel thoughts I have! I cannot describe them to you. It **is** miserable to live **so** far from God. It **is** dishonouring to Him, and ruinous to my **own** soul. I have been thinking of not going to the Communion this time. **What** do you think? I can hardly bear the thought of not going, for I pant for **that** communion with Jesus; but I must not partake unworthily. You **ask** that I may be guided, and that, if I am not His, I may **be** long; for I long to be His, His only, His wholly, and **for ever**! We are to have Mr M'Cheyne and **Mr** Milne at St Luke's this time. Only fancy what **a** couple! It is to **be** on the 12th of next month. **Do** you think our dear minister will be in Edinburgh? If **he** **is** not, will Mr M'Cheyne give R. and me **any** tokens? **Yes** I must speak to him first, for I am afraid to go in **my** present state. . . .

"It **is** **very** **pleasant** to suffer for **His** name; but **it** **is** **very** **pleasant** I have felt that sweetness, for it always seems my own sins that bring me suffering. I **shall** **show** you ——'s letter when you **write** Do you know

as if I shall be *all right* again then? I must ask that our souls may be greatly blest, and that God may get glory by us. I long to read *the Word together*. I think I know the chapter our Bibles will open at! She wept, 'because they have taken away ~~the~~ Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.' Do you think Jesus will come and say, 'Sinners!' and we will say, 'Our Saviour'! I want you to pray, especially at this time, for a dear child of God who is in great darkness, —, whom I wrote to you about. He is not going to the Communion; and I feel so much for him. It must be deep agony to stay away. . . . I have yet told you of our seasonable supply; well, was this: R. and I are often sorrowing that we have so little to give to the poor people here; one day we were sitting at our school fire, after our flock had gone away, speaking about many things, when a lady was announced, who said she had come to be a short while in P—, and that she was very anxious to do something for the poor. She said she had heard that we taught some poor children, and that she thought we might direct her whom to assist! Well, we told her that we knew many in want, and, as she was afraid of her little boy getting disease from any of the houses, she asked us to give what she wished to bestow, as we thought best. She gave me eight shillings,—in the meantime, she said, —and then talked about the school, and seemed to take a great interest in it, and said she should like to give the children some clothes. Well, in two or three days she came back, and said she had bought twenty yards of tartan for frocks, and twenty yards of flannel, and

six little shawls. We are now busy getting them all ■■■■. Wasn't this a very pleasing adventure! R. and I often wonder if she is a *Christian*; I think she must be; she is very quiet, and does not say much, but her actions speak for her, I think. She is very young, and a very sweet person. ■ is wonderful how God has raised up friends for us since we began our school. Do you think that a sign that it is for His glory! Well, getting all this assistance for our poor has enabled us to give the basket-money to missions; but I am disappointed, after all, that I have so little for the Jews, for many things have greatly reduced my little stock; but after this, I don't think I need distrust Him from whom every good comes. The ——— have been here some time now, and I am glad to say they have not discovered our school. They are very sweet girls, but, I don't know how it is, I always feel so melancholy whenever I am with them. Oh! they are full of the world, this poor, vain world! It seems as if it would be *impossible* to speak of Jesus to them. I want to ask your advice about one thing. They are to have a small party on Monday, and I dare say they will be having more; do you think we should refuse to go? If it ■■■■ a large dance, we would refuse ■■■■; but they speak sometimes of having one or two, and making a dance among themselves.* They would laugh at us if

* This mode of deceiving the unwilling or the unwary is so common, that one wonders how any can be deceived by it. "Oh, it is just a small family party—a harmless dance among the young people!" Thus the world lays its snares! And, not seldom, those who call themselves Christians are found doing the same thing, and using the same argument! They want to enjoy as much of the world as will not damage their reputa-

we called this a party! and yet they will be waiting, and dancing, and how can we go? ——— says we should go rather than offend them, and refuse to dance; but I don't like that way, for I don't think that is the mere act of dancing that is wrong, but the whole spirit of the thing. I should like to be decided once for all in everything. I wish I were with you, where you now are, at the Monday meeting. I think you might get a great blessing to-night. I generally meet you now, but what an hour it is to me! Oh! where shall I find Him! Farewell, my beloved friend, may Jesus bless you this night."

"Edinburgh, January 28, 1843.

"MY FRIEND,—How I received your precious and sympathising letter! It was a perfect cordial to my poor unbelieving heart; it was so full of the love of Him whose whole being,—whose very name is Love. I think God has blessed it to my soul. After I read it, I went to the throne (that sweet Bethel for poor, weary, sin-and-Satan-tossed souls), and I cast my burden upon the Lord, and He sustained me. I went to God, not as a child or a believer, but as a guilty, polluted, hell-deserving sinner (though I do not, alas! feel myself this just now), and myself, and all

tion for being Christians. They will not dance quite so long as the world dances; they will not crowd so many into their party as the world does; and thus they will enjoy the world, and yet pass for Christians! Ah! the cunning and the cowardice, to which half-hearted discipleship has to resort! Afraid to be worldlings, yet more afraid to be Christians! There are none who do Satan's work so effectually as these. How many such are there in the "religious world!"

my heavy burdens, upon His mercy, His love in Jesus ;
 I felt happier and lighter than I have done for
 many a day ; but, oh ! I cannot get rid of these awful
 thoughts ;—it seems as if everything future were a blank
 —a strange dream ! My comfort is, that it is all true,
 and I pray and speak as if I felt it ; but Satan must
 be very powerful, for I think he can make me believe
 anything. I shall not grieve you any more by telling
 about my trials ; I shall rather tell you of my blessings,
 of free, rich mercies that are constantly showered
 down upon such a guilty rebel as I. We always
 praise ; we can praise that ever He taught
 dead souls to seek Him ; that ever He put feeble de-
 sire towards Him in our cold hearts ; we can praise Him
 shewing us the vanity of everything but Himself.*
 Ah ! and we can praise Him for the unspeakable gift !
 —‘the new and the living way to the Father ;’
 we can praise Him for Jesus—the altogether lovely—the
 Father’s holy Child—the Man of Sorrows—our sym-
 pathising High Priest ; and we can praise Him for the
 loving Spirit—the glorifier of Jesus : but where are
 we to end ? No, we cannot end ; eternity will be too
 short to shew forth all His praise. Oh ! if I enter
 heaven, I shall be the greatest monument of free love
 there. I think I must sing the loudest song. Ah !
 why cannot I sing that song now ? Since I cannot
 pray, I think I ought to do nothing but praise ; per-
 haps I would open my heart to pray too. Won’t it

* “Oh, how silly am I persuaded that a line of praise is worth a load of prayer ; and an hour of praise as worth a day of fasting and mourning ! Yet there is room enough for both.”—Letter of John Livingston.

we called this a party! and yet they will be waltzing, and dancing, and how can we go! — says we should go rather than offend them, and refuse to dance; but I don't ~~see~~ way, for I don't ~~think~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ mere act of dancing that is wrong, but the whole spirit of the thing. I should like ~~to~~ be decided at once for Christ in everything. I wish I were with you, where you now are, ~~at~~ the Monday meeting. I asked that you might get a great blessing to-night. I generally meet you ~~at~~ five now, but what an hour it is to me! Oh! where shall I find Him! Farewell, my beloved friend, may Jesus bless you this night."

"Edinburgh, January 28, 1843.

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my heavy burdens, upon His mercy, His love in Jesus; and I felt happier and lighter than I have done for many a day; but, oh! I cannot get rid of these awful thoughts;—it seems as if everything future were a blank—a strange dream! My comfort is, that *God is all true*, and I pray and speak as if I felt it; but Satan must be very powerful, for I think he can make me believe anything. I shall not grieve you any more by telling about my trials; I shall rather tell you of my blessings, of *God's* free, rich mercies that are so constantly showered down upon such a guilty rebel as I. We *always* praise; we can praise Him that ever He taught *dead* souls to seek Him; that ever *He* put one feeble desire towards Him in our cold hearts; we can praise *God* for shewing *us* the vanity of everything but Himself.* Ah! *we* praise Him for the *unspeakable gift*!—'the *way* and the living way to the Father;' *we* can praise Him for *Jesus*—the *altogether* lovely—the Father's holy Child—the Man of Sorrows—our sympathising High Priest; and we can praise Him for the loving Spirit—the glorifier of Jesus: but where *do* we *end*? No, *we* cannot end; *eternity* will be *long* short to shew forth all His praise. Oh! if ever I enter heaven, I shall be the greatest monument of free love there. I think I *must* sing the loudest song. Ah! why cannot I sing that song now! Since I cannot pray, I *ought* to do nothing but praise; perhaps this would open my heart to pray too. Won't it

* "Oh, how folly am I persuaded that a line of praise is worth a half of penance; and an hour of praise is worth a day of fasting and mourning! Yet there is room enough for both."—*Letter of John Lorington.*

be sweet when we once more kneel *together* at the throne of grace! I long much for that time now,—and to read the Word too! O that I loved both more! What you said about the Communion was very ——— You say, ‘Go where you know He is;’ that is what I long to do; but I am so unworthy; you don’t know how vile, how unholy I am; yet Jesus knows, and does He not say even to me, ‘This do in remembrance of me’? I have a curious feeling about going. I long and pant to go; my heart bounds when I think of it; but a fear comes over me when I think what I am. I am afraid that I shall be a Judas— a disciple outwardly, but not in reality. But Jesus still says—‘Come.’ He is willing, and I think I am too; at least I know that I desire nothing but *Him*. None but Christ, none but Christ; yet how ——— constantly I distrust His love, and how constantly my heart wanders from the Fountain to earthly cisterns! I am so glad that you are to have Mr M’Cheyne ——— the Communion; may you be much blest.* You

* The ——— here ——— to me in February. ——— Mr M’Cheyne, whose visit is anticipated in the above passage, was not with us. He was called away by the Church to visit a large district in the north of Scotland. It may interest some to see his letter telling me of this: “My dear Horace, it grieves me, as much as it can grieve you, to be absent from your Communion; yet I do not see how it can be otherwise. We have now fixed to start, God willing, on Monday next, 5th February. We have twenty-three parishes, and I fear we can get no extra labourers. I have no hope of being home till Saturday the 26th, the day before your Communion. I expect reproach and contempt, if not broken bones: but the King of Zion beckons, and I feel I ought to obey, without fear or murmur. Our Communion is on the third Sabbath of April. I am glad that you reckon on it. I trust God will make up to us both for my being kept from you ——— and sanctify ——— and believe me ever yours, till Jesus come.

“January 31, ———

“Horace ———

must tell me the Sabbath, that I may plead for you. Ours is on the 12th. You don't say if Mr Bonar is to be in. I should like, if he does not come in, to speak a little to Mr M'Cheyne when he gives us the tokens. We should be so glad if we could get him to speak to the children of our school; they could not *help* listening to Mr M'Cheyne. He would tell them of Jesus in such a sweet way, that they would surely listen. But ah! Jesus himself must speak, or not a stony heart will be moved. His children's voices are often very sweet, but they are not like *His*; yet how often we let Him stand at the door of our hearts, and do not hear His voice! We are getting on very well with our school ■ present; that is to say, they attend regularly, and ■ sometimes attentive; but there is no moving of the dry bones yet; they are very careless when I am speaking to them sometimes about the love of Jesus; and when I hope they are listening, some one of them is sure to say something quite foreign to what I am saying. They often interrupt me by saying, 'Ma'am, the glass is run out,' or something like that; but then I remember what God has ■ bear from me, and that makes me try to be patient with them. I have got much interested in my class now, which I am glad of. O to see them begin to seek after God!"

February 14, 1843.

" . . . I can think of nothing but the glad prospect of seeing you so soon. I cannot realise ■ at all; ■ I wish I could get over thinking of the parting again. It was cruel of you to mention that. I sometimes think

that I would rather not meet than have another parting ; but no, I would rather see you for half an hour than not ■ all ; but *Jesus* orders all, and so all is right. What a dreadful time ■ have had lately ! ■ seemed to have got hold of me ; ■ could do nothing but groan ; I could not even weep ; but I ■ better now, not because I have said, ' I ■ not let Thee go,' but because *Jesus* said, ' I will not let thee go.' I cannot say ■ very happy on the Communion ■ ; I could only weep and long after an absent Lord. ■ ministers assisting ■ not very spiritual, except Mr. Milne, and we had not him at our table, so that it ■ quite different from our former ■ ; but perhaps it was better that it was so, for both R. and I felt that we were ■ entirely shut in to Christ. Yet ah ! my dear J—, I had none of the ■ feelings you speak of. I prayed all the time for *Jesus* to come and make me ■ His presence, but I only ■ a hard wicked heart. Yet it is strange I could scarcely get myself to leave the table. I felt as if I had left *Jesus* there, and I wanted to get to them all, and beseech Him to come and fill my longing soul with ■ ; but ■ longings I had for him were sweet. Oh ! ■ is a glorious being, and yet He is also a loving, gentle, lowly being. Why don't ■ love Him more ! and why do ■ so continually grieve him by sin ! I wish I had more desires for holiness ; I have often nothing but a longing desire for *Jesus*,—to be able to believe, and to feel His love, to live to ■ glory ■ all times and in every way. Mine is such a selfish love ! ■ the Thursday we had a very precious sermon from Mr

Somerville of Glasgow. The text was, 'Who ■■■ that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?' ■ I wished for you all the time; I could do nothing but sit and weep, Jesus seemed so *lovely*, so *loving*. I could gladly have left the body to be present with the Lord; ■ was almost *too much*. R. was beside me, ■■■ you know, beloved, how pleasant ■ is to have one with you who feels as you do. He was speaking of Jonathan, and he said, 'he thought that he was one of the sweetest lilies that grew in the garden of Jesus.' I thought it such a sweet expression, the garden of Jesus; and, in speaking to the unconverted, he said, 'Oh! will ye not come to this *willing, living, loving* Saviour?' I wondered they did not ■ cry, 'Yea, oh yea, I'll go to Him!' I felt so sorry for those who did not know Him. Ah! how little I feel that! I ■ often alarmed when I think how little I care for souls; I fear that I have not ■ spirit who wept over them. Will you ask that I may get more love to souls? On Friday ■ had another beautiful sermon from Mr Davidson, about Jesus calling Zaccheus; and on Saturday ■ had Mr Manson. It was a pity we had none of them ■ the Communion; but Mr Milne was very fine; he seems full of the Spirit. . . . I am glad you have heard from dear J——; she is ■ very sweet, simple Christian: it is the grace I have least of. I ■ ■ is the *enemy within* that troubles me ■■■ I had a very precious season of prayer on Monday morning ■ ten; but oh! ■ was ■■■ a sore battle; but Jesus came ■ last, and all was light, all was peace. 'I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all

my fears.' Praise Him for this with me, [REDACTED] beloved friend. [REDACTED] we cannot praise here, [REDACTED] will take *eternity* to do that. Farewell; may your own gentle, holy Saviour Jesus, your Saviour God, be with you and bless you, my precious friend! "M——,"

—, February 23, 1843.

"... You will soon be here now: I can scarcely believe it, but I suppose it is true for all that; many a thing is true that my hard unbelieving heart finds [REDACTED] hard to believe. It is true that Jesus loves even me, the chief of sinners, and yet how many severe lessons it requires before I can believe that blessed, that wonderful truth, that the holy, sin-hating God, loves unholy, sin-loving sinners! 'While [REDACTED] yet sinners, Christ died for us.' 'Herein is love, *not that we loved God, but that [REDACTED] loved us.*' Yet I find it very difficult, when I feel nothing but sin continually filling my heart, and mingling with all [REDACTED] say or do, to realise and rejoice in the *unchangeable* love of Jesus. But then He is God, not man; and it does not seem so wonderful when we think, not who is loved, but who [REDACTED] [REDACTED] loves; and then He looks upon us in *the Beloved*; [REDACTED] looks upon His beloved Son, and then we are 'all fair.' We shall soon speak together of this Christ-like love, and pray that [REDACTED] may be shed abroad in our cold hearts (*mine is very cold*), and then we [REDACTED] love Him who *first* loved us. R. and I were at a very sweet meeting at our kind friend Mrs [REDACTED]'s. [REDACTED] was a meeting of all the Sabbath-school teachers of two schools. Mr D—— was there, [REDACTED] conducted everything. There [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

than thirty altogether. We first sung a hymn, 'O God of Bethel,' and then Mr D—— gave us a short address upon this verse, 'Search me, O Lord, and know my heart.' ■ was very beautiful and very striking. ■ said we should all ask ourselves, could we look ■ to a heart-searching God, and ask Him to search us!—he said, out of ■ one could; but that, ■ Him, we could come to a holy God, and say, 'Search me.' ■ then spoke of our motives in teaching. ■ our single aim the glory of God? Did no other motives influence us? 'Ah!' he said, 'I am sure there is not a soul in this room that does not quail when I put that question.' Mine did; I could hardly look up for shame; I felt confounded when I looked ■ my motives; there seemed every motive in ■ heart but the only one that should be there;—the glory of God. Is it not sad to think that low, unworthy, selfish, vain motives, should all fill the heart that should only burn with one desire—the glory of Jesus in the salvation of sinners? But He bears the iniquities of our holy things. 'His blood cleanseth from *all* sin.' O that it may cleanse mine! He then said, that making God's glory our sole aim, gave us steadiness in our work, for the motive would be always the same; he said we were so changeable, that one day we might go eagerly to our work, and the next we might be quite careless; but that, by continually desiring His glory in it, ■ persevered, and that it also gave us strength for our work, because we cast the whole burden of ■ upon Him; that when we felt we were the mere instruments, that all our strength must come from Him, and ■ the

end, he spoke so sweetly about Jesus ; he said we should always take the Master with us, that, when surrounded with our scholars, we should realize the presence of our Master, who is looking on with satisfaction and delight. We then had a very sweet prayer, and separated. . . . R. had a long chat with — about her soul. She gave her Mr Bonar's *Way of Life* to read. You must pray for her and for us, that God would guide us in speaking, and — He would draw — dear — to himself. She is the only one of her family we have spoken to yet, and she takes it very sweetly. We have given her this sweet text : ' I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.' How differently some take your speaking to them from others ! — is a great grief to us ; she gets so angry, and we cannot help feeling anxious about her, she is so very delicate. Oh that she would — to Jesus ! How happy she might be, if she had *Him* to make all her bed in her sickness ! — is another burden to us ; she says Mr — wishes her to be confirmed, and yet she is quite ignorant about spiritual things. She has no thought about what she is called upon to vow in such a solemn way, and then she has no right to go to the Lord's table ; for, alas ! she is not *Him* ; her heart has not been given to Jesus."

"P—, March 22, 1843.

"MY VERY DEAR MRS H,— . . . ■ must be a peculiarly sweet kind of love that binds one ■ a Christian. Think of heaven, where *all* are Christians ! ■ sometimes long to be there ! ■ am weary of this sinful,

ungodly world, and still [redacted] weary of my [redacted] [redacted] godly heart. I see nothing but sin and unbelief now; I cannot get near Jesus; I want to sit [redacted] His feet, like happy Mary, but I cannot get near him. I cannot believe that He will look with love upon such a vile wretch as I am. I cannot believe anything. I often [redacted] I don't believe in anything beyond [redacted] poor world. I cannot see that they are *realities*, and yet they are,—are they not? Dear friend, do not be grieved with me for asking such a question, for my soul is in a dark, dark state. I often long to say to some one, 'Say to [redacted] that [redacted] all true!—that Jesus lives, and lives in our nature; that [redacted] does hear my feeble prayers.' [redacted] that feeling of *strangeness*,—that it would go away! I long for the simple faith of a [redacted] child. I got great comfort from the *rainbow* yesterday; there was a very lovely [redacted] [redacted] here after a great shower of rain, and when I looked at it, I thought of God's *faithfulness*, and [redacted] could not but rejoice that though I do not believe, still He is faithful; He *will* do as [redacted] has said."

"P—, April 4, 1843.

" . . . [redacted] had a very nice day at [redacted] Robertson's on Sabbath. We all went to the table, and to me [redacted] was the sweetest hour, I think, I ever passed. I found Jesus, and I was happy, unutterably happy. I thought I was in heaven; I almost *saw* Him! You must praise Him for this. [redacted] was cold at first, and could not get near, but I told Him I would not let Him go except He blessed me; and He did bless me, and then [redacted] *could not let Him go*. Don't you feel afraid when you have

found Him, that He will go away again ! I thought yesterday morning, on going up to my room, what should I do if I had not God ! Fancy living *without God* in the world ! but ah ! how often I do that ! I am so continually grieve Him away.

"*Saturday, April 8.*—I must write you about our school. We have never been able to get another room yet, to our great sorrow ; but we heard of one yesterday, which, I think, we shall get soon. I shall be very glad when we begin it again, but I tremble to think how very unfit I am for such a task ; but Jesus says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee ;' and if I could only get out of myself into Christ, then all would be well. O to be able to say, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me !' I only really felt myself to be weak, then I could say, '*I am strong ;*' but I only say I am weak ; I feel and act as if I were strong. Will you ask for me, dear friend, that Jesus would shew me my own weakness, and lead me to lean entirely upon Him ? Ask that I may 'come up from the wilderness, *leaning upon the Beloved.*'"

"*P——, April 24, 1843.*

"MY FRIEND,—I had your note this morning, and am very happy to know you are safe with dear ——. I had much sweetness in praying for you several times on Thursday. I long to hear again from you, if you were enabled to speak for Jesus on board, and what you have been doing since you arrived. I am so happy in thinking of the liberty you have at ——— in reading the Word at any time. I hope you will have a *Peniel season* all the time you are in London. May you

live in the sunshine of His countenance ! ' In His favour is [redacted] I am sure you feel that to be true. If we have not His presence, life is only a misery, a dreary void. I feel a kind of persuasion that you will be greatly [redacted] in London, that your Father will give you much of His holy, blessed presence. May it indeed be [redacted] my own dear J——. . . . [redacted] makes us very sad that [redacted] ——— should have turned from us, but it is probably for our good. Poor K. is in great distress about it ; but I have a far more severe sorrow, the hiding of my Heavenly Father's countenance, and my heart seems hardened to everything else. In your prayers for me, will you ask this for me, that God would shew [redacted] *what* it is that keeps me so far from Him, and that He would make me willing to part with it, whatever it is ? . . . Have you written to [redacted] yet ? I should like to write [redacted] her ; but, [redacted] you [redacted] perceive, I cannot write [redacted] present. Oh to get near to Jesus, that my cold heart might [redacted] melted and warmed !—there is no happiness, no joy, no warmth, but near the Cross. How our hearts freeze when away from Him ! We went yesterday to Lady Glenorchy's, and heard Mr Davidson. I like him very much. He preached on a favourite text of mine, Isa. xli. 17. I am sure there [redacted] [redacted] poor and needy soul there. I felt thirsty for the water of life. I have been thinking of this verse, 'Unto you which believe He is precious,' and asking myself if I find Jesus precious, *and why?* [redacted] it not your poverty that makes Jesus precious to you ? Then He should be very precious to me now, for I am entirely poor, entirely empty, and yet I fear He is not. [redacted] feel Him more precious

when He is near; now I should feel Him more precious from his having everything I need. Should I not? I am afraid often that it is only a *lovely picture, not a real Christ, that I love.*"

"P—, May 11, 1843.

"My [REDACTED] [REDACTED] H—, I have often attempted to write to you, and failed, but this morning I asked Jesus to give me *every word* that I should write, so perhaps I shall be able. I should, if I trusted simply as a little child would do, to His help; but, alas! though I [REDACTED] my weakness, I still [REDACTED] to myself. Is [REDACTED] not strange? I wonder Jesus [REDACTED] not weary of teaching me, I am so backward and [REDACTED] unwilling to learn. Isn't it sweet to have [REDACTED] a teacher? I should like always to sit at His feet, like Mary, and hear His words: we should say [REDACTED] Him, 'Let [REDACTED] Thy [REDACTED] tenance, [REDACTED] me hear Thy voice; for sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely.' How little I know of Jesus! Oh! [REDACTED] I knew more of Him, and knew Him better, [REDACTED] could not remain here any longer; but I am so earthly, I lie crawling on the earth, in place of mounting up [REDACTED] eagle to [REDACTED] very seat. R. and I have been again feasted [REDACTED] the Lord's table. I can't tell you what I felt. I felt that I would not go away from Jesus if the whole universe told me. 'To whom should I go but unto Him? [REDACTED] has the words of eternal life.' I felt all the time that I knew nothing of Him, and [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] the very chief of sinners; but I could not but trust Him, He was so lovely, so gentle, so kind, so winning, [REDACTED] gracious, [REDACTED] of compassion even to me, so touched with a feeling of our infirmities.

. . . Only think, our school-room is let for a year, and we are not sure if we can get another ; and, besides, we can scarcely get any of them to come just now, they say their parents are out working, and they must stay at home. Is it not very vexing ? We are thinking of giving them up for three months during summer, and not taking a room till the term is over. What do you think about it ? We are averse to give them up, but if we only get two or three, and some of them, it would be perhaps better to keep the money till the autumn and winter, when we could collect many more. . . . I can scarcely get myself to believe that Mr M'Cheyne is no longer a pilgrim on this earth—that he has reached home. We should not grieve for him indeed. Is he not seeing Jesus face to face ? Is he not like Jesus altogether ? But yet it is sad to think we shall never more hear him speak of Him whom his soul greatly loved. I shook hands with him only once, and I shall never forget the sweetness of his look and smile. How I pity the poor people !”

“ May 26, 1843.

“ I had a long letter from — the other day. I answered his letter yesterday, and had much comfort in writing to him. As I cannot give comfort to any except from the Bible, I wrote the truths I could think of, and Jesus seemed to apply them to my own heart. I was so cold when I began, I could hardly write a word ; very soon such texts came into my mind, I could hardly stop. What an important time this is in Edinburgh at present !

Of course you know all about our dear ministers. Only think, R. was in the Assembly on the Thursday, and saw them all go out ! So we are no longer of the Established Church ! Does it not seem strange ? I [] envy the ministers being allowed to suffer for His name. I went to the Assembly [] Canonmills on Friday, and, [] was curious, it was the *London* deputation who spoke that day. I heard your minister, Mr Hamilton, and liked him much. When I heard his name, I looked at him, and listened to [] with peculiar interest, for I remembered he is your minister for the present.

"*Saturday.*—I could not get my letter finished yesterday, and I am not sure of being able to finish it even to-day ; I am so often interrupted. We had Mr R—— to our meeting at [] A——'s [] Tuesday. He is, I think, one of the most spiritual and lowliest of Christ's ministers. [] prayed twice, and his prayers were very fine ; but I cannot say I enjoyed the meeting, for I could not get near God all the time. I think I never felt so much my need of the Spirit as that evening. They seemed all in the Spirit but me, —and I was like a stone. Does not that shew how utterly vain the very best means are without the life-giving Spirit breathing upon the dead soul ? Let us pray earnestly for the Spirit, dearest ; and let us also remember yesterday's text : * ' Quench not the Spirit.' How often I grieve away the Spirit by [] sins ! He is God, and not man, else He could not have borne so long with me. We are to have a Free Church here, I believe. What a blessing it will be for this place if we

get a really godly man! You must ask on our behalf, dearest, that they may send us a true servant of God. — was telling me yesterday that the praying people here have been much stirred up to plead for this. I was thinking this morning that the best means for getting a revival here is to have a revival among God's own people. I think they must be made to feel more the misery of those who are living without God in the world. They have more love to souls, more yearning over them, and, above all, more desire that Jesus may be glorified by their conversion; and then they will be more in prayer for them, that the blessing may — How little I feel for poor, poor souls! for are they poor when they have not Jesus? I want you to ask especially for me, that I may have much love for souls, though I should be made miserable about them. That would be infinitely better than being case when souls are perishing. And oh! earnestly I may be delivered from temptations, for puts such horrid thoughts into my mind at prayer sometimes, that I can scarcely a word. Won't it be when we have entered into rest? when we shall have done with Satan, *sic*, the world, wandering thoughts, &c.; and when, in place of filled with selfishness, everything earthly and vile, our hearts shall be for ever filled with Jesus, and none else? Sometimes, when I can get no rest nor peace, and when I cannot even pray, I think, Well, will soon be all an end. I shall at last see Him whom my soul loveth, face to face, and never more, even for one moment, cease to

love Him. ██████ I ██████ always get comfort from that, for I often fear I shall never get to heaven at all, I am so unlike Jesus here. It is near *three o'clock*, so I shall finish this after we have read our chapter together. May ██████ 'open our eyes, that we may see wondrous things out of ██████ law.' ██████ a nice chapter to-day's is! * particularly the ██████ ██████ Does ██████ not ██████ ██████ Word of God! that it ██████ continually be with us; ██████ does it mean God himself! How ██████ ██████ would be ██████ we could thus constantly realise His presence with us; that wherever ██████ went, ██████ want with us; that when ██████ slept, He kept us; and when we awaked, He ██████ with ██████ I think ██████ should never be unhappy, even in the wilderness, if ██████ always felt Jesus near. It ██████ not trials themselves that make us unhappy; it is ██████ not being in them. The hardest trials and severest sufferings would scarcely be felt by us, if we always felt the everlasting arms underneath us; if we heard Jesus saying, '*Fear not, for I am with thee.*' There is no sorrow like the sorrow of living at a distance from Him; of not being perfectly reconciled to Him; at complete peace with Him. Oh! ██████ think how often ██████ grieve Him by our abominable hearts!"

" P——, June 23, 1843.

" MY DEARLY ██████ J——,—Are you not astonished ██████ my long silence? I have been again laid by my loving and faithful God upon a sick-bed, and am only able to-day to write once ██████ ██████ you, *my own friend*. What a blessed time the season of sickness is

for being humbled in the sight of God ! And He knows how much I ~~ought~~ to be humbled ; but oh ! I greatly ~~regret~~ I have come out of the furnace unpurified. Is ~~it~~ grievous, ~~that~~ I, by my own desperate wickedness, lose all the benefit intended by my merciful God ? I have not glorified Jesus at all in this illness ; I have been impatient, proud, unwilling to be humbled, filled with unbelief and hard thoughts of God, prayerless and thankless. What I am most grieved ~~at~~ is, the dishonour I have brought upon Christ's ~~name~~ by my unholy un-Christ-like behaviour during this illness. Oh ! J——, my darling M—— will not be led, by seeing my good works, ' to glorify my Father who is in heaven ;' she will rather be led to think that there is nothing in religion, when I professed disciples are no better (nay, ~~more~~ worse) during a time of trial than those who do not profess anything. Pray, dearest, that it may not be so ; pray that I may not be a stumblingblock before my dear M——, ~~or~~ any of my dear family. I am almost ashamed of myself ; I say almost, because I ~~know~~ it takes a great deal to make me ashamed of myself ; I am so proud. Will you remember me at a throne of grace, for I am sad and sorrowful ? I can get ~~no~~ sweet sense of God's presence, ~~nor~~ of His forgiveness ; pray for me, that ' *though my iniquities testify against me,*' that yet, for His dear Son's sake, he would ' receive me graciously, and love me ~~freely~~ FREELY.' I feel as if I could suffer years of pain, if I could get but one smile, one forgiving word, one compassionate look, from my God, ~~and~~ greatly insulted, but precious, ~~my~~ God. Oh ! is it not AGONY to feel unreconciled to Him ?

But you never feel that, I trust. ■ remember you saying ■ Miss B——'s that you never could fancy Jesus *angry*, but only grieved for your own sin and folly. And does ■ not say, 'Mine anger is taken away'! Jesus bore it, for it is written, 'Thy wrath lieth hard upon me;' and then, 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' These are sweet words for poor sinners; may the Holy Spirit apply them with saving and healing power to both our hearts! . . . Let us ask our God to give us a more realising sense of spiritual and unseen realities, and also more of the love of souls that Jesus has. It makes me ashamed when I think of myself compared to the very coldest and weakest of God's dear children. I do not seem to care for a single soul;—well, I must just lie lower before Him, and ask Him to put His own Spirit within me. I think this illness has been a very humbling time to me; it has shewed me how little, if any, grace I have. I can see nothing but sin covering me all over. O for the blood that can cover even that! I read our chapter in Proverbs with you to-day; it is the 10th, is it not? I like the ■ verses, and also the twenty-second, but I have not time to write about ■ to-day, as it is time this was off. Now, do not be a very long time of answering this.

"I must tell you of a misfortune that happened to our basket. We had filled it with beautiful things, and gave ■ to a little girl to sell, and to our dismay she returned in a few days to say that she had sold nearly everything, and lost the money on the road! We are greatly afraid ■ is all false, and that she and her mother have kept the money. If this is true, it is worse for

girl than for us ; but still ■ is hard to lose all our little earnings, when we have so much to do with it."²

"P——, July 14, 1843.

"Here is a verse for you that I have been thinking of to-day : 'Thou art all fair, my love.' It is difficult to believe that Jesus could say that of such sinners ; but when ■ is His own beauty that covers us, we must indeed be '*all fair*.' Isn't it very sweet to think that Jesus gets all the glory ? that we are nothing, and less than nothing, and that He is all in all ? I think the happiness of heaven will be to see us all in ■ proper place, the dust, and, with *willing hearts*, to give Him all the glory. How sweet it will be to be free from all sin, especially selfishness, and with '*winning hearts*' to sing 'Worthy is the Lamb' throughout all eternity ! ■ think, dear friend, that one day you will see Jesus, and be *for ever* with Him, never, never more to be separated !"

"P——, July 20, 1843.

"MY BELOVED J——,—I remembered your request ■ the throne of grace, that you might have more of the presence of Jesus in private, and I trust that He has heard me, and that you are *continually* rejoicing in the light of His countenance who is the light of the world. 'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed upon Thee, *because he trusteth in Thee*.' Let us only trust Him, and He will prove that He is the faithful God. I wonder we ever distrust the love

² This was a basket from the proceeds of which it was hoped that something might be got for the cause of God.

of Jesus; it is different from every other love; for it is love to the unworthy. His love is poured out upon those who seldom but coldness, ingratitude, and suspicion. He is a kind Master, ever ready to forgive, and 'who upbraideth not.' We to celebrate His love Luke's; you ask 'He may manifest himself to His people then, in another way than doth unto the world.' I am afraid I go this time I have been—I feel very unworthy; but then I think that should not keep me away, for, however worthy I might be, that would give me no title to go; but I am afraid of deceiving myself, by thinking that I am trusting to my merits, when, perhaps, I am secretly trusting to something in myself. I have much need to cry, 'Search me, O Lord, and try me.' Perhaps God is shewing me my sins, to prove to me that there is nothing in me in which I could trust. R. and I should be up at St Luke's this moment, but it is pouring such torrents that we dare not go; it is very vexing, I say, and I am rather inclined to murmur the disappointment; but I have two things to console me;—one is, that it is not man who prevents us, but God, and therefore it must be 'well,' for you know 'He doeth all things well;' and the other is that I give me opportunity of having a with you. I want you to get this before Sabbath, you may remember us then. I do not know whom we have; I believe it is likely to be Have you got any work to do for Christ yet? O that I had more love to souls! Mr Robertson said a very

sweet thing about that verse in the Song, 'Draw me, we will run after Thee;' he said it was not, 'Draw me, I will run after Thee,' but 'we will,' &c.; as much as if to shew that we could not go to Jesus alone, that if He draw us, we must bring others with us. Did you ever think of it? R. and I continue to go to hear Mr R., and every time with greater pleasure. I think we are very fortunate to be so near such a true servant of Jesus. I wish we had one like him here."

"Edinburgh, September 15, 1843.

"I have been thinking yesterday and to-day about expression, 'the riches of Christ.' I don't think I know anything at all about the love of Christ. I am so *carnal*; I have little relish for the things of heaven. I be ashamed if you knew how earthly I am, and yet God knows all; but still He not abhor me; does not away from His presence. 'I am *the Lord*, I change not.' My friend, here a word for you, 'Jesus the yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Do write soon, tell something about Jesus, for my heart is earthly; tell how lovely, and how precious, how *satisfying* you find Him; describe Him as the Bride does in 'the Song;' and then I shall be constrained to say, 'Where is thy Beloved gone, that I may seek Him with thee?'. I to get a sin-crucifying view, a world-crucifying view, of Jesus; I want to get nearer Him than I have done yet, for I feel more earthly than I ever felt before. Will you this me? You might

my dear, dear P——, *particularly*; for do you know, I sometimes can hardly pray for any one. I have had great wrestlings in prayer for him for several days. O that the blessing would come! but I pray so unbelievably, I sometimes *pant* to speak to him, but I never have courage. I did speak a few words to him about the necessity of being prepared for death, when we were speaking about poor Mr D——'s death. Oh! to think of Mr D—— being carried off in two days! We heard of this a few days ago, and I have been asking that it may make my dear P—— think. ■ is surely a good sign, that God has made me so anxious about his soul; don't you think so? I have sometimes *felt* God, our loving God, listening when I have been praying for him, and felt such humble confidence that I was asking according to His will. I am so afraid that ■ shall grieve away the Spirit, and then I shall not be able to pray for him, or have any desire for his soul. Oh! *why* is he not converted, when God is so willing and so able? ■ you tell me, when you write, what you think may be the hindrance? And ask that God would shew me ■ is anything in me that hinders this blessing."

"P——, September 25, 1843.

"So, you are so fond of London! Well, I can't say I liked it. But you have had much of God's presence there, and that must make you like it. What should ■ do without God? I have not been able to realise His presence, or rejoice in the light of His blessed countenance, for a long *dreary* time. I know He is

near me, guiding my feeble steps; but I do not feel it. If it is such misery to be away from Him, even for a little while, what would it be to be separated from Him *for ever*? I sometimes think that there is some idol in my heart, that makes Jesus seem so far from me; — perhaps my earthliness and unholy walk has grieved the Spirit. It must be my own sin, in some way or other, that makes me lose sight of Him ‘in whose favour is life.’ Will you ask, my beloved friend, that He would search my heart, and shew me where I am wrong, and lead me to go mourning all the day, in place of ‘rejoicing in the Lord alway’? Your dear letter was a great blessing to me, for it made me long more after Jesus. I was thinking of that verse lately, it is so full, — ‘I will increase my part especially’ — I wish I were doing it every hour, — ‘increasing in the knowledge of God.’ It is in Col. i. 10. I know so little about God. What blessed *holy* knowledge! There is no knowledge to be compared to that, — ‘To know God is eternal.’ Now, ‘we see through a glass darkly;’ but when we see Him, ‘we shall know even as also we are known.’ We’ll never have an unkind thought of Him. We shall, indeed, beloved one, ‘stand faultless before Him with exceeding joy.’ I think of my happiest sights will be to see you there, and R. too, — dear R. I was thanking Him this morning for all He has done for my own soul. It is sometimes very good to plead for one another at our Father’s throne. Do you always pray five? I almost always get now, and I hope you will meet me. There is a nice verse in our chapter for last Saturday, — ‘Cease from thine own wisdom.’

■ seemed to me such a sweet thought, that I was not to have any wisdom of my own, but to lie like a little child (who, you know, has no wisdom of its own), and leave *everything* to the infinite wisdom as well as tender love of my Father. But how far removed am I from such a childlike spirit! I think that is one cause of my dark, unhappy state, that I will always reason, ■ place of ■■■■■. But He has given the command, and He will give the power to perform it.—Your ever attached friend and sister in Jesus."

" P——, October 11, 1843.

" MY BELOVED J——,—Everybody is out of the house but myself, and I think the sweetest, and I hope, also, the most profitable, way in which I ■ spend my quiet time ■ in writing to you about the things which free grace has taught us both to love. I have not had ■ answer to my last letter; but I don't stand on ceremony with my own beloved one. How I do weary to see you, and to kneel again with you at the feet of Jesus! That is our happiest and safest place. I wish I loved more to be there; but my soul gets more earthly every day. How continually I abuse His loving-kindness! ■ wonder my heart ■ so desperately hard, as continually to pierce the bosom on which ■ lean. I am greatly tempted to doubt my being a child of God ■ all. ■■■ I have been trying this morning to look away from my vile self to the Holy One, and to ■■■ in His infinite merits, even with the ■■■■■ of my utter worthlessness, which ■ feel very much just now. I like to see my sins, for I don't think I ever

saw sin as I ought ; but I must not add to their guilt by doubting the merits of the precious blood of the Lamb. He says, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,' and I dare not doubt after that. But oh, ■ is difficult, as I daresay you well know, to come to God with confidence, when you feel that there never was such a sinner as you living. And then Satan tries ■■■ keep ■■ away, and to make ■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ thoughts of God ; but 'greater is He that is in me than he that is in the world.' I feel that if God ■■■ not continually draw me back to Himself, I should never even have a wish to return. This text has been much on my mind lately—'It is of the Lord's mercies we ■■■ not consumed, because His compassions fail not.' *His compassions fail not!* Isn't that fine? We soon weary of Him ; but He never has, and *never will* weary of us. Is it not a very sweet text for to-day? ■ hope you have heard Jesus' own sweet voice saying to you, 'Fear not ; only believe.' How are you getting on? You will be far beyond me on the road ; *earth* keeps me back. I sometimes feel unwilling to forsake *all* and to follow Christ ; but He will make me willing. You must ask ■■■ He may ;—that I may 'count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' It is a sore struggle ■ times with such a carnal heart as mine. But He has promised that neither '*things present*, nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate me from His love ;' and that ■ shall come off 'more than conqueror through Him that loved me.' Oh ! J——, when shall I ever forget my- ■■■ Never till that wonderful time when I shall

cast my crown at *His* feet, and confess, with unutterable and unselfish joy, that Christ is all in all. *Then* we shall love Him *and one another*, with unaining hearts."

"P——, November 14, 1848.

"MY DEAREST Mrs H.,—I am so unlike a child of God, that I often doubt my being one; but when I think of His free invitation, and of such a blessed verse as this, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*,' I can't help feeling as poor Joseph did; if Christ came to save sinners, *why not me?* I wonder if any one ever was so full of earthliness as I! *It* has been a great burden to me lately. When I long to be spiritual and holy, *I* cannot; I have such a vile body of sin and death, which is opposed to all that *is* holy. 'I find a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind.' Don't you often feel inclined to cry with Paul, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver *me* from the body of this death?' What a wonderful love the Spirit must have that dwells in such *unholy* hearts as ours, at least *mine*! I think God is shewing me that there is really *nothing* in me in which I can glory. I always want to see something good in myself. I *am* afraid, when I feel that I am altogether unworthy; but then I have all the more need of Jesus. 'He came to save *sinners*;' that is my only plea. I was wishing this morning that I might be entirely devoted to His service. *I* long to forget myself, and to have *no* other wish on earth but 'to show forth the praise of Him who hath called me out of darkness into his mar-

vellous light.' Will you ask, dear friend, for R. and me, that we may **■** this? that **■** may shine as lights in this dark world! that everything we do may be done from a single eye to the glory of God! How holy and happy would this life be! The very wish **■** feel to be happiness, such as I never felt in anything in this world. Don't you feel, when you can sincerely wish to live but for Jesus, that the very wish is happiness? There is something very sweet in holiness; **■** is very painful to have such an unholy heart; but Jesus is **■** and willing to make it holy; and then, **■** though **■** **■** holy, it is not **■** that account that I am accepted, but '*in the Beloved*.' Don't you think that our unholiness should make us prize Christ more? I wish I were beside you an hour just now, that I might ask you about this subject, for I am so ignorant about everything, that I am afraid of trusting to myself; but you will tell me **■** have a Teacher who will never let me go wrong, if I trust in Him; but I am very unteachable. How much dear R. and I have to be grateful for! I feel this when I see all the beloved souls about us feeding on the husks of this world, while we feed on '*the finest of the wheat*.' Oh, let us praise Him, and pray that His love may kindle ours, and may constrain us to walk so that *others* may be led to Him. I blush when I think how I dishonour Jesus by every look, and word, and action. **■** am glad when I think that you pray for us. Ask this, and ask **■** constantly, that we '*may show forth His praise*;' not **■** own, but *His*. I am always wanting others to praise *me*. O to have **■** wish but that He may be glorified! **■**

find it difficult to be contented, nay, happy to be nothing, that █████ may █████ Ask █████ would make use of us, that He would use us as instruments in His service in any way, only that He would do it."

"P——, December 16, 1843.

" . . . Your letter was blest to me, for it made me more desirous of being near Him, and like Him ; and █████ also sent me to the throne of grace to plead for you. How ashamed I should be if you knew how cold and feeble my prayers for you are ! You must ask that I may live nearer the Cross, and then I █████ have my cold █████ warmed. I have been reading the account █████ the deaths of several eminent Christians to-day, █████ I feel such a strange kind of longing, anxious desire for something, I know not what. I █████ like them, and to go to Jesus ; but I am afraid I am not prepared to die. The other world is sometimes so near, that it █████ very solemn. Don't you sometimes █████ your heart swell when you think of Jesus ? I have █████ presence to-day, I think, but I don't feel peaceful or happy ; I feel dissatisfied with myself ; I long to do something for Christ, but I don't know what to do. I am afraid I am like the barren fig-tree ; when I feel in this way, I generally go to pray, but █████ thing always tells me that I should not be praying, █████ working for Christ, and that it is of no use praying when I don't do anything ; this often makes me unhappy at prayer. Did you ever feel this ? Perhaps it is a temptation of Satan to keep me from prayer.* There is

* In a diary of the seventeenth century, there is a statement which

one part of your letter I want to speak to you about. In speaking of God's love to you, you say it is 'in the Beloved.' I wish I could tell you all I feel, dearest, but it is so difficult in writing. I want to know *how God looks upon me*. You know I am all full of sin. Now, if I am in Christ, does He look upon Christ, and not on me at all? Should I forget myself, and think only of *what Christ is*? Is it a different thing, or is it the same thing,—trusting in what Christ *has done*, and in *what He is*?* I wish you would write me what you feel about these things, for I feel *more dark and ignorant* just now than ever I did. Is it right to say, I am sinful, but Christ is holy; I am unrighteous, but Christ is righteous; I am weak, but Christ is strong? I am in great fear that I have not right views of Christ, and I am afraid, if I die, that I may find I have been deceiving myself. You must pray for me, that God would enlighten my eyes in the knowledge of Christ; and if you are able, I hope you will not be long of answering this part of my letter, as I am in an anxious unsettled *state*. Remember I expect my usual *Christmas letter*. The first Sabbath after the New Year is our Communion, and I am anxious to get clear views before going. . . . I see your birthday and mine are both on the Sabbath, so that, if we are spared, and in health, we shall spend them in *God's house*. Perhaps,

may illustrate this: "I have been much hindered from duty by studying the manner of duty, rather than the substance of it; by studying faith in prayer rather than *yearning in faith*."

* The answer to this difficulty is just that these are two parts of the same thing; our *conscience* rests on the work of Christ, and is pacified; our *heart* rests on the person of Christ, and is comforted and gladdened.

J—, ■ will be in the courts above; He alone knows. Let us leave the time to Him. But let us be prepared for the call; may the call to each of us be, 'Friend, *come up higher*.' Or perhaps we may spend these days *together* in God's courts below. Isn't ■ curious that B.'s text* (8th July) ■ a prayer, to which mine is the answer? I think it is very sweet. About our reading, let us fix Leviticus. ■ think ■ will be very sweet, and very profitable. B. thought of it too, and besides, it is your choice, and that is enough ■ ■
 O that it may be much blest to us all! May our souls feed on Christ! I rejoice with you, beloved one, in the sweet glimpses you ■ of our glorious three-one God. May you often 'draw water with joy out of ■ wells of salvation.' I ■ a little understand ■ you say about praising Him for what He is in Himself. I think it is the finest, holiest feeling ■ ever have, just to praise and thank Him that there is such ■ glorious, holy being as Himself. ■ am very happy when I can feel this; but ah! it is seldom; it is a fine thing to be ■ to praise; it is liker heaven even than prayer; if we praised more, ■ should not so often have to complain that ■ cannot pray. ■ B. says, 'Praise clears the ■ for prayer.' . . .

* May the everlasting arms be underneath you this night, my precious friend, and may the everlasting love of Jesus fill your whole soul. O to be able to tear every other idol away from ■ hearts, and to receive Him as our *all in all*, our satisfying portion!

"Monday, 18th.—I ■ finish this letter, but I

* Daily Texts, in Tract Society's Almanac.

have much heart for it ; I feel completely burdened with a load of sin, I see Jesus bearing them all away. I sometimes weary very much for that time when I shall be free from sin, and when God, our own tender, loving Father, 'wipes away all tears from our eyes.'

"How differently God treats us from man ! R. and I have a hard time of it often. But how grateful should we be that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for His name ! I trust it is in His will we suffer. But I am afraid that I too often cause His name to be evil spoken of. What a dreadful thing to bring reproach upon the name of Christ, to wound Him in the eyes of His friends ! A long-suffering God we have ! I rejoice this morning that the gospel of Christ humbles the sinner, and brings all the glory to Him. I am glad it humbles us, for the dust is the fittest place for us. 'God be merciful to us, sinners !' It is our duty to say that. Should you like to have *Mary's place*, sitting at the Master's feet ? Oh ! it is sweet, when the heart is wounded by the unkindness and harsh words of man, to think of the tender, holy love of Jesus to us, unholy sinners. When wisdom is given it us liberally, and 'upbraids not.' O that, being forgiven much, we loved much ! Will you pray for my beloved friends, that we may be enabled to 'walk wisely towards them that are without ;' and may not dishonour Christ in any way, but may 'let our light shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven' ? We have many troubles, but our sins bring

us into many more (at least mine do) ; but *He* has said that He will deliver us out of them all. How selfish of me, to be thinking so much of my own sorrows, in place of feeling for those who have not Jesus to comfort them at all times! But my selfishness is intense! . . . I don't quite like ~~the~~ part of your letter—where you say that every sin lessens our weight of glory ; for then I don't think I shall have any left when I reach heaven ; for I never do anything but sin. There is *no good thing in me at all*. However, if I can get to heaven, I shall see Jesus, and be like Him, and oh, I trust, be near Him, and what can I need more ?”

—, December 23, 1843.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,— . . I have entirely lost sight of Christ, and I am sorely tempted to give I all up together. I often, for hours, in agony the throne of grace, and come away as miserable as I went. And I do not feel sorrowful, as I used to do, at the sight of my sins ; but I feel angry, angry with myself, even with God. I can see nothing but sin, and Jesus frowning upon me ; and then my heart is unwilling to be humble. I want to be humbled, but still my heart will rise against it. And then, when I pray so earnestly, and Christ seems never to mind me, I am tempted to have unkind and angry thoughts about Him. What am I to do ? You will say, if I am not a child of God, go to Him as a sinner. But I cannot go ; I do not know how. I do not know what believing in Jesus means. I am quite dark, and oh ! I am afraid, unwilling to learn. Our Communion is to

soon, and I dare not go in my present state ; and I am ~~am~~ stay away. I am utterly cast down. I cannot see, or feel, or ~~anything~~ anything. I wish very much you would write ~~me~~ a letter, telling ~~me~~ about Christ, and about the way of salvation, for I ~~am~~ ignorant ~~am~~ heathen. I know *nothing*. Oh, dear friend, tell ~~me~~ about your precious Lord, and *how I may come* ~~to~~ Him ; and I will pray that He, who knows my case, may give you a word in season to my weary, guilty, sad soul. I sometimes think I shall be in hell after all, and ~~you~~ you and J. W. in heaven beside Jesus. But no, I could not stand that. I must be there too. ~~Oh !~~ oh ! I ~~am~~ so full of sin ; you don't know my heart ~~at~~ all. When you ~~write~~ for me, will you praise Him too on my behalf ? for surely, though my unbelief prevents ~~me~~ seeing it, I have much for which to praise. Why has ~~he~~ ever looked upon me at all ? I have no claim upon Him. I never sought Him. Yes ; I ~~praise~~ praise. Even ~~as~~ I write, my heart ~~seems~~ to soften ~~a~~ little. Tell ~~me~~ how I can get to Him. I long to have her place who sat at ~~his~~ feet, bathing His feet with her tears ; but I do not know how to go, and I am afraid. I am so vile. . . . Are you to have any additional prayer-meetings at ~~this~~ season ? I ~~am~~ glad our weekly meeting is on Christmas-day, for I find that the worldly doings going ~~on~~ at this time have ~~a~~ very hurtful effect upon my soul. I sometimes find that half an hour's worldliness drives every spiritual feeling from my heart. ~~We~~ have a prayer-meeting in ~~the~~ Free Church here every Wednesday evening. I hope you will ~~at~~ times remember ~~me~~ on ~~these~~ evenings ~~at~~ footstool "

Such are some specimens of her first two years' correspondence after her conversion. We find in ■ striking progress. It shews us the resolute "pressing forward." Her hope has anchored upon ■ kingdom ■ come, and her eye ■ on Jesus. In spite of the flesh, the evil one, the heart of unbelief, the taunting world, she struggles forward. In much loneliness, and weariness, and grief, yet with strange joy, and quiet rest, and heavenly fellowship between, ■ walks ■ God. The way is not smooth ; nor is the sunshine always on it. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ not, nor tarries. Nothing can daunt her, or turn her back. She has counted the cost, and she is willing to pay it when demanded.

CHAPTER VII.

Conflicts.

M—— knew that, in leaving the world, she was not passing into the rest. She had found so far the knowledge of God's favour gives rest to the weary even here. She rested in the Resting-place. "Peace with God."

There was trouble. "Innumerable evils compassed her about," she could say times, "I am so troubled that I cannot speak." It was not the trouble arising from uncertainty as to the way she was pursuing, or to the character of that Saviour on whose eye she was resting. But it was trouble arising from the "flesh," the "old nature" within, and from adversaries on every side. Thus, though there was peace with God, there was, in other respects, unceasing warfare. For the Church is not an army in parade, but on the battle-field. She knew this, and set her face to it. At times the battle was sore, and, not seldom, to go against her for a time, as the enemy prevailed. Yet she did not yield, though she

CONFLICTS.

was ready to faint. She put on the whole armour of God, that she might war a good warfare. She faced each enemy as ■ came up, though with fear and trembling. Whatever it might cost her, she would not retreat, nor throw away either sword or shield. ■ were fightings without, and fears within ; but ■ kept the field, and ceased not till she overcame.

Her conflicts with herself may be seen in such passages as these :—

“ December 27, 1842.

“ I always meet you at ten and five ; but it is often a hard battle. Sometimes I do nothing but weep the whole time. How is it with you ? Is Jesus still near, still precious ? Ah ! ■ is near, even when you don't ■ Him ! I would give worlds to *feel* Him ■ I pant for Him at all times. Does not your heart feel desolate when He hides His face ? ”

After this, she wrote thus to me :—“ I have such conflict in prayer, that I often go with dread. Sometimes I do nothing but weep ; and they are not sweet tears, such as it is sometimes a relief to shed ; but they are *bitter*. I wonder what is the matter. I never in my ■ experienced ■ much agony ■ I have for the last week. . . . My love is fallen very cold ; but there is nothing that gives me any joy but Christ, and He will teach me to love. I would not go back to ■ world and Satan again—no. Even suffering with God is more glorious than an eternity of the world's joys. ‘ Whom have I in heaven but *thee* ? ’ Oh, is ■ not ecstasy ■ tell God that ?—that you don't want anything but Himself—that He is your portion ! ”

To her friend she wrote :—" I have great conflicts in prayer just now. I think Satan tempts me much. Every day he tempts me to think there is no God at all. But still, I am never so happy as in prayer. I feel so sorrowful,—such a void in my heart, that it is ecstasy to go and throw myself at the feet of Jesus and weep there. It is sweeter to weep at the feet of Jesus than to rejoice in all the pleasures of the world." And elsewhere to the same friend :—" I have never had a happy time except a short while on Tuesday, in the evening. I am sorely tempted by Satan in many ways, especially by infidel thoughts. I feel as if Jesus had forsaken me, and Satan got entire hold of me. I cannot describe to you the painful longings I have at times to feel Jesus near me, and to know that He is love. I think I would be contented if I could get but one feeling that I was in love, into my heart. It is great agony to feel as if He were frowning on me. I think it is a little hell within me. O to see Him face to face, and never more cause Him, by my sins, to hide His blessed countenance from me !"

In a letter to myself she says :—" I cannot by any means get near God, and you know no one can live far from Jesus who has ever known the blessedness of being near Him. I only know what it is to miss Him, not to feel Him near. I cannot realise His presence, and yet I do so long for it. When I am praying I feel as if I were repeating strange things ; as if my own words seemed strange to me. I wonder if any one ever felt as I do, and what they did. Often, in speaking to people, I do not believe what I am saying. Is

■ not a wonder that God is not tired of me? In spite of all that Satan says, He must be a long-suffering God, for ■ still bears with me. Why cannot ■ believe that He is love, and lean on Him and be at rest? One reason I want to be at peace with God, and to be delivered from Satan's delusions, is that I may feel for others, and be able to pray for them, and to speak to them, really believing that they are in danger. I cannot glorify God in this state, and what is the use of living if I do not live to Him?"

Again, in her diary, she writes:—"Wednesday, 6th.—Have passed a very miserable day; I cannot get near Christ, and I cannot pray, and I cannot speak for Him, or realise spiritual things at all. Have been meeting my beloved friend at the throne of grace (five o'clock), and am greatly relieved in my soul. At first I was almost in despair; I could not pray; I could hardly even get the luxury of tears. ■ have wept so much lately, my tears seem dried up; but ■ last I was enabled to rest my weary soul on the faithful word of a faithful God; and ■ have found that a *sure foundation*. I have not found joy yet; but I have found *peace*, the peace that Jesus alone can give; *His own peace*; precious peace; sweet peace; ■ indeed 'passeth all understanding.' Had much delight and some earnestness in pleading for my dear R., that Jesus would bless her, and make her a blessing where she now is."

"Thursday, October 19, 1843.—Had a painful season this morning; had a sight of my sinfulness and

misery ■ going away from Christ, and longed to be received back again."

" *Saturday, 21st.*—I felt ■ morning more ■ ever that religion must be all or nothing. I had a time of agony to-day. My corruptions seemed to rise ■ ■ ■ they would overwhelm ■ I ■ ■ hour, with strong crying and tears; but I could not find relief. I longed for a broken heart; but every moment ■ got harder and harder. I ■ such ■ hard thoughts of God, and I could not feel humbled. This passage melted me a little, 'Will He plead against me with His great power? no, but He would put strength in me.' This promise ■ fulfilled to me; for though I could not say I have found Him whom my soul loveth, yet He gave me strength to continue to plead with Him. I found a sweet peace, a resting of this weary soul of mine upon Jesus, my God, in pleading for my beloved family, and in committing ■ our concerns to Him; and I ■ peaceful and happy in the thought ■ He would direct everything for the good of our precious souls."

" *Tuesday, November 5.*—Let ■ record the loving-kindness of ■ Lord. ■ had a sore battle this morning with unbelief and Satan's fiery darts; but Jesus ■ ■ ■ appeared for my help, and my soul returned to ■ quiet ■ Blessed be His name for ever. I can say, I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

" *Friday, 22d.*—Had a ■ time ■ morning, battling with sin. I cannot get rid of it, and I cannot see Jesus bearing it. I am dark and sorrowful.

I am bowed down greatly. I go mourning all the day."

" *Tuesday, December 26.*—It is very strange,—for some time, since I have been trying to give myself up more unreservedly to God and to His service, I have been so unhappy! I feel as if Christ were angry with me, and I cannot get rid of this feeling. Perhaps it is my enemy making a more vigorous effort to keep me back from Christ, when he sees me trying more earnestly to be entirely His. My consolation is, 'Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.'"

" *April 1, 1844.*—Felt great desires for spiritual blessings, but very unbelieving. Lord, increase my faith. I have been in deep, deep waters for long now; I cannot tell what I feel. God knows it all, and He alone can help me. O that I could trust Him! I feel such a hard heart. He will not melt. Have been looking at Mr. McCheyne's life. It seems very lovely. O to be like him!—no, rather, to be like Christ!"

" *November 13.*—Am not nearly so happy as I was, for I have not such a clear sight of the finished work of Christ as I had. But I humbly trust God is carrying on the work in my soul; and He has promised to carry it on to the end. O that that time were come! I am weary of this body of sin; but I thank my gracious God that I am fighting, and that I do not fight in my own strength. I think He is teaching me that when I am weak, then I am strong. Glory will make up for all we suffer here."

Her affection for relatives and friends was of the intensest kind. She might say—

“To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.”

From her loving sensitiveness many conflicts arose. “I have often prayed to God that He would make me love you less,” were her words to a dear friend in Christ. Coldness or neglect pained her sorely. To this she was much exposed, from her peculiar position among friends, and her steadfast consistency of character. They who had loved her, sometimes looked coldly on her, because of her faithfulness, her decision, and her preference of the closet’s solitude to all earthly companionships. She felt this most keenly, and was only comforted by remembering for whose sake it was that she was thus disesteemed. A conflict of this kind the following passage brings out:—“I sometimes think I am getting silly, when so many trifles give me pain; but, oh! it is no trifle that has made me wretched all this day. I think there is a struggle going on in my heart betwixt Christ and ——. I cannot tell you the agony I have at times when I think she does not love me. Oh! what shall I do? Must we love Jesus better than our own? Of course we must. I know it; but still it is hard to bear.”

Again she writes:—“My beloved —, I have been much harassed of late. We have suffered a small martyrdom, I think. You who have such precious privileges, and so many to join with you, cannot conceive the inexpressible delight I feel in the idea of

being free to read, pray, speak, and think about Jesus. And to hear Him preached, to speak for hours with you, my beloved one, oh! it is too much happiness! And then to pray with you for others!"

Another sore conflict which she had to endure was respecting a peculiar kind of preaching, which had greatly perplexed and darkened her. ■■■ thus wrote to me, in January 1842:—"I have been wishing to write to you for some time, but was prevented by your saying in your last letter that I should go more to God with my difficulties. ■ must, however, write to you, for, even if you don't ■■■ me, ■ ■ ■ a great relief to write, as I am in very great distress. I shall tell you the reason. I had a conversation with Mr ——. I forget what ■ ■ ■ ■ that time, but to-night I went to a meeting of his, where he spoke a great deal of people getting a false, delusive peace. . . . What alarmed me most of all, was his saying that a man that ■■■ not see himself to be deserving of hell, has no right to think himself saved. He repeated that three or four times, insisting upon it. Now I felt that if that is the case, then I am lost, for I cannot see that. I know it, for God says it; but I cannot *feel* it, I cannot *see* it. Have I, then, no right to think myself saved? . . . I have been, and still am, in great distress. My mind is in a complete chaos. I try to tell all my difficulties to God, but I get no comfort; for I am frightened now, that I am not humbled enough; for Mr ——— seems to think it pride to say you have ■■■ without being *completely* humbled. ■■■ has driven me from my compassionate, blessed

Saviour. Last night I was in such agony at the thought that I had not come to Christ! I long to go ■■■■■. My whole heart burns ■■■ Him. What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do? Will you write to me, and ■■■ me, not *how* ■ am to believe, but *what* I ■■■ to believe? The Bible says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Now, what ■ believing ■ Jesus Christ? Oh! tell me, ■■■ me! put ■■■ out of this misery, for I ■■■ hardly bear it. What can Mr ——— mean when he says ■ is not enough to believe that Christ died for our sins? He appears to be deeply humbled on account of sin himself; but ■ it not the sight that he has had of Jesus that has humbled him? Must we be thus humbled *before* coming to Christ? I should be inclined to come to Jesus and tell Him that *I am not humble at all*, but that I bring my heart to Him ■■■ ■■■ may humble it; and casting myself thus upon His mercy, am I not saved? * Mr ——— says the way of salvation ■ this;—to ■■■ to God, *feeling* that you are a lost sinner, and pleading His promise in Isaiah xliii. 25, 26; and ■■■ God will justify you. Now, if I do not *feel* that I am lost, and that I deserve hell, what am I to do? Wait till I do? I think that would be making a Saviour of ■■■ humility. ■■■ seems to be afraid that people don't feel sin enough, and that they ■■■ not humble enough. ■■■ I think he might leave that more to God. It is seeing that ■■■ have nothing to do but to accept salva-

* So also thought John Owen, who, in his treatise on Communion with God, thus wrote:—"A true saving knowledge of sin is to be had only in the Lord Christ; in him may we see the desert of our iniquities and their pollution: neither is there any wholesome view of these but in Christ."

tion, that really humbles. I liked the other ~~way~~ of preaching the truth much better, because ~~it~~ *always drove me from myself to Christ.* I could then cling to the cross. *Everything in me drove me to Christ.* But now I am afraid. When he spoke of that man not having saving faith unless he saw himself deserving of hell, I was afraid to cling to the cross, for, oh! I have a proud heart! . . . Surely that preaching must be bad which drives from the Saviour. My whole heart melts when I think of Him; and, oh! am I not *His!*"

Shortly after, she thus wrote to me:—"I was very glad to get your last, for ~~I~~ greatly needed it. I wish I could tell you that I have again found peace; but I think ~~it~~ has been too severely shaken to be easily restored. Yet ~~it~~ times I am happy; but it is only for a moment. There is such a weight of sadness on me that I cannot shake off. I am trying to be patient, but, oh! ~~I~~ fear much more will be needed before I learn submission. Mr —— has done me one good thing at least; he has made me search my heart; and oh, the sin, the fearful sin that is there! I never saw myself so sinful, so utterly without any good thing, as I do now. Did you ever feel what it was to be sick at the sight of yourself? No. You are not like me. We are all sinners, I know; but there never was one like me. Oh, is it not blessed, most blessed, that God not only gives us forgiveness, but *makes us holy?* That is ~~my~~ longing desire—to be holy; but ~~I~~ fear ~~it~~ shews much unbelief to be weighed down by a sense of sin, because we know that Christ's blood cleanses from *all*

sin. Should not our sins make us cleave the closer to the cross, where they are all washed away ! ”

There is such a thing as “making sad the hearts of those whom God has not made sad ; ” and such seems to have been the case, so touchingly narrated in the above letter. God overruled it for blessing, but that did not make the evil the less, nor alter the responsibility of those who were the instruments. To preach the law, man’s pollution, the heart’s deceitfulness, the difficulty of being Christians, and the liability to self-deceit,—is this all that is meant by searching and faithful preaching ? Alas ! and is the cross of Christ not the grand touchstone for deceived souls ! Law will not do, terror will not do, man’s tests will not do. It is the uplifted cross that sifts, and tests, and undeceives. It is the preaching of Christ that shows men whether they have received Christ. Man’s wisdom suggests the experiment of hiding the cross and exhibiting only the law, in order to arouse and alarm ; but the result, in such a case, is only to harden and aneal ; or if any conscience be disquieted, it is not that of the sinner or the slumberer, but only of the sensitive and tender-spirited believer. Those who try to humble their hearers by some legal method of their own, are fostering the very sleep and self-deception which they mourn over, and furnishing food for that self-righteousness which nothing can extirpate but the cross.*

* Old Mr Fowl, in the seventeenth century, seems to have been troubled with this kind of preaching. He writes thus :—“ *Stout would keep souls from believing by persuading them that they are not yet qualified and sufficiently fitted for Christ, and that they have not seen themselves absolutely lost, nor so much burthened with sin as they should. And it is to be*

M—— on one occasion thus described the difference between the two kinds of preaching :—" When I hear ——, I am ashamed to believe ; when I hear ——, I am ashamed not to believe." Again : " When I hear ——, I am afraid to come to Christ ; when I hear ——, I am afraid to stay away from Him." And again : " —— makes me ashamed of my faith ; —— makes me ashamed of my unbelief." Again : " I think —— every —— who really believes, finds it —— enough without his making it more so." And again : " Mr —— hardly preaches about Christ's love at all ; and I am sure that nothing else ever will draw a sinner ; does he not say, I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me ?" Once more : " Mr —— spoke of Christ being so precious when we were humbled for sin ; but I could not help feeling Him precious, though, I am not half humbled enough."

She was also a good deal troubled in spirit by the doctrinal controversies as to the atonement and election, and the Spirit's work. " I am troubled about doctrinal points," she writes, " *I am so afraid of getting into error.*" Into error she was never allowed to be led one hair's breadth. She held fast the Father's electing love, the Son's redeeming work for the Church, —— the Spirit's work in all its fulness. God, not man, had taught her these ; and in her own experience she

feared, that Satan makes use of many of God's ministers, as the old prophet mentioned (1 Kings xiii. 11, &c.), to keep off, and drive away souls from Christ, under the notion of preaching peremptory doctrine for Christ, and so seeking to fit men for Him, as some have preached many months together this doctrine, before they would preach Christ at all ; whereas their commission, and the example of Christ and his disciples, was, to preach glad tidings first."

found how true they were! God kept her in all her perplexities on the right hand and on the left; and in her ■ see the exemplification of a statement which old Fraser of Brea makes in reference to the errors of his day, and those by whom they were adopted:—"I never," says he, "knew any extraordinary tender walker (with God) that stumbled into these." *

Throughout all her letters, the intimations of conflict may be traced—conflict alike with error and with sin. For she saw in both of these her enemies—enemies of kindred character; and both she dreaded, the former no less than the latter. The spirit of the age makes light of error, as if ■ were not sin. Even some who call themselves Christians, have lost their *dread of error*, and hurry on from opinion to opinion, exulting in their freedom from old fetters and trammels, reckoning themselves peculiarly honest and unprejudiced. Alas for truth in such a case! How can it be reached! Alas for the *love of truth*! How can it exist where there is no fear of error! The love of *opinion* grows rank, but the love of *truth* has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. The love of opinion is but self-will, pride, and lawlessness; its fruit *must be error*, for "with the lowly ■ wisdom." The love of truth is the offspring of a will co-ordinate with the will of God. The former

* The whole of this passage is worth quoting:—"I saw that those whom they made their prey were ordinarily old, jaded professors, that never found the satisfying sweetness of their own religion, and in time wearying of it, and not able to resist the strong temptation of spiritual enemies, and wanting rest in Christ because never truly united to Him, have withered, and, like the unclean spirit, seeking rest and finding none, have here ■ last stumbled."

knows nothing of the inward conflict ; the latter knows it too well. To side with God for righteousness and for truth, necessarily, in such a world as this, involves warfare. Nor is it the warfare of a day, but of a lifetime. He who has found it otherwise, and has had an occasion for "the whole armour of God," would do well to conclude that Satan still counts him as one of his own.

CHAPTER VIII.

Labours' and Longings.

IN her diary we find this entry : "I am distressed that I have nothing to do for Christ. I seem the only useless Christian in the world."

Yet all the while she ceased not to pray for souls, and, according to her opportunities, to labour for them. All her letters (very unconsciously on her part) bear testimony to her zeal and fervour. She could not be idle. When she could not speak, she could write. When she could not write, she could give or send a tract. When she could not do even this, she could pray. In one of her letters she thus speaks :—

"I am unhappy when I think that I am of no use in this world, and that all God's children are working for Him except me. I often think I am the barren fig-tree ; and that Jesus will say, 'Cut me down ; why cumbereth it the ground ?' I do not know yet in what way I can work for Christ ; but I have laid my prayers at the foot of His cross ; and I know that God will answer them in His own time and way ; not for my sake, or on account of my prayers, or my

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earnestness ; but for the sake of Him who died on that cross for such vile sinners ; and I know that God, who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, will with Him freely give ■■■ things. Perhaps He may give ■■■ an opportunity of writing to some beloved ■■■ about their precious soul, and about ■■■ Saviour who is so willing that all should come to Him that they may have life ; or, perhaps ■■■ may enable me to speak for Him to poor, perishing sinners here. I feel so happy ■■■ the thought of living for Jesus. I do not know what has given me such ■■■ ardent ■■■ to be enabled to do something for Him. I wish I were a man, and then I would be a missionary !”

In every direction she ■■■ round for labour. She could not rest if she were not doing something for Him who had bought her with His blood. Wherever she went, though but for a brief sojourn, she could not be idle. When she visited Kelso, she sought a district to labour in, ■■■ some ■■■ to watch over and pray for. Almost all her letters give proof of this. One will suffice at present :—

“ Kelso, May 22, 1844.

“ My DARLING R——,—Mr Bonar has given me a district, and I go nearly every day to speak to the people, and to read to them, and give them tracts ; and I cannot tell you what delight I have had in ■■■ ; God enables me to speak to them so often, and to pray with them. Will you pray much for me that I may win ■■■ least one soul ? But I want to get many more than that. I shall tell you more particularly about

some of them, that you may pray specially for them. There is one old woman, very self-righteous, about whom I am very anxious; for I think God is opening her eyes to see that she has been all wrong hitherto. I have sometimes such nearness to Jesus, and such sweetness when I am praying with her, that I am sure He is there, and that He is dealing with her soul. I feel it sometimes very solemn to speak to her, she is so attentive, and so desirous to hear; and the light seems to break in upon her every now and then; but she is still dark; she is not yet willing to come as an empty sinner, and God alone can make her willing. Oh! ask what He would!

"She said yesterday, that she never had felt before as she does now, that she sees she is not right, and that she can get no rest. Oh, I am glad she can get no rest till she finds it where alone it is to be found, in Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

"There is a sick girl, too, to whom I often speak, but I have not much pleasure in it, for she is not anxious; God can and will bless His own Word. Pray for her also. She has a sister, a Christian, which must be a great blessing to her. There is an old woman, also, about whom I am anxious, for I don't think she knows Jesus; but there is another, and oh! what a darling she is! a real child of God! If you only saw her face when she speaks of Jesus,—it beams! I said to her, 'Do you love Jesus?' She said, 'I cannot love Him well enough;' and when I spoke to her about the hymn I sent you, and said, 'I shall read you a hymn about the Pearl of greatest price,' she replied,

'Ay, ■ is that !' She seems to dwell much upon this, that it is God who must first love us ; else we would never love Him. She always says, ' My love is so cold, He must draw me with the cords of love.' In speaking of the sufferings of Jesus, she said, ' Isn't it *woesome* ?' ■ I did long for you to come into the room beside us ! I wish you were here with me ; how exquisite ■ would be to go to the district *together* ! I am going very soon again to see her. You must remember her, too,—this aged sister in the Lord. ■ can scarcely speak, she is so old and frail ; but it is all the sweeter to hear her speak of Jesus with such stammering lips.

" It is a very solemn time this. There is something so strange and so new in it all, that I can hardly stand it often ; and then Satan is so busy with me ; but Jesus is stronger than all. It is curious how simple the way of salvation seems to me when ■ am speaking to others ; it seems so free ; there is really nothing between us and Jesus but ■ own unbelief ; ■ won't ■ Him. Oh ! we are great wretches !

" How grieved I shall be to leave all these souls ! ■ think my heart will break. But there are souls in P—— as precious as those here.

" We had a lovely sermon on Sabbath, from Mr Lang, on this verse—' I am the way, and the truth, and ■ life.' It was *all* Jesus, and very precious ■ was to my soul. Jesus is the way,—not ■ faith, or our feelings, ■ our anxiety, or our *deep work*, or anything in us or about us, but simply Jesus ; He ■ way to the Father, and He alone. Oh, it is a blessed

way! You and I don't want any other way, ■ we, R——!"

In ■ own neighbourhood she ■ ■ ■ faithfully; not needing the invitation or urgency of others, ■ ■ ■ eagerly planning and carrying out labours of love. In the Sabbath-school, in the cottage, on the highway, or wherever she could find or make an opportunity, ■ laboured joyfully and untiringly.

In the month of August 1842, she and her sister devised another work, which she thus refers to in one of her letters:—"We wish to begin a little school for poor children; what we need is a little money to hire a room, and purchase a few books for them. We want to take about a dozen, and teach them to read, and tell them about Jesus."

The plan here devised was vigorously carried out, in spite of many hindrances and disappointments. In October 1842, ■ wrote thus to me:—"I must tell you how we have come on with our school. Yesterday was the first day. R. had all the big girls, and I ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ We got on creditably;—how I wish you had been with us! ■ was so sweet when we all ■ together 'The Lord's my Shepherd,' and then knelt down to pray that the Good Shepherd would teach us to feed His lambs. We must not rest till ■ child can say 'The Lord's my Shepherd.' I am rather ashamed of some in my class, for each day two or three of them have begun to cry to get home; and I have to send them away in a great hurry, lest the others should follow their example. I am going up to

Edinburgh next week to get a few lessons at the Infant School. I find ■ a very difficult task to make them ■■■■■. I am rather disappointed, for I thought it would be so sweet to tell them about Jesus; but they don't understand, poor things! Some of them are very ignorant. They seem scarcely to have heard of God at all."

Many (it has been said) "only work enough to prove that they are unwilling to work." It was not so with M——. Her whole soul was in her work. She neither lingered ■■■ trifled. Not much, indeed, lay in her power. She had no one to direct her operations, or to encourage her under disappointments. She had no one to lean upon, or to aid her. Yet she pursued her solitary path of doing what she could for souls that she saw to be so precious, and for a Master whom she loved so well.

"I have got fifteen poor families," she writes, "that I give tracts to, and R. has got twelve. You must not forget to pray for them. They are all careless, I fear; but ■ must go on speaking to them, and praying for them, and we have God's promise that His word shall not return void. That promise is a precious one; and don't you think that we should *always* expect that His word, spoken in faith, will be blest?"

She could not rest satisfied with want of success. Her heart was set on serving Christ and saving souls. When one plan seemed to fail, she tried another; when ■■■ door ■■■ shut, she sought ■■■■■ ■ another. Nor could failure and disappointment dishearten her, however sorely they troubled her. Finding, for instance, that the children whom she had undertaken to teach,

remained unimpressed, and were sometimes very unruly, she speaks thus with mingled faith and sadness: "It is a hard trial to our patience; but we must persevere, trusting that God will bless our otherwise vain labours. ■ has more to bear with from us than we shall ever have from these poor things." And then she adds: "R. and I have adopted a plan, to see if we can do them some good. We keep in one girl by herself after the rest are away, and speak with her for ■ ■. Perhaps ■ may make an impression on them. We kept one of the worst to-day."

In thus labouring for Christ among the young, she thus expresses her sense of responsibility in the work;—"I have been rather frightened lately, when I think how responsible we shall be for them. It is a solemn thought that such ignorant and sinful creatures as ■ are, should take upon us the care of so many precious souls; but I think we must trust the more entirely and unreservedly to Him who has said, 'Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' You must ask Him to perfect His strength in our weakness, that we may be increasingly fearful of ourselves, and confiding in His strength. I never felt so weak or so sinful as I do now, when I have more to do than I have ever ■. I often get discouraged, till I remember that I am but a tool in His hands, that His is all the power, and, oh! that His is all the GLORY. I like to think of that, and to know that Jesus will be glorified, though I be humbled in the very dust. One thing encourages me, and that is, that I have always had so much sweetness in praying for our success; but still I get terribly

distressed when I think that perhaps, through my sin, any of them may be lost. How sweet I would be if we were to meet them all in heaven! Our districts get on pretty well; all the people listen to our poor words. One woman was affected even to tears. I like her very much. She is one of my people, and her little girl is to be one of my scholars. There is another of mine whom I should like you very much to speak to if you were here. She is an old woman, which should make us more anxious about her. O that I were taking you to see all our poor people! That would be a happy day. I often think of you at prayer-time. O that there were an altar erected to God in this house! The young man I wrote to you about is dead. How glad I am that Mr Burns went to see him! They say he prayed just before he died, and then fell asleep, and died quite calmly. Oh, if he fell asleep in Jesus! It is something unspeakably sweet in the thought of falling asleep in Jesus—in the Shepherd's arms."

Most diligently did she prepare beforehand for her work. Unlike too many Sabbath-school teachers, who seem to think that they can just go once to their class and talk to the children, without the trouble of previous preparation, she sought conscientiously, both by prayer and study, to be fitted for teaching her little ones. She felt that she must be filled herself, ere she could pour out even so much as a drop upon others. She went first to God to be taught, ere she ventured to teach others the things respecting Him and His Son. She grudged no pains in qualifying herself. She prayed, she read, she wrote, she made inquiries, she

went to other schools and teachers ;—all for the purpose of fitting herself for instructing her little ones.*

We may insert here one or two specimens of her preparations. Here is one of her simple addresses :—

"My dear children, there is a beautiful verse in God's Holy Word I should like to speak to you about, for a little. You will find it in John's Gospel, in the eighth chapter, and at the thirty-seventh verse :—' Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' It is Jesus, God's dear Son, and the Saviour of poor sinners, who speaks, and He is talking you, and every one, that if any sinner on earth, even a very little child, comes to Him to be saved, He will in no wise (that is, not on any account) cast them out. I want to shew you, dear children, from the many sweet stories in the Bible, that Jesus is true to His word, and that He never has, and never will, cast out any who come to Him ; and oh ! as you read about those, some of them children like yourselves, who have sought and found Jesus, pray to that kind Saviour that He would make you also willing to come to Him, and if you go, you are assured He will not cast you out."

Here again is a hymn which she wrote for them in the end of 1844 :—†

* How sad it is—ay, worse than sad—that so many of our Sabbath-school teachers lose sight of these things ! Is not the teaching of an unprepared teacher positively injurious, even though sound and good ? It is heartless in itself and deadening to the children. ■■■ is only by much preparation, especially in the way of prayer, that we shall reach the conscience. ■■■ is not difficult to touch the feelings or the fancy ; but the conscience is not so easily pleased. " This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

† She wrote several other little pieces, some of which were published in

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

With rapid pace another year
Has gone into the past ;
Eternity will soon be here ;
Time will not always last.

And this new year we now behold,
Will just as quickly fly ;
Our life is like a tale that's told ;
The youngest soon must die.

Then let us not too fondly cleave
To any earthly joy,
The dearest tie we ever have,
Death will at last destroy.

Let Jesus all our portion be ;
He never will remove ;
None satisfies the soul but He ;
How precious is His love !

Dear children, seek the Lamb of God—
"The Life—the Truth—the Way ;"
He'll wash you in His precious blood ;
Oh, do not stay away !

He bids you come, for, hear His voice,
"My son, give me thine heart ;"
Oh, may you make the happiest choice,
And choose the better part !

This year will be a happy one,
If Jesus is your friend ;
And when your years on earth are done,
Your joys will have no end.

Then Jesus face to face you'll view,
And join the saints above,
Who sing the song that's always new—
Praise to redeeming love.

In reference to her labours of love, it may be as well

a small story, entitled, *Christ and the Christian*. We may mention here also, that she wrote a little memoir of a child whom she used to visit in Kolesa. It was called *Little Mary, the Happy Child*. This was in [REDACTED]

to introduce here some extracts from a special journal which she kept :—

" November 12, 1845.—Journal of my

" I have determined, by the grace of God helping me, to keep a regular journal of the precious souls in my district, that I may notice how the work of the Lord is prospering in it ; and O that, each time I go near them, I may go, feeling my own utter weakness, and be strong *only* in the Lord, and with a vivid sense of the awful state of those who are without Christ ! also believing the love of Jesus to their souls, and His great desire to save them, and His ability and willingness to do them good, even through me, who am so unworthy.

" Had great desires in prayer this morning that I might have an open door to many ; and the Lord graciously answered my prayers, for I was enabled to speak a word from God to several. O for the Spirit to bless His own truth !

" Spoke in particular to one woman, Mrs C—, with great earnestness. Spoke about the conflict. seemed to feel she had not known anything of this, so that I was enabled to press upon her this mark of a Christian, the two natures warring together. She has been under a gospel ministry, and knows a good deal (head knowledge !), but said she knew that there must be more than that. Spoke to her next about the love of Jesus, and the joy she would give to all heaven if she turned to Him. She seemed quite melted, and wept a good deal. O for the Spirit to shew her Jesus ! I yearned over that soul, and must never lose sight of her now, nor rest till she has come to Christ."

"November 27.—Mr George Hay came down to have a meeting here. He visited several of our people, and then collected them in [REDACTED] C.'s room, and [REDACTED] them. Only a few came, however, but their souls are precious, and if even one be brought to Jesus by means of this dear servant of His, our meeting will not have been in vain. He spoke about the throne of grace and the throne of judgment, Heb. iv. 16, and Rev. xx. 11. He said [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] the throne of grace that we got the passport to pass from the throne of judgment to the throne of glory. The people were very attentive. [REDACTED] that the great day may show much from this day's labours, and that even here we may see many turning to Jesus in this barren place!"

"Dec. 9.—Gave thirty tracts to-day. O for a [REDACTED] ing on them! Felt very dull and lifeless in giving them. Lord, shew me how sinful this is! Spoke a few words to Mrs H—— again, who said she felt comforted by our conversation last time, and wished to see me again. To God be all the glory. Spoke to —— and her old mother. Alas! they seem quite careless. [REDACTED] wonder what fruit of these feeble efforts I shall see in glory!"

"Dec. 13.—Gave twenty-one tracts to-day. Spoke again to Mrs C. She got a little angry; but I was not sorry, as it shows that the truth has touched her conscience. O for the life-giving Spirit to open her blind eyes! Went to Mrs P. She gets on well. She and Mrs S—— are the only two [REDACTED] have any comfort in."^a

^a Through M.'s unwearied endeavours, this Mrs P—— was brought to the knowledge of the Lord, and, after a few years of consistent walking, fell asleep in Jesus about six months ago.

"*Dec. 17.*—Mrs P—— called last night, to say that her husband wanted to see me; ■ I went down to-day, and had a long talk with him. ■ seems wavering between the world and God. O that he would choose the better part! This is a very interesting case."

"*Jan. 3, 1846.*—Attended the monthly ■ meeting, the first of this year. May this be a fruitful year, wherein many souls shall be brought to Jesus; ■ may a double portion of the blessed Spirit be given to His own children! And may we who are tract-distributors know ourselves the Saviour of whom these tracts speak; and may we never rest satisfied till ■ have every soul in our districts brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd!"

"*Monday, 5th.*—Spoke to ■ —, who ■ ■ ■ not satisfied with her state. I am glad of it, if she is not yet 'born again.' Find it very difficult to speak to her. How ignorant I am! ■ makes me very sad to go to my district and see ■ few caring for Jesus and ■ great salvation; and then, as a natural ■ of this carelessness, what misery there is amongst these poor people! O for the love of Jesus, the tears of Jesus, that I might yearn and weep over these poor wandering sheep! I have no conversions yet to record. Lord, why is this! Perhaps I am seeking my own glory; perhaps I am wishing that souls might be converted because ■ is my district. O for a single eye and a single desire for the glory of Jesus! Give me this, Lord!"

"*Tuesday, 13th.*—Gave the rest of my tracts. In the morning, ■ prayer, had the most earnest longings and

yearnings after the souls in my district I think I ever had. Wept almost in agony over them, and felt as if it were a burden too heavy for me to bear. [redacted] with God that nothing could be done for them unless He did it."

"March 12.—Gave twenty-six [redacted] to-day. [redacted] for an outpouring of the blessed Spirit on my own dead, careless soul, and also on these poor souls in my district! I am anxious to form a 'maternal meeting' amongst the mothers in [redacted] district. These meetings have been much blessed in other places, and why not here! Mrs P.'s house would be a nice place to meet in. Mrs H., Mrs C., and another with whom I had a talk to-day, would probably join; and though they do [redacted] care about their own souls, yet, in seeking the souls [redacted] their children, they may be led to think of their own. Spoke very solemnly to Mrs [redacted]. She does not [redacted] at all anxious. Alas! what a state to be in, and how many in this place are in this state!—on the brink of hell, [redacted] not anxious about their condition! May the Spirit arouse them, for [redacted] alone can."

"[redacted] 26.—Had a [redacted] encouragement in my district to-day. Went to Mrs P., who said that her husband, after telling her about some business being settled, said—'But I have better news than that to tell you! Miss [redacted] has been here, and spoke to me about my soul, and my heart just seemed to burn within me, and she has almost got me to turn.' O that he would be not almost, but altogether persuaded to turn to God! I am very hopeful about that soul. [redacted] was very encouraging to think that he feels that the good done to his

soul is better news than the settling of his worldly concerns, especially when he must be anxious about these, as they are so gloomy at present. But ~~we~~ must tell him to *press on*; he is not safe till he is ~~in~~ the Ark."

"*September 23.*—Have been ill, and therefore not able to give my tracts so regularly. ~~It~~ that I could see more fruits of all my labours here, poor and unworthy as my efforts are! R. and I are seriously thinking of going abroad as missionary teachers. May the Lord guide us in this great matter! Had a conversation to-day with Mrs H——. I do think she is inquiring the way to Zion. P—— goes on well; but I am not satisfied as to his being really 'born again,' and without that, nothing will do—' ~~He~~ must be born again.'"

Another way in which she laboured for Christ was by trying to bring friends into contact with those from whom some blessing might be expected. By inducing them to read some quickening book, or listen to some ~~minister~~ minister, or converse with some pious friend, she hoped to win them to the Lord. And no opportunity did she let slip of thus serving Christ. Instances of this will be found elsewhere. Here is one in a letter dated July 27, 1843:—"This will be delivered to you by ——, a friend of mine, whom I ~~am~~ very anxious to introduce to you, in the hope that you may be able to speak to her about her soul, during her stay in Kelso—dear Kelso. I trust that her visit there may be as much blest to her as it was to me. I am very anxious about her, and her dear little boy who is with her; and I will make no apology for writing to you

about them, as I know that you will not be grieved to have another soul to speak to about Christ."

Very frequently did she write to myself and others about those whom she loved, entreating prayer might be made for their behalf, or asking advice respecting them. As a specimen, the following is given, written a few months after her conversion :—

"P——, December 4, 1841.—My BROTHER,
—You will be astonished to get another letter from me so soon; but I shall make no apologies for troubling you again, as I know that what I now write about will, from its importance, plead my apology. You perhaps remember a young friend of ours that we often talked to you about—I. C——. She has been here to-day, in much distress about her father, who has had a stroke of palsy. The doctor says he may die in a moment, and I—— is, as you will believe, very anxious that he should be roused to a concern about his soul. You may perhaps wonder how we trouble you about everything; but we have really no one to give us any advice, and we know you are willing to help us. I said to I—— that I would write to you about her father, for she says that he has read your sermon about Christ subduing the soul to Himself, and he seemed to like it. . . . From what she says, he seems to be only a very little anxious, and is trying to get peace from his own endeavours. She says that, if you have time enough, you would perhaps write something for him that would alarm him out of this fearful sleep, and then we would pray that it might be blest to him. Oh! when I think of the immense value of even one human soul, I get

quite alarmed at the cold way I am writing to you. . . Pray for him and for his daughter, that she may be enabled to speak to him. Do you think, when you answer this, that you could give her some advice as to what she should say to him, and what books she should read to him? It would be very delightful if you and the many Christian friends you have would join in prayer for him, that he may be brought to Christ. I wonder that we are not more anxious about the souls of others. Does it sometimes overwhelm you when you reflect for a moment on the immense value of a soul? I wish you would pray much for me, that my icy heart may be melted into love for souls; for I have many precious ones to pray for. . . . Tell me when you write, if you remember my beloved brother, R—, who is at Hudson's Bay. I long to know if you pray for him. . . . I wish I could tell you that — had found peace; but she is still in much darkness. . . . I think everybody is in earnest but myself. I wish you would say something that would rouse me out of this dead state. Do not spare me. I want my pride and self-love killed. May Jesus fill your own soul with the peace that passeth all understanding. I pray every night and morning for you, that God would make you very happy, and that you may be the means of bringing many souls to Christ. Always pray this prayer for me, that I may love souls."

Here is another instance, in a letter to her friend:—

"Dec. 29, 1843.—MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I am down to finish this letter; may the Lord enable me to write! I have been asking that He would give me a message

to your soul. I hope you will get a blessing in the reading of our chapter to-day. I want you especially to remember dear — in your prayers, for — has been writing to him about his soul, and he sent an answer this morning so full of the pride of intellect; ah! he does not know yet that he must 'become a fool, that he may be wise!' Perhaps you will think this a very bold step of —, but I do think she was right; what does it signify what he thinks of us — he is brought to Christ! I was reading the first of John, where — speaks of Andrew telling his brother Peter that he had found the Messiah; and it is added, '*And he brought him to Jesus.*' Why may not we bring one to the same loving Saviour, who is as willing to receive him as He was to receive Peter? I have written also to —, so you must be sure to pray for a blessing upon these feeble efforts, my beloved J—. I spoke to — that night when I was so happy; I felt such a longing to bring her to Christ, that I thought my heart would break if I did not speak: it was long before I could, but I prayed for strength; and I spoke — last, and asked her if she loved Jesus, and if she was 'born again.' She could not be angry, for she saw I spoke in love; but she seemed very much annoyed, and I left her, and went to pray for her. What a blessed refuge *the throne* is! R. and I are both feeling just now the necessity of being *entirely* God's, of forgetting our own ease, and everything about ourselves, and seeking to live to God's glory. I feel that I am only half a Christian. I try to remember *your* wants, particularly as you ask that your languor and deadness

may be removed. I often *groan* under that ; ■ is very painful ; but still ‘we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.’ Oh ! if we could only believe the love of Jesus ! I don’t think any of His children have any right idea of the love that *fills* His heart. O to have ■ ‘shed abroad,’ to have ■ filling our whole souls, and transforming us into His own holy image ! Oh ! if I could only believe that *Jesus loves me* ! Do you think He does ? Just say yes ;—it is awful unbelief to doubt it ; but still I long to hear Him *say* that He loves even ■. I was telling Him this morning that I did not want to see my love to Him, but only His to me ; it seems to be all I need, and all I want to have—His love ‘shed abroad in my heart.’ May you be filled with it, beloved one ! I must finish this letter afterwards, as it is nearly *three*, and I must read our chapter *with* you. May the Spirit breathe upon it ! Did I not tell you about M. C—— ? She was an old schoolfellow of mine, as careless as myself, and about a year ago, when she came to live in Edinburgh, I went to see her sometimes ; but I felt unwilling to go, for I could not speak to her as I used to do. Well, one day—— told me that M. had been made one of Christ’s sheep, and that she told them that she had been keeping away from me on the very same account ! Was it not curious that each of ■ thought the other did not care ? Little did we think how happy we should be to meet. She is a very dear girl, and a *staunch* Christian.”

From the moment that her eyes were opened, she saw the danger of those who are still out of Christ.

Her love of friends did not lead her to think or speak smooth things respecting their spiritual condition. "It often startles me," she once wrote to me, "to think how few of all those I know are Christians." She saw that they were unconverted, and she knew they remained so, they must be lost. She did not try to persuade herself that *perhaps* they were Christians after all; and that *perhaps* they might be right and *she* wrong. She felt that if the Bible were true, *she* was right, and *they* totally astray. She did not say, They are older than I am; they think themselves Christians; others think them Christians; what right have I to otherwise? She did not say, They are my friends, my kindred, my dear ones; is it not cruel in me to form judgments respecting them, or to allow such a thought to enter my mind, as that they are on the way to death? No. She looked God's Word, and she read, that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Cor. v. 17). How could she doubt that, however dear to her, they must be lost if not made new? And how could she believe them to be "renewed in the spirit of their minds," when she saw no fruits of holiness, no love to Christ, no forsaking of the world, no delight in prayer or the Word of God? They could not be mistaken. These dear ones of hers—dearer now than ever—were still far from God; and to blind herself to their sad condition, was only to increase their peril, by throwing away the opportunity of attempting to save them. She dared not say that conversion meant less than God said it meant; nor that sin was a less evil than God said it was; nor that the

world was a less enemy than God declared it to be; nor the certainty of a Christless soul being lost was not so absolute as God had proclaimed it. Not daring to say these things, she saw that her part was set herself in good earnest to win the souls of these erring ones, by faithfully warning them of their danger, and pointing them to the same cross where she had found a halter. The most cruelty of which she could be guilty, would be to make them believe that there was little difference between herself and them, and that possibly their danger might not be so great as some in their sternness supposed. She resolved to be *faithful*, though she might be called proud and presumptuous. Souls precious, time was short, life was speeding away; she must be faithful to their souls. And the Lord blessed her faithfulness. No doubt she suffered for it. She was spoken of as unkind, and stern, and proud; but she did not turn aside. Her eye was single. Her views of eternity were vivid. Her love to the unsaved was intense. Her consciousness of the joy of being "in Christ," and her estimate of the misery as well as danger of those who are out of Him, made her thus fervently long for the salvation of all whom she loved. It was one of the most marked features of her piety. She could not walk in light, and leave others, uncared for and unprayed for, to go on in darkness. The more she learned to rejoice in Christ, the more did she mourn over those who knew nothing of this joy.

Thus she writes, chiding herself for indifference in this thing:—"I had great sorrow this morning, amounting to agony, by finding that I have so little love for souls,

so little desire that they may be saved, and that they may have the blessedness I have had, in knowing Jesus. I could hardly bear to think that I did not love souls, especially those precious ones who ought to be so dear to me. How vile this shews me to be! And this makes me worse, that I should not desire that Jesus should be glorified by their conversion. I wonder why I have not more of the mind of Christ about this yet."

Again: "Felt great joy and much pleading for —. It was the same yesterday. I can hardly stop praying for him. Surely God intends good to his precious soul. He cannot have given me those desires, without meaning to satisfy them. They are the 'unutterable groanings' of his own Spirit. O for more faith! I feel as if God were willing to grant me all my requests, if I could only believe that He would. I try to look at His almighty power and wondrous love, in place of dwelling upon the greatness of the thing I ask for, the conversion of a soul that has long resisted all the drawings of His Spirit. I like to think of this precious Scripture,—'Is there anything too hard for the Lord?' That is a wonderfully sweet verse to me just now, when Satan and my own unbelieving heart try to persuade me that his heart is too hard to be melted. No, mine is harder; and praise be to Him, for He has melted mine. Oh! I wish I could tell — how much God loves him, and wishes him to be saved, and how happy he would be if he were God's child. I must seek for opportunities of speaking to him. I must watch unto prayer."

Again: "Had some earnestness in pleading for my

beloved —. I felt more than ever I did that ■ is God, not I, ■ is anxious that he should be saved. Oh, no, there is no good desire in my cold, selfish heart. To God be all the glory."

Again: "Had another wrestling time ■ prayer for my beloved —. R. and ■ had a meeting together. Felt drawn again to plead. When will our prayers be answered?"

Again: "Got a bitter disappointment to-day. I ■ been visiting a girl of fifteen, in the prison, and was very anxious to get her into some institution when she came out, and was engaged the whole day in trying (and at last succeeding) to get a ticket for her admission into the Shelter, when she refused to go! I tried for more than an hour to induce her, but all in vain. How terribly I felt it! It was very humbling to me. It shews me, however, that God alone can turn the human heart; and oh, if He has touched *mine*, I need never despair of any."

In a letter she thus speaks: "I think at times my heart will break altogether, when I look at my beloved —, and think I can do nothing for him. May God help me! for this is the sorest trial I have ever had. . . . Blessed Jesus! ■ cannot be unkind; He cannot err! What sweet rest that thought gives!"

"Prayed this morning (June 10, 1843) that I might have love to souls. O that this prayer were answered! I feel ■ very painful to have such a selfish heart, with no love to any soul but my own, and no right love to my own either."

■ another place she thus briefly but lovingly records

conversion of a friend :—" Nov. 7.—Had a very sweet letter from M. C. She is now a pilgrim on the road to [redacted]!"

In regard to another friend, over whose soul she yearned, [redacted] thus speaks :—" Wrote a long [redacted] to dear V——, beseeching her to [redacted] Jesus. O that the blessed Spirit would open her eyes to see her need of a Saviour!" And again : "I long to tell—— how lovely Jesus is; but I am so fearful and so unbelieving. O for a bold yet loving spirit! May Jesus himself give me grace to speak. . . . *I have spoken.* I told her I had found a treasure in Christ, [redacted] asked her if she too had found Him! But, alas! she seemed very much annoyed by my speaking to her, and said she had the Bible to tell her about these things. I must not despair, but pray that even this feeble effort may be blessed to her soul."

"Jan. 8, 1844.—Read [redacted] Hamilton's tract, [redacted] *Prison Opened*, and had a very sweet taste of the sweetness of the love of Jesus, in reading it. Prayed earnestly for dear——. I long for her to taste the sweetness of His love."

"May 11, 1844.—Wrote to M—— about the hiding-place! May she find it. Had a meeting with my beloved J. [redacted] five. Felt dead, but thirsty; and, oh! *very sinful.* I should like to get my heart cleaned out. Alone a little after tea. Had much sweetness in pleading for my darling R. May the Lord himself bless her, and be her everlasting portion!"

"20th May.—Wrote to——. May the Lord give the letter His blessing! Again at my district. [redacted]"

desires for Lissy, and much liberty in speaking to her, and praying with her. Spoke to several others."

"21st.—Went to my district. Spoke again very solemnly to Lissy. She says she feels differently from what she did; that she sees she is not right, and that she can get no rest. May the Lord open her eyes to see a free Saviour."

"A letter from dear R. M. G. has been brought to Jesus. Another soul brought to Jesus!"

"Went to visit Mr Hay's grave. Alas! was a sad visit. I think this has been one of the saddest days I ever passed. We spoke a few words to a man there, an infidel. O that the Holy Spirit would send home the Word to that soul! We shall know in eternity, if not here."

In a letter she thus expresses herself:—"I pray for you as earnestly as my heart of stone will allow. I like to tell God to bless you, to pour out His Spirit upon you; to bless you in every respect, in yourself, your dearly-loved self, in your dear family, in your scholars, in every way. O that He may answer all my prayers for you! I know He will. His name is Love. . . . How dear — getting on! Tell her, with my kindest love, that I had great delight in pleading for her, last Wednesday, at four o'clock."

At another time she writes:—"I and my dear R. yesterday, and were delighted to hear that you had written to her. I think she would be so doubting if she were not so much with poor —; but they always speak together about themselves, instead of speaking about Jesus; and then they get into doubt

and darkness. Dear —, I cannot tell how my heart sometimes rejoices when I think of her being a follower of the Lamb, and that we shall be with Jesus in heaven together. And you, my dear J—, you will be there also. . . . Will you pray for me, that I may have an opportunity of speaking a word to dear —! for he is a great burden on my mind just now; for I think I should speak to him when I am here; and yet I have never been able; and I think it is because I am not *willing*. Oh! it is grievous that I always consider myself instead of those I love. . . . Will you also remember dear V—? Tell me about Mrs O— when you write. Is she really anxious? How [REDACTED] it would be! I should like very much to write to her, but I am so totally unfit; still I don't feel easy till I have done so.

"E— tells me that Mrs — is anxious; how glad we ought to be! She says I should write; which I should like to do; but what could I say? But then God would give me words. I am glad you wrote to dear —; poor thing, she is in a sad state. It is curious, I could not speak to her now about believing; she seems to me to be taking Mr —'s way, and making herself more humble first. I wish she had peace; and I do think we need not wait, I Jesus is willing to receive us. Write to dear R. when you can, for she has not much peace either. L— is anxious; but only a little, I think. Pray for her; and write her a rousing letter when you have time. I wish I could get a word spoken to dear — and —; I get alarmed when I think that I know their danger, and

don't warn them. But I find it so difficult to realise their danger. Do you feel that? Pray that I may be enabled to speak, if it be for God's glory; and that I may be shewn when to speak. I wish ——— would write to you. I don't know what to think of her. She is anxious ■ times, and then it wears off. ■ puzzles herself about being born again. I don't think she can have come to Christ yet, from all she says. It is very difficult to deal with her, for when she is anxious, she says, 'Well, but what more can I ■ but read and pray?'"

"Jan. 3, 1842.—What a solemn day the last of the year was to me! ——— and I were sitting alone in the drawing-room, just as the clock struck twelve, and another year commenced its silent course.* I could not resist saying a few words to him, and I asked him if he was born again. We ■ not speak much, for I was so agitated ■ I could scarcely speak. ■ laid his head upon mine, and I saw the tears falling fast. ■ said ■ was a serious question, and seemed to think ■ would take a long time to answer. I said,—'Suppose God does not give you a long time to settle it?' I have written to him, telling him more of what I wanted to say; but, somehow, I have not courage to give it to him. Pray that God would bless it. I hope you will soon write to dear ———. She says she will be delighted to hear from you, all about yourself and all her friends in Kelso, but that, for anything

* The reader will perhaps call to mind the contrast between this scene and that of the last night of December 1841, when the gates of the hall-room closed the one year and reopened in the next—See page 12.

else, she has her Bible to go to. I tell you this that you may know how she feels, and act as you think — might do harm to force the subject of religion upon her; is very difficult to know how to act; but God will guide you, and then you cannot go wrong. I am going to — on Wednesday. Will you plead that I may have an opportunity of speaking to my dear —, and also to —? for she is often a great burden on my mind. I wish you would tell Mr B. and Mrs H. her case, and ask them to pray for her." *

* The following letter to a friend will furnish a specimen of the faithful, solemn way in which she dealt with those who were still afar off. "You may sigh for works and morality, but that all that you hear is about faith. Here are God's own words—'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' And again, it is written—'A man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.' All our works till we are united by a living faith to Jesus are abominable in the sight of God. How can creatures who are altogether sinful and depraved do anything pleasing to a holy God? We must first come to Jesus and have all our sins pardoned on account of what He has done, and then the love of Christ will constrain us to do what is pleasing in His sight. The believer works because he is forgiven, not that he may be forgiven. You say that a doctrine like this must have a dangerous tendency. No, dear —, believe me, no; rather believe God who cannot lie; His doctrine is the only one that will make a sinner holy. What does God say on this very subject? Paul writes to the Romans, 'Shall we ~~continue~~ in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?' Do you think that any sinner going to Jesus and receiving a full free pardon for all his sins simply by believing on His name—do you think a pardoned sinner, beaming with gratitude and love to Him who has so graciously blotted out in His own precious blood all iniquities, could continue to live in sin? No, it is impossible; God forbid. He cannot do the abominable thing which God hates; he hates sin, because God hates it, and because He was his sins that nailed Jesus to the cross—and he loves holiness, because God loves it, and because by becoming holy he becomes more like that God who has done so much for him. We are always wanting to do something that we may be saved, but Jesus tells us that He has already done everything. When He was expiring on the cross, He exclaimed, 'It is finished.' He has done all the

In August 1842, M^r M'Cheyne, Mr Cumming, Mr Somerville, and myself, visited Newcastle for the purpose of preaching the gospel. That visit was not un-
 ——— Souls were saved, and Christians were aroused. In it M—— took a deep interest, and in reference to it she thus writes: "I long to hear more about your visit to Newcastle. I hope many poor wanderers have been brought to the fold. It must be very delightful to be enabled to go and tell sinners of Jesus. I have been praying that you might win many souls; that Jesus would teach you to speak, and incline many to listen to His message of love and mercy. I wish I had more of the spirit of prayer. — is so sweet to plead for others. I hope you remember poor P——. We need your prayers."

And — it not thus that ministers are blest? — it

work, and there is now nothing for us to do but to believe in Him, and then we shall be saved—then we are saved. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' 'Look unto me and be ye saved.' Where is there room for works there? Dear —, a look is sufficient, a look will save you. Oh! if you would only look at Jesus once, you would never look away again, and by looking to Him you will grow like Him. Go to God pleading simply the merits of His beloved Son, and be sure He will not cast you out. 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' There is no presumption in going to God and pleading the finished work of Jesus as your only ground of acceptance with Him; it is presumption to go pleading anything else. We can never merit heaven by our own works; we deserve nothing but wrath. 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.' Now, dear —, my love to your precious never-dying soul is my only reason for writing you all this. Do not think that I wish to teach you; no, I am too ignorant to pretend to teach any one. I know nothing myself, so that I cannot teach others; but I know this, and you know it too, that I love you very much, and therefore I long for you to be born again.

the closest of the obscure believer, they may never have heard, that the cry goes which is to draw down the freshening rain! Do ministers sufficiently urge this upon their people? Do the people rightly discern their awful responsibility in this thing? "and thousands of prayers put up for me," says Whitefield; and was this not much the secret of his success, as his own prayerfulness and spiritual fervour? Moses may marshal the host, and Joshua may lead on the array; but there must be Aaron and Hur upon the hill. Intercession for ministers must be more fervent and real. "Brethren, pray for us!" We need your intercessions. We expect them. We charge you, by all that you owe to us, to yourselves, to the Church, to the world—not to withhold or restrain them.

Such were the ways in which the new life came forth. The warm zeal, the tender pity, the decided action, the faithful love, the bold energy, were not of man, but of God. She did not work in order to get the world working, but from any bustling activity of nature, because led by the example of others. Her zeal sprung from a holier and diviner root. The Holy Spirit that had drawn her out of the world, wrought in her to compassionate and to plead for that world, out of which she had been drawn. In all her labours she acted as if from irresistible impulses within. It was not a question of duty with her; it was a matter of simple necessity. She could not do otherwise. The mother does not weep over the coffin of her first-born because she ought to do so. She cannot help it. The brother does not

shield the sister in the hour of danger because ■ is his *duty*. He cannot but do it. So was it with M——. In regard to the unweaved around her, the question of *duty* never came up at all. Why? Not because she was not alive to the call of *duty* when ■ came; but because the strength of the new nature carried her far beyond it. ■ was not so much *conscience* as *compassion* that quickened her. Love hurried her on. She spoke, and wrote, and laboured, and prayed, because love would ■ let her do otherwise. God owned her love, and gave her souls for its reward. And so is it always. The most bustling works of *duty* may be barren; but the activities of *love* are vital. They bear fruit for eternity.

CHAPTER IX.

Progress in 1844-45.

"The whole life of a man," says a writer of the seventeenth century, "is a continued conversion to God, in which he is perpetually humbled under a sense of sin, and draws nearer and nearer to God, with more fervent faith and love; and daily walks closer and closer with the Lord, endeavouring at perfection."

The above sentence might be taken as a true description of M——'s life. The tossings to and fro which the good man refers to as his own experience, are largely exemplified in her. There is a firm holding fast to the anchor which is fixed within the veil; and yet what strainings of the cable, almost ■ times to breaking! What driftings hither and thither, as far as the cable would allow!

Whilst not resting on what she felt, but on what her Substitute had felt for her, she yet cannot be satisfied without feeling towards Him all that she ought to feel; and the conflict between these two states of mind, is often painful, nay, agonising. She knows that her peace is to be built, not on her love to Him, but on

His to her; yet she longs to love with her whole heart; for she sees how worthy ■ is of all her love. Hence the flowings and ebbings, which the following letters so artlessly narrate. Every change, or shade of change within, she notes; and as she notes it, so does she carefully and accurately describe it to her friend. Perhaps there is too much of this; nor have we thought it needful to give such passages in full; remembering John Livingstone's resolution—"Finding myself sorely deserted, I made a promise to God, not to tell ■ to any but to Himself, lest I should seem to complain, or foster misbelief in myself or others."

There was in her ■ all times an *intense fixedness of eye upon the Cross*. When some mist ■ cloud threw itself between her and that pole-star, she still kept gazing on the spot from which her star had disappeared, persuaded that it would soon shine out again undimmed. ■ was just such a star as her darkness needed; and ■ knew that nothing could pluck ■ from the firmament. In it she found light, and guidance, and hope, and healing, and gladness.

The letters which follow in this chapter are addressed to more than one individual, as the initials both of person and place will sufficiently indicate. They are given in the order of *date*, without any notes or explanatory comments. They unfold the writer's spiritual state and progress, which is the main object of their insertion. They are very vivid reflections of M——'s mind, exactly revealing her feelings and her doings, without colouring or exaggeration. Not one word is written for the sake of effect. When she *spoke*,

■ was always to tell, simply and truly, what she felt; and when she wrote, it was with the same truthfulness and simplicity.

There is great singleness of heart and purpose manifested in these letters. They contain no references to passing events; and even personal or domestic circumstances are only introduced, in their bearings upon ■ eternity towards which her eye so intently and so fervently turned. With what solemn steadfastness of purpose she pursued her heavenward path; with what zeal she laboured for her Lord; and with what willingness she bore His cross—the reader will discover in these letters, which mark her progress in the years 1844 and 1845.

—, February 14, 1844.

"MY OWN DEAR J——,—Since I last wrote to you, the Lord has again laid me on a sick-bed, and I was very nearly being 'absent from the body,' I trust to be '*present with the Lord*;' but you need not be alarmed about me, for I am ■ nearly well.

"This last illness of mine shows ■ how in one moment we may be taken away. O to be always ready for a dying hour!—to be '*found in Him*!' Then, come the summons when it may, we are ready. I often think how much need ■ must have of ■ Father's *loving rod*, for I am so often laid low. Will you ask that this chastening may be for my profit, that I may be partaker of *His* holiness? But I must tell you how ■ got ill. About a fortnight ago I had such a severe fit of toothache that ■ was obliged to have a tooth

taken out ; I got ■ out on the Monday, and it stopped bleeding for two hours, but about three o'clock it began bleeding again, and from that time till nearly ten on Tuesday night it bled violently. Only think of me bleeding for thirty hours ! The doctor could ■ stop it for some time, and I got so weak with loss of blood and want of food and sleep, that I nearly fainted, and poor R. had to go at ten o'clock ■ night with the doctor to E—, to bring another doctor, for the one here said, if ■ did not stop I might sink in a moment, and that I would not survive another night. I did not know there was any danger, or I should have been alarmed. R. did not tell me till next day, when I was out of danger. It makes me start when I think how nearly I ■ entering on the unseen realities of eternity. O that the worthless life that God has spared may be spent in His service ! Pray much, dear one, that this illness may be blest. I am very much afraid that I, in my folly and desperate wickedness, may let ■ pass unimproved. I have not had the presence of Jesus in this illness ;—scarcely at all ; indeed that has been my greatest trial. It has been a fortnight of great bodily weakness, and very great depression of soul, but still ' He doeth all things well,' and in His own time the light will arise ; but I wish the time were come now. I am trying to pray that this illness may be blessed ■ my dear M—, for I have several times had an opportunity of speaking to her about the necessity ■ being prepared to die, and of illness being sent to lead us to God ; and I want you, my own friend, to ask that I may not let this precious season pass, but

may seek her conversion *in earnest*. Perhaps this may be blessed to her more than to me ; if Jesus is glorified, that is enough.

"We had a very precious sermon from Mr Moody Stuart on the Communion Sabbath, about the 'sure foundation, the *tried* stone.' Neither R. nor I had joy, but we both felt more, I think, than ever we did, that Jesus was a *sure foundation*, and that we could trust Him in spite of all our want of feeling. . . . Mr [REDACTED] said in the morning that the Father was telling us all to look [REDACTED] Jesus. '*Behold, [REDACTED] lay in Zion,*' &c. He said, Many of you may be looking [REDACTED] other objects, but this is the one object to which God directs you to look—*Jesus!* I thought it so sweet to be told that we *might* look [REDACTED] glorious object, and that we were to look [REDACTED] nothing else *all the day*. Oh, that we should ever look away ! I did not find Him at the table, and I thought my heart would break ; but [REDACTED] last I said, Glorify Thyself, though I should be in darkness, and [REDACTED] felt comforted. I am a dog, and unworthy of the children's bread ; but yet you remember that 'the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from *their* master's table.' To get the lowest place in heaven is a wonderful place for one who deserves the lowest place in hell ! Did 'the Beloved' meet you at His own table ! I long to hear all about it.

"*Thursday, 15th.*—Mr [REDACTED] J——,—I must [REDACTED] this letter by degrees, for I am too late for this day's post. I would rather speak to you than write, but still I am very thankful to be again able to address you in any way. . . . Our dear minister has returned

from the country, but has not been permitted ■ preach ; however, ■ expects to be able once more to tell of Jesus next Sabbath ; but he seems learning to say, in the sweet ■ difficult language of yesterday's text, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I sometimes think God is preparing him for His service in heaven, rather than for work here, for his conversation is literally in heaven ; he speaks more of that than of the wilderness. . . . I was very glad you liked the notes of the sermons. ■ shall try and take some more on Sabbath. I never write anything but for you, for I think ■ better to feed on them at the time ; but if God blesses anything I write or remember to my beloved one, I would write all the time. Oh ! J——, won't it be sweet when Jesus leads ■ by the green pastures and by the still waters ? I remember, when you first spoke to ■ in Kalso, you said, M——, won't it be blessed ! I did not think so then, and would not listen to you ; but I think I would now : *whose is the praise ? Is it yours ? is it mine ?* No ; to Jesus be all the glory and all the praise. . . . I have been learning nothing lately but the evil that is in my heart ; and ■ am beginning to see that though a painful, yet it is a very necessary and a very *loving* lesson ; loving, because it makes Christ ■ precious. Last night the thought struck ■ all in a moment, and as if ■ voice had spoken it, how very precious Christ should be to His people ; they get *all* from Him, and through ■ ; how they should love Him ! And my heart rejoiced at the thought that He *must* be so very precious to us ; and then *for one moment* I got a sight of this precious truth, *the truth* that He

had *done all*, and *my* weary soul *rested*, and no words can tell the blessedness of the feeling that resting gave. O that we could *always* rest on this lovely One, and not be continually coming and going, seeking rest and finding none ! And O that all the world knew this rest !”

“ P——, Feb. 22, 1844.

“ *My dear friend*,—I have been long in answering your *sweet* letter, but since I *received* it, the chastening hand of *my* Father in heaven has again been laid upon me ; yet it was all in love, and I feel I needed all *He* sent me, for I am very, very unlike any one of Jesus’ dear ‘little ones,’ far less am I like Jesus himself. You must pray, dear friend, that every sight that God gives me of *my* utter unworthiness may make Jesus more and more precious to me. I have been thinking much lately of this verse, ‘To them who believe, *He is precious*,’ and I long to be able to say, Jesus is precious to me. God has been giving me lately greater desires to know Jesus, and to feel His preciousness, and to feel *my* entire need of Him, and my entire dependence upon Him, than I have *ever* had, *and* I cannot doubt but that *He* will satisfy the desires He has Himself given. I feel my utter *ignorance* of Jesus and His finished work so much ; I seem to know less about Him than I did at first ; but one thing greatly rejoices me, and for that let us praise Him, that He is *showing me* and *making me feel* more than ever I did *my need of Him*. I sometimes find it so sweet, I cannot describe to you how sweet, to ask the Father to reveal the Son to me—to *tell me about Jesus*. I think then *He*

really smiles upon me. I have very little joy, or even peace just now ; but sometimes God gives me such a desire to learn about Jesus, that the very desire is very, very sweet. I should wish to speak about Jesus with you, but everything I say seems like hypocrisy ; and yet all I can say of *Him* as being the lovely One is true, though I don't feel it so. Let us have a pen-and-ink talk about our Beloved, in spite of Satan and a cold heart. Can you always say '*my Beloved*' ? I still tremble to do it ; but we need not fear when we think how kind, how gentle, how tender **He** is. 'He can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, for He was in all points tempted like as we are, *yet without sin.*' Oh ! I am so very glad He is without sin ; if He had even one taint, we could have no hope ; but is He not 'the Lamb without blemish and without spot' ? Is He not 'the *Holy One* of God' ? Even the devils confessed that He was ; and does not the Father—(*His* Father, and therefore *ours*)—say of Him, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased ;' and could God be well pleased with anything that was not *perfectly* holy ? It is difficult to realise it. **We** are so unholy, we cannot understand how any one can be perfectly faultless ; but let us be exceeding glad that it is true, and also rejoice to know that when we shall see Him as He is, we shall be holy too ; you, and my beloved J——, and I, poor sinful I, shall one day stand '*without fault*' before the throne of God.' Isn't it wonderful ? I shall be very glad when the journey is all over, for I cannot stand my earthliness any longer, it is so painful."

"E—, April 4, 1844.

"MY [REDACTED] FRIEND,—I am quite solitary now, as my darling [REDACTED] has gone for a month to the country. I hope the Lord will be with her, and enable her to win souls where she is. . . . We saw our dear Mr [REDACTED] in Edinburgh, and had a nice [REDACTED] with him, and a prayer with him. [REDACTED] spoke to J—, which I was very glad of. [REDACTED] gave us each a text on going away. Mine was such a sweet one, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' Oh! should that not make us redouble our diligence in the Lord's work, that the time is so short! What have I done for Christ since He called me? *Nothing!* I was speaking to a poor old woman to day—one of God's children—who is in great darkness, owing to her disease, and she said, 'Oh! if I only had strong faith;—but I must just creep in [REDACTED] His feet, and surely the precious blood which has washed thousands can wash me.' I was helped to give her many sweet texts; but I was struck by seeing how plain [REDACTED] is that *He* alone can make His Word food; for, after all my texts, she still stuck to one, which, she said [REDACTED] the beginning, gave her comfort, and it was this: 'None is able to pluck them out of my hand.' [REDACTED] is strange how loving Jesus appears to me when I speak to others about Him; and yet I cannot feel that He is love to me. I had a very sweet time at prayer this morning while confessing sin; the love of Jesus in forgiving my vile, vile [REDACTED] against light and against love, appeared [REDACTED] wonderful, [REDACTED] I could not stand it; my hard heart melted, and I would not give the sweetness of the tears I then shed for a world of this world's joy. I could only

“ ‘Truly, Thy name is Wonderful.’ When I get sight of Christ’s willingness to forgive and receive backsliding again, without one word of upbraiding, it breaks my heart. Oh! how this tender, forgiving love should make us *hate* sin! but yet I don’t hate it; no, I have often loved it. I am reading a very delightful book just now—Memoir of M’Cheyne. It is very beautifully written by Mr A. Bonar. Oh, what a Christian he was! It is humbling to read it. I have finished the first volume, and have begun the second to-day. Have you seen it yet?”

“P——, April 20, 1844.

“Friday is the earliest day I get, and that day, ‘if the Lord will,’ I shall have the joy of seeing you more. Friday soon comes, and on Sabbath we shall together sit at Jesus’ feast of love. We do this in remembrance of a love which many waters cannot quench. . . . I expect to be greatly quickened, and made more alive to many things. I must ask and expect a blessing, and let us ever remember that He is more willing to give than we to ask.”

“Keio, April 27, 1844.

“My Brother R——,—When I arrived here, I was coming to meet me. We went together to Mrs H——’s, and had a talk, and then prayer. On Saturday there was a meeting in the evening, and Mr A. Bonar preached on ‘He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.’ He said that Jesus suffered as we do, in infancy, in youth, and throughout

His whole life; so that we should take *all* our sins to Him, pleading that He has atoned for them all. [REDACTED] said that on the judgment-day the Father will turn to Jesus and say, 'Thou art all fair;' and then that Jesus will turn to His people, His own Church, and say, 'And *thou* art all fair.'

"I got more comfort from that sermon than I got all the Sabbath, for I was not happy then. Our Mr Bonar said in his prayer, 'Let us forget that we are in the world; let us forget that there is a world altogether.' O that we could!

"Mr A. B. preached on Monday night upon 'having boldness to [REDACTED] into [REDACTED] by the blood of Jesus.' He said [REDACTED] were to enter into the holiest, and never to come out; that there is nothing said [REDACTED] the Bible about coming out; [REDACTED] are to abide there; we are to carry on our worldly business in the holiest of all. I [REDACTED] we could banish every idol from our hearts, and be filled with the love of Jesus. [REDACTED] Jesus loves you and me! I am sure He does, so do not let us grieve Him by putting anything else into our hearts besides His blessed self. Let us say, 'What have we to do any [REDACTED] with idols!' J—— and I have our meeting every day at five, and we always remember you. Pray for me, for remember that I cannot get [REDACTED] even here if the Spirit do not come to me. I have been twice to see old Miss D——; she is a more wonderful Christian than ever. She said to me, 'Satan has been telling [REDACTED] that the Bible is a fiction, and that Christ is a fiction; but I told him that he was a fiction only [REDACTED] hell;' and then she said, 'Oh, Christ is a Jewel! I am always

asking ■■■ Jewel.' We spoke ■■■ getting near Christ in heaven, and she said, 'We shall each get a whole Christ, and a whole throne to ourselves.' She said, too, that there is a war in heaven; the redeemed tell each other their history, and each ■■■ he is the greatest debtor; and ■■■ they always end with, 'Holy, holy, holy ■ the Lord ■■■ Almighty.' She ■■■ that if we were oftener to tell one another what God has done for our souls, we, too, would end with, 'Holy holy, holy!' She cannot read now, so she wants me to go often down and read to her. You must pray that ■ may be blest to both of us.

"Here is a verse I have this moment made for you:—

"Soon we shall be at rest,
The painful struggle o'er;
We'll see Him whom our souls love best,
And never grieve Him more.

"■■■ good-bye for a little.—Your own loving

"M——."

"Kelso, May 13, 1844.

"My ■■■ R——,— ■ have just received your dear letter, and hasten to answer it. I praise our God for what He has done for you; I praise Him for making you ■■■ entirely satisfied with Jesus. There ■ no one like Him. ■■■ love is unchanging, and that we cannot say of the love of any other in heaven or ■ earth. I think God is evidently weaning you and me from things below, and though it may be painful just now, like the plucking out of a right eye, yet we shall one day together praise Him for all His dealings. We shall praise Him for every pang. Not one, we shall then

see, could have been spared. Oh, I don't know Jesus at all! Will you pray, dear R., that my visit here may lead me nearer Jesus; that it may lead me to Him my all in all, my Beloved! O that I could lay my weary sinful heart on that bosom which never beats but with love unutterable to poor degraded sinners! He loves sinners; and you and I are sinners; let us put in our claim as such, and say, 'Jesus, my Jesus, thou lovest sinners, thou lovest me;' and do not let us doubt it. What a heart Jesus has! No human being would bear with us as He does. Earthly friends look coldly on us when we slight their love; but, after we have tried every earthly cistern, after we have 'played the harlot with many lovers,' Jesus says, 'Yet return unto me.' It is wonderful! Surely the love of Christ passeth knowledge.

"J—— and I have had some sweet meetings together. At five yesterday it was peculiarly sweet. M—— seemed so near while J—— was praying, that after she was done, I could hardly speak; I felt afraid to disturb the sweet calm the presence of Jesus shed over us.

"On M—— evening B—— Bonar preached on M—— text, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' He said the reason that the earth was so miserable was, M—— there M—— so many wills; but that in heaven there was but *one will*, and that one *God's*. O that my will were conformed to His in *all things*!

"I have got a district here. R., dear, pray for me that I may be enabled to speak to the people in it, and that during the short time I am here I may win some souls. Oh, if I could win but *one*! Pray, pray

the Spirit, the life-giving Spirit, to water the sown by such a feeble hand !”

“ *Kelso, May 27, 1844.*

“ MY DARLING R,—I got your letter as usual, on my return from H——’s meeting. O how I longed for you to be with us! ——— prayed, and I always enjoy it when she does, for she has such a sweet, confiding spirit. ——— prays like a child pleading with a tender and loving father; and the nearer she gets to Him, the more confiding she becomes. You see what a loving Being our God is, for the nearer we get to Him, and the more we know of Him, we are the less afraid. His perfect love, shed abroad in our hearts, casts out all our fear.

“ I see more and more (and perhaps this is the blessed lesson I am to learn here) that it is simply looking to Jesus as *ungodly, empty* sinners, that is to make what these dear friends here are. Let us look at Him too, nothing doubting, and we shall grow as they do; there is nothing to hinder it. None of our outward trials need hinder it; on the contrary, they are the means of growing in grace. They lead us to Jesus; and everything that does that, whatever it be, is a blessing. Oh! pray that I may come back to you more emptied of self, and more united with Jesus, in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.”

“ *Kelso, May 1844.*

“ MY OWN DEAR R——,—I was so glad to get your letter to-day. I do not think I am weaning you from

from everything but Himself. Let God's will be done ; oh, let His blessed, *loving* will be ours ! I think He sees that we ■ not find *all* our happiness in Himself, and ■ knows, as you say, that no other joy can fill us, and He therefore, in mercy and tender love, takes away from us our broken cisterns. Let us, as ■ Mrs H—— prayed this morning, be always drinking ■ the well of free grace ; let us trust to the *steadfast* love of God ; let us get our souls filled with ■ love which many waters cannot quench, and we shall have no relish for earthly things. 1

" I do not feel happy in my soul just ■ You must pray that the Spirit would come to me, and shew me Jesus ; for oh, I am such a dry branch in the midst of so many *living* branches ! "

" *Kelso, June 4, 1844.* "

" MY DARLING R——,—I intended to have written to you sooner, but I could not, for I took such a longing to go and speak to old Lisby, that I could not do anything else. Oh ! R., I never yearned over any soul as I do over her. If you only saw her, old and frail, and blind both in body and in soul ; weeping when I speak to her of Jesus, and struggling, as it were, to see,—it would melt a heart of stone.

" I have been about two hours with her to-day reading and praying, and urging her to come to Jesus. She says she has been very miserable and anxious since I ■ to her, and that ■ is now much happier, ■ has no fear. I wonder if she has really come to Jesus ! I said to her, ' Do you feel happier now ? ' and she

replied, 'Oh, ~~my~~ heart just burns within me!' ~~She~~ says that Jesus is all love together. *Surely* she has seen ~~him~~. She asked me to-day to give her one ~~of~~ our hymn-books, that she might read it, and think of me when I should be away; so I shall take her one to-morrow. I told her that I should probably go home in a week, and she said so sorrowfully, 'And will I never see you any more?'

"I could not stand it, and we both wept together. ~~She~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ to meet her before the throne! Is it not worth ~~my~~ coming here, if I win a soul to Jesus!—here, where I first cared for Him myself! Last night, at the prayer-meeting, Mrs ~~——~~ came and sat down beside me, and said, 'I am so glad to become acquainted with another lamb of the flock; it is some one more to pray for, and to love.' Was it not kind of her? She went with ~~me~~ to some of my people, and spoke very sweetly to them, and prayed with them. I wish I had such compassion for souls as she has!"

"Kelso, June 6, 1844.

"Mr ~~——~~ R——,—Your tidings about ~~——~~'s illness have made me sick at heart. My only comfort is this, '*He doeth all things well.*' This is a heavy trial. May it lead us closer to our loving and holy Saviour; everything is a blessing that does that. I have sometimes such sorrow, that I wonder my heart does not break; yet I feel that it is well ~~to~~ be tried, for I am led more to Jesus then. Sorrow has often *driven* me to Him, when I might otherwise ~~have~~ felt so much need of Him. I think I have learnt many "

valuable lesson in this place. I cannot tell you all in a letter, but if spared to meet, I shall tell you much. Everything seems to make this Scripture ring in your ears and mine—'Cease ye from man.' I don't think we have either of us found **all** in Jesus, **I** don't think He will let us alone till we do. He will prove to us that all else is an empty cistern; and it is a difficult lesson to learn, but a needful **one**. I was thanking Him this morning for every **thing** that has ever passed through these weary hearts of ours. Oh! R., **it** will soon be over, and then we shall be where Jesus is all in all, and where there shall be no more sorrow **nor** sighing nor sin. Mr Bonar spoke last night from this verse—'And to Jesus, the **Lamb** **of** **the** **new** **covenant**.' He said that the **one** by which Jesus **is** known in heaven is, 'The Lamb **that** **was** **slain**.' In heaven His praises are **as** **the** **Lamb** **that** **was** **slain**. The Father looks upon Him well pleased as the Lamb that was slain; angels praise Him as the Lamb that was slain; and the redeemed praise Him as the Lamb that was slain *for them*. And then he spoke about the freeness of the gospel, 'the **new** **covenant**.' **The** **Father** **says**—'Are you satisfied with what Christ has done?—*then come*.' **There** **is** **nothing** **for** **you** **to** **do** **but** **to** **draw** **near**. Jesus has done *all*, and the Father is satisfied; are you? Is **it** **not** **simple**? I was thinking this morning of what Mr Robertson once said at a communion, and **it** **seemed** **so** **comforting** :—'Looking to yourself, how can you presume? Looking to Jesus, *how can you doubt?*' You should go to the table on Sabbath, my beloved, 'looking

unto Jesus,' and then you can have no doubt. I ██████ meet you there in spirit. I have been asking that His banner over you may be *love*. Would it not be sweet to spend our lives in the service of Jesus, and then to spend *eternity* in His blessed presence? I am going to see Mrs ———; O that I may be able to speak a word to her soul! I shall not likely ever see her again. Ah! when I hear she is dead, how I shall wish I had spoken! Mr Bonar called to-day, and he says he is hopeful about my old Lissy. Is not that good? I have more to tell you, so I shall stop.—I am ever your own dear

“ M——,”

“ P——, June 15, 1844.

“ MY OWN DEAR J——,— I arrived safe in P— and once more sit down to write to you. . . . I saw J—— in Edinburgh before I came down; she is pretty well. O that she knew Jesus, the sympathising Jesus! ██████ would be happy in the midst of all her trials. Pray, dear, that R. and I may be enabled to walk wisely, faithfully, and lovingly amongst them. O that I could only care for their souls! R. and I want to get more of the feeling of *pilgrims* than we have ever had; it would be blessed if we were not of the world, even as Christ was not of the world. . . . We ought to thank our loving Father for permitting us to have so many sweet meetings as we had, for I am sure God has often met with us when we have been *together*. We must meet now in spirit, and oh, I trust Jesus will always be with us! I thought of you and dear Mrs H—— to-day at eleven, and asked ██████ you might be

such blessed. . . . I wish I could write you a letter full of *Jesus*; but oh! I have such a cold heart, and I know nothing of Him. I long to know Him, to be intimately acquainted with Him! I long to be at home; this earth seems sometimes like hell. I stand it. No one cares for God, or speaks of Him, no one seeks to glorify Him. I wish Jesus was glorified. I shouldn't care for myself, I think, if only I got the glory due to His holy and blessed name. I must live for Jesus, and I must live near Him, else this earth will indeed be a wilderness. R. and I had a very precious meeting last night. Jesus was very near; and oh! He was so loving, I felt as if I could not have any fear. His perfect love cast out all our fears."

" June 20, 1844.

"DEAR B——,—I have often, often thought of you since I left, and fancied us together in our little room, where we so often met our holy Saviour, and had such communion with Him and with one another. This is Thursday, and I think I see you all in the dear school-room, you and dear, dear Mrs H——, and my beloved; and, in short, I just wish I could join you. Last Thursday, at this hour, I was there too. You must ask for me that I may improve all the precious privileges I then enjoyed. I do not feel eternal things so near here as I did in Kelo. I often felt in a heavenly atmosphere, and I almost felt, when I arrived here, as if I had come out of heaven; but I have Jesus wherever I go, and He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Is it not blessed to think that He never

changes? [redacted] often change, and when we do, [redacted] are apt to think that He changes too, but that can never be. He loves us with an unchanging love, with a love that can bear rejection. I am often with worldly people here, and it is so refreshing, after so much worldliness, to get away to the throne of grace, and tell Jesus that in Him alone is there any real joy or peace. What a place heaven will be, where there will be nothing but Jesus, where there will be no need of the sun to lighten, for the 'Lamb is the light thereof,' and where we shall for ever sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb!' That is the *new song* which we shall sing in heaven; but we must learn it on earth. Do you remember how you used to say you wanted to sing it now? [redacted] friend, I hope we both find it sweet to say, even now, 'Worthy [redacted] the Lamb; not we are worthy, but *He* [redacted] worthy. Let us plead the worthiness of His own Son with the Father. Looking on us is *Him*, He sees [redacted] iniquity in us. He says, 'Thou art all fair,' [redacted] then [redacted] can call Him 'Abba, Father.' When you go to see dear old Lizzy, ask her, from me, if she can say 'Abba, Father' yet. [redacted] hope your visits will be blessed both to her and you, for [redacted] find I often get good to my [redacted] soul when speaking to another about Jesus."

—, June 23, 1844.

"MY OWN BELOVED J——,—To-day R. and I have a very quiet house, as they are all from home but ourselves; and I am glad of the quiet opportunity of having a talk with my own sister in the Beloved. I only wish [redacted] heart were in as quiet a state, calmly resting

on the bosom of ■ Lord; but many a storm Satan and ■ in this weary soul of mine; yet, beloved one, is ■ not sweet ■ think of that voice which, though so ■ and still, ■ hush to silence ■ wildest storm, saying, 'Peace, be still'! ■ that I only knew Jesus really and truly! It gave me much pleasure to hear about Mrs B——. I have been thanking God ■ her behalf, and praying that the child may be His child. It was very kind of her to think of me ■ such a time. . . . I thought my heart would break when I turned and gave you my last look. *O to be away*, where partings will never be known, nor sorrow of any kind! I sometimes think there is really nothing else but ■ here. There is one sorrow that ■ three used to share together in that dear room—that so few whom we loved cared about Jesus. I wish I could pray more and ■ believingly for them; but I often get hopeless, when I see ■ change whatever. The world is much in their thoughts, too, at this time, owing ■ —'s marriage; everything is *the world*. They ■ ask, will Jesus be at it! Poor —, ■ must remember her much ■ this time. ■ wish, dear, you would ■ for R. and me, that we may not be carried away by the worldliness around us; for oh! I feel, ■ least, how ■ spiritual things fade away, and worldly thoughts fill my heart. ■ took M—— with us ■ church on Sabbath, and we had a most beautiful sermon from Mr Robertson in the afternoon on this text: 'Wherefore, He is able to save them to the uttermost,' &c. ■ was all Jesus together; I just wondered why everybody did not come to such a Saviour—so able, ■ loving, so

tender. Surely such sermons will be blest. This is *Tuesday*. I had immense pleasure in remembering you all at the meeting this morning. You must tell me, when you write, how you get on at these precious meetings. . . . But I am getting away from the *Master* to the servants, and that won't do. Do you remember A. Bonar saying 'Master,' He is a sweet Master; and I should like to sit with Mary at His feet, and learn of Him who is meek and lowly in heart. So you still have your text—'Many cannot quench love.' It is a wonderful text indeed. I am glad you find it so supporting. I wish the Spirit would write it on your heart also. . . . And now, my own beloved one, may Jesus be with you, and shine into your soul times, and fill you the love which many waters cannot quench."

"P——, July 23, 1844.

"MY OWN BELOVED J——, —You must ask *this*, that Satan may not be permitted to make me give up praying, for I sometimes think he will. I am so tempted at these times, that I dread when the hour comes. How sinful to dread going to speak to Jesus;—to dread going to tell our merciful High Priest all my sorrows, when He says, 'Fear not, it is I; be not afraid.' But I think that Satan does us good, for he often drives us into the fold when we would not go of ourselves. . . . Oh! J——, my beloved one, there is nothing in this world like your presence and the favour of God—'our own God.' 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and in Thy favour is life.' I often think, if I were not so sloth-

ful, I should have more of heaven on earth than I have. I have not *self-denial* enough. I want to be an '*uncommon Christian*;' but then I forget that we can only be that by *uncommon* effort. Not that anything we do has any merit; but then we cannot get the blessing unless we use the means; and I am often unwilling to do that. I am too *lazy*; I should pray more, and read more *searchingly*, and deny myself in many ways,—by rising earlier, by avoiding useless conversation, worldly company, and many things which are hurtful to the soul. I think we might grow more. What a dishonour I am to Christ! His love must be *free*, or it would never reach me. How glad I am that you have got my district! it is so sweet to think my people will now have you visiting them. You will have my poor petitions, my beloved, that your labours may be blest; your district has always a claim upon me, and now it will have a double one, and you will be *obliged* to go to dear old Lizzy. Oh! I am so glad. You must win that soul, and I won't be *jealous* if she is *yours*. May the Lord go with you *always*; may you always say, 'Come with me, my Beloved;' and you know if you ask you will receive. You must always tell me how you get on. The old woman who lives above Lizzy was ill when I left; is she better?—and the sick girl, is she alive yet, poor thing! . . . B. and I want to hear Mr B. on Monday evening. We met E—— and her sister there. Miss M—— tells me she is still seeking Jesus. Oh! J——, that you and I could tell each other such glad news! Now here are seeking Him. I fear I am guilty of their blood, for I neither pray for

them nor seek their conversion as I ought. O for the Spirit! What a difference it makes when the transforming Spirit of Jesus comes to a soul! I often wish, when I see the fine showers that make all nature look so fresh, and make everything *grow*, ■■■ the Spirit would come into my soul like 'showers that water the earth.' . . . E—— tells me that Mr Hay has got a charge. I hope he will be blest, and made a blessing ■■ those to whom he is going. He will be zealous and faithful, I am sure. As a minister, he is one of Christ's own chosen ones, so that he *must* be blessed. I wish I could take your text, 'Be not faithless, but believing.' What wonders we might do if we had but faith; ■■ could say to every mountain, 'Be thou removed,' ■■■ it would be done. I sometimes despair of ever being able to do anything; but with God *nothing* is impossible. What a blessing it ■ that ■■ ■■ *helpless!* That may sound strange, but only to those who do not know the blessedness of leaning all their weight upon 'the mighty God.' Jesus says, 'Ye can do *nothing*;' therefore He *must* do *all*, and then He will have *all* the glory; and I am sure *that* is a sweet thought.

"The last sentence in your dear letter was very sweet ■■ me: 'He will never fail you.' It's like a *rock* to lean on. Oh! J——, I shall be glad when the fight is all over, and when we are all ■■ rest; then we shall ■■■ have another unbelieving thought, ■■ a single thing that will vex us in any way, when we shall stand ■■ the sea of glass, and feel for ever the calm of a *pardoned* breast!—there is nothing *calm* here. . . . And now, once more, farewell, my beloved friend; may the

strong arms of Jesus be ever underneath you, and hold you up at all times."

"August 6, 1844.

"My B——,—'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord!' That was all they needed to make them glad, and that is all we need, just to see Jesus. We often look into our own hearts to try to get materials to make us glad from them; but we can never succeed; it is the sight of the heart of Jesus that makes us full of joy.

"We look into His heart, and see that it is full of love even to the chief of sinners, and when we believe that love, we cannot help being glad; and if we always did this, we should always be glad; but, alas! we are always looking at ourselves, and then I am sure it is no wonder we get dark and sorrowful. In our own hearts we see nothing but sin and ingratitude to Jesus, notwithstanding all His love to us, and then we get discouraged, and think Jesus cannot still love us; but we forget He loves sinners; that is our claim upon Him, that we are sinners, and that He died for sinners, so that our sins should humble us, but never make us afraid to go to Jesus, and say to Him, 'Lord, thou lovest me.' 'Truth, Lord, I am a sinner, but Thou lovest sinners.' 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' From the beginning to the end of our journey, all our boast must be the free love of God, all our trust must be in that, and it is that alone which will ever give us a real heart-hatred of sin. How can we sin against free love—unmerited love! I think that just in proportion as we dwell in the free love of our 'Wonderful' Saviour,

we shall become holy. When we are doubting His love, we cannot desire to be holy ; we cannot get on in anything. ■ remember, a long time ago, our dear minister saying that ■ was easy to *doubt* and sin, but that we could not *believe* and sin ; and I feel it is true. Is it not strange that we will not believe in God's free love ! ■■ does ■■■■ anything from us but just to trust Him, and then we shall get on ; but ■■ refuse to do it, ■■ least ■■ refuse to do it *entirely, unreservedly*, in the face of all our sins."

— August 19, 1844.

"I hope you had a sweet day yesterday in God's house ; it is the sweetest place on this sorrowful earth when 'the Lord makes His presence felt ;' but it is dreary without that. Oh ! think what a place heaven will be, where there is *no need* of a temple—where ■■ shall have Jesus himself, and therefore shall need no ordinances to bring Him near ; ■■ shall not even need the ■■■■ of all ordinances, His own Supper, in order to *remember* Him ; for how can ■■ forget Him when our eyes shall never for one moment be off His blessed face ! Ah ! my eyes are often off Him now, and then I always get into sin. I ■■ not getting on, dearest ; but I won't write about myself, for it would only make you sorrowful, and I like you to be glad. . . . I told M—— what you said about *slight illnesses*. He is, indeed, ■ God of infinite love, and it is a very grievous thing to think how continually we doubt that loving heart. I remember ■ time when I thought I could never distrust Him ; but there is a wonderful change now, for I feel

as if I *could not trust Him*. Is this getting on? . . .
 ■ is very painful to feel dead in the midst of such proofs of love; but ■ is blessed to know that it is not *our* love, but the love of our Master, that is to serve us in the end, and to feed our souls. Even now, our feelings are really *nothing* such as we *ought* to have. How much ■ ought to ■!—but there ■ no merit in our feelings. Christ is *all*—we are *complete* in Him. I had no joy either; ■ felt scarcely anything till we were singing the hymn ■ the end, and then I felt it ■ sweet to praise Jesus, and thought how much sweeter it would be to praise Him at the table *abovs*. You will be there, too, my own beloved, and *that* ■ ■ sweet thought."

"September 3, 1844.

"My ■ B——,—I have taken a great longing to know ■ about our dear Redeemer; for, though it ■ very strange, I seem to know less of Him ■ than I did ■ first. It is said, 'To them that believe, He is precious;' but oh! dear friend, I do not ■ Him thus precious. I wish, when you write, you would tell me what makes Him most precious to you, because I often think that I just love Him because He is such a loving, kind, *holy* Being, not because of what He ■ done for me, and that often troubles ■ Does ■ ever trouble you? ■ I daresay you won't understand what I mean, for I seem to be like no one else. I do little, little for Jesus, and I seem to do less every day. ■ to ■ ■ *living, fruit-bearing* branch! I think if I were to die now, I should ■ ■ look ■ Jesus, after living such a useless life. Will you pray for me, dear

friend, that I may get a double portion of the life-giving Spirit! How blessed it will be when we shall not have to complain any longer of a cold sinful heart, and when Christ's blessed face will never more be hidden from our view! I am often weary of this earth, but I am more weary of myself than of anything else. Ask Lizzy, with my love, if she can say, 'One thing I know, that where-as I was blind, now I see.'

"P——, September 17, 1844.

"I often long now *to be away*. Whenever I get the least glimpse of Jesus, everything else appears so poor, so vain; but I very seldom behold Him. I am generally in great heaviness; I don't understand it. J——'s text has been very sweet to me. It is sweet to think that Jesus *must* give the power to obey every command I give, — that when I say, 'Be strong,' I may rest assured He will make us strong. There was another blessed word I got to-day. 'Wait, I say, on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.' It is very blessed when you can, in some measure, plead His own pledged word and say, 'Thou hast said it, and therefore thou *wilt* do it.' Why do we find it so difficult to believe that God will do anything for us, when we know what He has already done? Oh, it is strange! He has given Jesus, and the greatest blessing we can now ask is as nothing in comparison. I feel as if He could not do such things for me, a poor sinner. — It were for my sake, I might despair, but you know it — not my vile name I plead with the Father — is His, whose 'name is as ointment poured forth;' it is

the sweet name of our sinless Jesus that I bring. Why, then, do I doubt? R. and I were in town last Sabbath, and heard Charles Brown all day; I was all Jesus together. I am very fond of him. I wish we could always go to hear him, for our own minister is so often prevented from preaching by illness. Jesus knows what our souls really need, and 'He will provide;' if Heavenly Father knoweth we need things for our perishing bodies, and has told us not to be careful, but all to Him, surely we may apply this to spiritual things which Jesus knows to be so much more needful. You must join us in praying, beloved one, that if we leave this place, we may be led where we shall hear one of His own people. . . . Could we but see God's loving design in all our trials, how we should praise Him! All His aim is the salvation of our precious souls, and His own glory therein; and should we not believe, though we cannot see as yet, that all is love, pure, unmixed, unmerited love! I am very much interested just now in ——. He is very ignorant about God and eternal things; he often says I cannot understand a thing; he seems not to know anything about God's dealings with the soul, or about the way of salvation. I had some interesting conversation some days with him about the gospel (O that he knew I!); when I, in my poor feeble way, tried to shew him what the gospel was, he said he did not understand me at all. How true it is, that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God! . . . Write soon, and tell me if you are happy in the love of Jesus."

"P——, September 27, 1844.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—This is the third time I have addressed you since I got your letter. . . . R. and I have just been calling on two of God's dear children (O how I love them all!—there is nothing like a *Christian*). There are a Mr and Mrs ——, very pious people, which is not often the case amongst the rich. They have taken a house here for a year, on purpose to do good; and he has a meeting every Sabbath evening. You must pray for a blessing on our intercourse, my own darling. . . . We met another child of Jesus to-day—how old, do you think? Ninety! ■■■ is a dear old body. We are to go and see her often. I sometimes think there are more of the Lord's hidden ones in this place than we think. Will you plead with us for a shower of ■■■ Spirit to give efficiency to this new means of grace? Without that he will labour in vain."

"P——, October 8, 1844.

"MY BELOVED J——,—This morning I felt a little happier than usual, and felt the Word come to me with some sweetness, when R. came into the room, and said, 'To-day's text is, "They shall sing in the ways of the Lord;"' and ■■■ seemed the very text I should have chosen. Would ■■■ not be sweet ■■■ we could always sing, sing praise, as 'the beloved M'Cheyne' says! He is singing now, and he will never cease, day nor night. Ah! ■■■ has no vile body of sin and death to damp his joy or to make him sing less sweetly: ■■■ sees Jesus, and he is *like Him*, and he needs no more to make his ■■■ run over throughout eternity.

"Do you ever feel this, that the bare thought of God makes a thrill of gladness to run through you? I often wonder if it is a right feeling to have, for I often damp my gladness when the thought comes across me, —but am I interested in Him? Do I feel grateful for what he has done? And I know I am not grateful as I should be at all; still I cannot help being happy when I think of Jesus, whatever becomes of me. Oh! won't it be blessed to see Him glorified as *He ought* to be? served without sin by all people? Won't it be sweet to see every one bowing at the name of Jesus? . . . One thing I know, I could not spend eternity away from Him. I would rather be absent from you for ever, dearly as I love you; but my heart is very deceitful, and I may be deceiving myself. How awful that would be! I am most afraid of my *feelings*, for they are naturally warm, and I may think that that is *grace*; but then it is not *natural*, alas! to love Jesus, and He alone, I think, can have taught me in any measure to do it." . . .

"October 25, 1844.

"MY FRIEND,—Your last letter made me very glad. I cannot bear when any of Christ's dear people are not rejoicing in Him. It is our own sin when we are not. The sun is always shining brightly, though our sins may raise up a cloud that hides Him from our view. Is it not wondrous love in Jesus, to choose you and me when many better than we are left out? I say, 'Why me, Lord? why me?' I am getting on very slowly, if at all, in the divine life.

How ashamed I should be if you saw my heart! yet Jesus knows all; but if I be indeed washed in His blood, He sees no spot even in me. Oh, I sometimes have such a happy feeling coming up in my heart when I think of Jesus! This has been a sweet verse to me often: 'They looked to Him and were lightened;' just as if whenever we felt sorrowful we thought of Jesus, and immediately were lightened. We have much to make us sorrowful here, but we shall never know sorrow in Immanuel's land. I shall be so glad to see you there. You will never come *there*, and tell me you are happy to-day! You will *always* be in His presence, and in that blessed presence is 'fulness of joy.' "

"P——, October 29, 1844.

"What a day we had on Sabbath! I can hardly write to you, I am so *very, very* happy. Will you praise Him for me, for He has indeed put 'a new song into my mouth.' I feel as if this were a world altogether; everything breathes *love, unutterable, wondrous* love. I think, if ever I tasted the joy that is *unspeakable* and full of glory, it was on that blessed day; and ever since, I cannot pray, I can only *praise*. And yet I cannot praise. Oh, help me! I seem to hear nothing but Jesus saying, 'I loved thee, and gave Myself for thee.' The truth about our precious Saviour is so new, so fresh, and so inexpressibly sweet, I wonder the whole world does not believe. Jesus is indeed *all*; and the Father is *satisfied* in Him, and with all who come by Him. Father seems to love me, because He loves His own well-beloved Son.

"D n't you remember how I was always saying that I did not know Jesus at all, and that I was sure I always went to the Father without Him? ~~Now~~ now, how different! Jesus is *all* to me. Oh! J——, is it indeed true? I can say, 'who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Oh, praise Him, praise! What can I do for His glory? I can do nothing but say, 'Here am I, Lord; *send me.*' It is so sweet to think ~~of~~ Jesus standing in my room and being my righteousness, my wisdom, and my strength! ~~I have~~ I *longed* for you on ~~the~~ ~~the~~ What have I been doing for three years? I never felt as I do now. Surely it is not a delusion! Satan often makes me afraid; but Jesus is mine, and he cannot hurt me now.

"Will you pray *much* for me just now? I am almost afraid of the state I am in; and I am so afraid of going back, and I am afraid of being uplifted; and, oh, pray that I may walk worthy of such a Saviour! I wish *very much* that you would write to me *very soon*, and tell me what I should do. I seem in a kind of dream.

"We heard Mr A. B. on the Saturday, and liked him very much. It was the same text he had for one of his table-services ~~the~~ Kelso—'If there be any consolation in Christ.' He said there is nothing so certain as that there is consolation in Christ. Mr Moody Stuart's text was Isaiah iv. 2, about Jesus being the Branch. It was what he said about that, that gave ~~me~~ such peace, and such sweet, sweet views of Jesus. He said, that the Father, as it were, tasted the fruit of the glorious branch, and that He said, '*It is enough, I am satisfied.*' Oh! darling, is there not peace in it? and

does it not make Jesus precious! O that He were more precious to me! . . . I need again, I am sure, to beg your pardon for such an egotistical letter; but I must tell you what the Lord has done for my soul. Good-night, my beloved; may Jesus ever be near you, and say to you, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee.' . . . I have such yearnings to be a real Christian; but it is difficult; the old man is very strong. . . . How soon the time will come when we shall never again have to complain that we are cold and lifeless! The minister at our table spoke about this text—'What! could ye not watch with me one hour?' He said it is but one short hour, and then we shall be in Immanuel's land. We have a great work to do, and oh, what a little time to do it in! 'Let us, therefore, not sleep as do others.' I should like if I could really live for eternity. Eternity is everything. I wish, with you, I could get deeper views of sin; but just now I can see nothing but that Jesus is perfect, and that He is all in all; and yet it is a sight of Jesus that shews us our sins. I know little of anything; but Jesus is my wisdom. Do you know, He seems a new Jesus to me; and yet He is not new. O to be kept from dishonouring Him! . . . I have written such a long letter, that I have hardly left myself time to speak of our district. O that Lizzy would really come to Jesus! Tell her from me that God is satisfied with His beloved Son, and that He requires nothing from her but just that she bring Jesus in her arms, and plead His name, and she is sure to be accepted. Don't think that I am so conceited as to pretend to tell you what to say to

her; but I want to send her a message, for I do love her. How I should like to accompany you on your rounds more! but I must follow you my poor prayers. I am much interested in your meeting; remember the sweet promise—'Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst.' May you see much fruit, beloved one!—Ever your loving friend."

— November 6, 1844.

"MY BELOVED J——,— . . . I feel how much grace I need present; there is so much of the world going amongst us, that it is very difficult to realise *unseen things*. I often find this line of a hymn coming into my mind—'O for a closer walk with God!' I am afraid of getting like those meant by the thorny ground hearers; so many earthly things come in to choke the Word. O for grace to be kept from falling! but 'He' to keep us from falling;' blessed be His holy name! I often wish I were safe in heaven; but that is sinful; He can keep me as safe in the wilderness as He in heaven, if I only *lean on Him*; and then I ought to wish to bring sinners to Him. O that I could!—what can I do? I long to be a living disciple, but I much fear I am a fruitless one. . . . I am not so happy as when I last wrote to you; but Jesus is still the same, and His work is as precious, and as sufficient in the Father's eyes, as it ever was. I must not depend on anything in such poor changeable creatures as we are; but when we do get a sight of Jesus, it is terrible to lose Him again. How blessed it will be

when we shall never for one moment have His face
from us!"

"November 22, 1844.

"MY BELOVED—,—We have only a few lines to write now, dear friend, and then we shall meet, never more to be separated, in that blessed place where we shall not need to write, for we shall see one another face to face. Perhaps we may have that joy once more even here, but, oh! everything here is alloyed. Even at the communion table we are reminded that we are still confined to this body of sin and death. I was, as you supposed, very happy at the table, and my joy flowed from a very blessed view the Lord gave me that Jesus had done *everything*, and that the Father was well pleased with him who come in the name of His dear Son. I cannot describe to you what I felt, but it seemed something I had never seen before; and oh! it was so sweet, and it made Jesus so very precious, and everything seemed to breathe love. It was a very wonderful time. I think many must have got a blessing that day. Jesus was evidently seated forth crucified in the midst of us; and He sat with us. 'The doors being shut, Jesus came in and said, Peace be unto you!' You say truly, the peace is not *ours*, and, therefore, we cannot impart it to another. It is His peace. Does He say, 'My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you'? O to be filled with this peace, 'which passeth understanding!' What a heaven be, when a drop of it is so sweet, so filling! This is heaven—this one sentence—'*So shall we ever be with the Lord.*' Don't you think so? I often wonder what sort of a place it

will be; **■** Jesus will be there; **■** *know He will*, and that is enough—that makes it heaven. His presence would make hell heaven, **■** think, but He is not there, and therefore it is *hell*. Should we not long to see **■** plucked out of the burning? **■** we not seek and pray that sinners may be saved from hell, and brought to heaven, where Jesus is? How little I care for souls! That often makes me fear **■** am no child of Jesus, for if I had His Spirit (if **■** have not his Spirit, I **■** none of His), should I not, like Him, weep over sinners? Pray that I may be like Him in this, and pray that **■** may be made useful wherever I am. I have *much* to do, I do not need to go and seek work; but I am idle, and slothful, and selfish. O that it could be said of me, ‘*She hath done what she could!*’

“What a sweet thought that is, that we are not our own! How happy we should be **■** we could always carry it about with us, and how *holy*, too, for we could not sin so often if we thought, ‘I belong to a holy God, and **■** Father loves to see His child becoming daily more like His dear Son, **■** Elder Brother.’ R. was saying yesterday that it was curious to notice how like people got **■** one another, when they **■** much together. That shows us that if we were more with Jesus, we should grow more like Him. ‘Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image.’ And then, think of this wonderful verse, and can you help bursting into a shout of joy?—‘*We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is!*’ No wonder that, when we are presented *faultless* before the presence of

His glory, it is with exceeding joy! Oh! how we yearn over a blind perishing world! Let us agree, dear friend, to pray particularly for missions at our Saturday meeting; and, oh! ask that I may be forgiven my awful neglect in this matter. R. sends this text: 'For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.'"

"P——, December 5, 1844.

"MY BELOVED J——,—How differently do I now feel from what I did when I wrote to you! My joy is all away now; but Jesus is still the same, and He still says, 'Look unto me and be ye saved;' 'I will in no wise cast out.' Blessed words! they have given peace to many a weary soul."

"December 11, 1844.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—You ask me if the friendship of Jesus is not worth having, even if terminated with this life. It is indeed; it is the only real enjoyment in this life to 'know Him,' and the more we know of Him the more we desire to know; yet I think we should be sorry to part with Jesus at death—don't you?—but, ah! if we are His, that will never be the case; death, which separates us from all else, only unites us to Jesus, never to part again! I am often much cast down just now; joy never lasts with me; I often feel constrained to say, 'I have no might against this great multitude that is come upon me, neither know I what to do, but mine eyes are unto Thee.' Do you remember what Jonah said?—'All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.' He was in great straits, yet he said,

'Yet will I look again towards Thy holy temple.' ■ whom can you and I go but to Him? 'He is a very present help in every time of trouble.' ■ is blessed when we can hope against hope, and, in spite of everything, cast ourselves on Him, and say, 'Thou hast said, him (any "him") that cometh unto me, I will ■ no wise cast out.' 'Oh! these words are a rock. They are an answer to Satan and to the world, and to the whole host of our enemies put together (and I believe these are not a few); they cannot answer these words, 'Him that cometh to Me'—the *Me* is such a sweet word—and then, 'In no wise.' I am very fond, too, of that part where Jesus says to the poor trembling woman, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' Oh! it is the frankness, the tender love of the pardon, that makes the command sweet, 'Go, and sin ■ more.' We find, then, that 'His commandments are not grievous.' I want to love Jesus more, but I cannot; will you ask Him to teach ■ to love Him? I am afraid often I am ■ one of His, but he says, 'Come, and I will in ■ wise cast out.' Oh! when shall I be any better? Do you ever feel like Jeremiah, who, I think ■ is, says, 'Thy words were good, and I did eat them'? They are just like food sometimes, and they give you such a holy boldness in pleading. I sometimes feel just as if Jesus were smiling on me, when I bring His own words to Him in prayer, and say, 'Lord, Thou hast said this, do as Thou hast said.' ■ wonder we are ever unhappy when we have always such a God to go to, and such exceeding great and precious promises to plead; but, oh! our desperate unbelief; it is this that spoils all.

"Lord, increase our faith"—should that not often be our prayer? R. and I are to be at a family meeting on Friday; will you ask, dear, that we may be there for His glory? and to-morrow week we are to be at the marriage of a dear friend of ours—a child of Jesus. You must remember us all on that day also. Give my love to dear old Lissy, and tell her Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' I love her soul much, but Jesus loves it far more. her choose Jesus this day, that she may serve Him."

"P——, January 25, 1845.

"It is curious that I really get more ignorant about spiritual things every day, instead of knowing more! But perhaps that is to humble me; perhaps God sees that even a little grace would make me proud. Alas! how I stand in my own light, and by my wickedness prevent even a loving God from filling me as full as He longs to do! How sweet it would be to kneel together once more! we must not quarrel with God's providence; its designs are as loving as the designs of His grace are; all is right on His part, only we are blind. O for a simple childlike faith;—to trust Him entirely, and to trust Him all times! May He give us both this grace! There is a very nice family here, that I have known for some time, a man and his wife, and some little children; very moral, but not pious; and I am very anxious to try to get up a little meeting at their house once a week. I mean to read a chapter, and, if God enables me, try to say a few words about some-times, and begin and end with prayer. I shall only

have one or two poor women besides the woman of the house. I have told the woman to have only one stranger the first day, in case my courage fail, but I may get more in time. I wish I saw how really weak I am, for then I should be obliged to lean on God. Will you ask this for me? I don't want you so much to ask that I may be able to speak, as that I may be humbled, and then there will be less danger of there being so much of myself in this thing; perhaps the best thing would be, that my mouth be shut, then I might plead with Him to speak. I know you won't forget me. I intend to go on the Wednesdays at three in the afternoon. Remember also our classes on the Sabbaths at four; for, now that it is getting lighter, we intend to take a class each. . . . I sometimes feel such a longing desire to be made of any use in this world; but then, again, I am damped when I remember how very unworthy I am; I can scarcely believe God will use me. Is it not wonderful that God works by such beings as I? that He does not say, 'Stand back, I can do without you'? And so I could; He does not need worms to aid Him in His mighty plans, but still he condescends to use us; and I wish he would use me, and make me willing to work. . . . How is Lizzy now? Is she born again yet? Tell her from me Christ says, 'Ye must be born again.'—Farewell (I hate the word), and believe me your loving friend."

"P——, January 28, 1845.

"My ——— FRIEND,—I ——— not have answered your welcome and kind letter quite so soon,

but that R. and I are very anxious that you should join with us in praying about a minister to this place, for they are, I think, just about settling; and, oh! we are so afraid lest ~~men~~ ~~men~~ should have the choosing, and not God. Oh! will you pray for us, dear Mrs H——? for it is a most important time this, so much depends on our getting a real man of God. And will you enlist *all* our praying friends on this behalf? ‘Pray for us’—that is all I seem able to say. I feel ■ is in God’s ■■■■■ ■ could not be in better; and I am sure He will hear the cry of His poor needy children in this place, and also the sorrows of Christless souls here, and send one whom He will own and bless. ■ is not so much on R.’s account and mine that we are so anxious, for we are but two, and there are so *many* here needy, like us; and there is much sorrow to us *individually*, connected with our getting a godly man here, because then ■ shall have to leave our dear, dear pastor,* who has fed us with the bread of life for two years now; and although we leave him to come to our church again, and to many advantages connected with having our church so near, still ■ must be painful to leave one we have liked so much. This is another proof that this is not *our* rest—it shows we are in the wilderness still. O that I were like a pilgrim! . . . I have been ill again with my side, and had to put six leeches on; ■ is not well yet, either. Pray that this pain may be sanctified. ■ troubles me most when I kneel, which makes ■ more a cross, as ■ always feel that ■ need all my strength

*She means Mr Robertson of Mansfield, in whose ministry she so much delighted.

have been reading *The Night of Weeping*, by Mr Bonar. I may have many instructors in Christ, but I have but one father, and he is my spiritual father. May his own God reward him.—Farewell, my very dear friend, and believe me ever yours affectionately in the love of the only lovely One, Jesus, God's dear Son, and our dear Saviour."

"January 31, 1845.

"MY DEAREST ———,—I dare say you will be thinking me very ungrateful for being so long in answering your two last letters, but I assure you I do not want of love, but want of time and want of spirituality that often prevents me writing when I would wish much to do it. I am not getting on in the life of God, I fear, and I am afraid of infecting you with my deadness. But oh! dear friend, it is my own sin if I do not get on; it is no want in Jesus. By the bye, I want to ask your prayers for one thing just now. R. and I are writing some more little hymns for a book, and I am very anxious that you should pray for us, that we may be enabled to write them, and that they may be blest to some souls; for, remember, God can bless the feeblest means; and be sure to tell no one about it. I would not have told you, but that I want your prayers; and, dear friend, remember our Sabbath classes also, and our tract giving; and when you write, tell me what you want us to ask for you particularly, and we will remember you at our Saturday meeting.

"Monday, 3d February.—Do you feel this, that when you are for any time with worldly people, you lose sight of spiritual things almost entirely? I feel this

very painfully, and I often ~~write~~ to R., who feels in the same way. How are we to live in the world, if one day with them puts us all back? And then I feel so guilty, as if Christ were angry with me; and when they speak about worldly things, and say, What is the harm of them? I begin to think there is not so much harm in them, and I cannot speak for Christ, or feel spiritually at all. I have been thinking a good deal to-night about poor old Limy. I ~~am~~ anxious about her, that she should come to Jesus, ~~if~~ she is not already His. Oh! tell her to delay no longer, but to come now, for 'all things are ready.' Tell ~~me~~ about her when you write. How I should like to see her again! and ~~be~~ beside her in her little room, reading the blessed Bible to her. ~~I~~ wonder if I shall ever do that again!"

"P—, February 10, 1845.

"MY VERY DEAR MRS H—,—It is indeed a sweet kind ~~of~~ love, the love of Christians to one another. I hope I am a Christian, and I am sure of this, that I dearly love all God's dear people. I am grieved to hear you have been suffering so much from your head. I wish I could bear the pain for you; but that would not do you any *real* good. ~~We~~ never get one pain too much to bear, for it is the hand of our *Elder Brother*—(what a thought, that He is really that!)—that applies every stroke, and He never does, and never will, afflict any of His children *willingly*. ~~It~~ is all for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness; and I am sure ~~He~~ is worth suffering anything, in order to attain to such a glorious and. ~~and~~

then, is it not written that it is a *light* affliction, and that it is but for a *moment*? And then the 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' ■ that the end were indeed come! ■ am afraid, dear friend, that I am too impatient. ■ would be right if I longed to be with Jesus, but I fear it is more a feeling that then I shall be done with sorrow. . . . The furnace He often puts us in in, I humbly trust, purging away our dross, and oh! not one particle of the pure gold, if there be indeed any, will be lost. Jesus is sitting watching the furnace; may He be with us in it! ■ that we may come forth as gold, prepared and fitted for the Master's use! I am sometimes, indeed always, cast down by seeing in me no growing likeness to Him—no fruit of my trials; and they are pretty severe. Is it not strange? Surely ■ must be more than usually earthly. Jesus has more trouble with me (if I may use the expression) than any one of His children. How kind it is in Him to have anything to do with me at all! I think I may say—

'And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.'

'Blessed be the Lord, who *daily* loadeth us with benefits.' We were yesterday once more permitted to sit down at the Lord's table, and remember His dying, yet never-dying love; and a wonderful day we had. Jesus was evidently in the midst of us. ■ was very solemn and very sweet. . . . How slow I am to learn that *all my* strength, *all my* righteousness, and *all my* holiness, in short, that everything ■ have, is in God! but I feel ■ is teaching me step by step. I am indeed a very *bab*e,

but He will, *I know*, He will teach me all I ought to — And I just feel willing to be in His hands, and say, 'Lord, do Thou undertake for me, do Thou perfect Thy strength in my weakness, do Thou make me all Thou wouldst have me to be.' I am not my own, I am His, and has He not a right to do as He will with His own? Yes, He has; and can we not trust Him? I am a poor helpless worm. Isn't it a glorious life a Christian's? Oh, — is!—God's glory. — strength he has!—God's strength. What a Saviour he has!—God's dear Son. — servants he has!—angels. What a work his!—winning sinners to God. What a home he is looking forward to!—God's house. And what a portion he has!—*God himself*. And is all this yours and mine? Our song should indeed be loud and sweet even here. But oh, how loud, how sweet, will it be in heaven! 'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.' Christians should sing so loud, that the world would hear them, and perhaps they might feel a longing to learn such a sweet song too. If we were always shewing forth the beauty of our God and King, they might be led to say, 'Whither is thy Beloved gone, that we may seek Him with thee?' What do we more than others in shewing forth His praise?"

" *February 17, 1845.*

" MY DEAREST —, — I am quite well now. - ● — I could spend my strength in Christ's service! I am an awful sinner, and I am often afraid I am too bad ever to get to heaven; but it is very wrong to think in that

way, for Jesus says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' Yet it is very difficult, when you see your sin, to believe that Jesus still loves you. I know this is pride, abominable pride. The true humility is to consent to be saved just as a sinner. Dear friend, I feel very sorrowful to-night on account of my sins against such a loving Saviour. I just think I have no right to speak about Him at all. O that I could hear Him say, 'I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins!' Don't you find that it is an *evil* and a *bitter* thing to sin against God? Whether do you see more of its *evil* or of its *bitter* nature? I am often troubled in confessing sin, by finding that I feel more the *pain* it gives myself than the dishonour done to God. Do you feel this? It is right to feel sin painful, and I wish I felt more so, but we should think more of its dishonouring and grieving God. I do earnestly long to be a *real living* Christian, it is so sad to be only half alive. I think you and I should agree not to rest satisfied with a low state of grace. Let us pray for one another, and stir one another up in our letters. I fear I shall only do you harm, I am so utterly unlike one who has been made alive."

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Jesus has been teaching me many lessons lately; it should make me very humble to think how many chastenings I need; but I deeply feel I do need them, I have never had a pain too much; no, 'He doth not afflict willingly;' it is all for my profit, 'that I may be partaker of His holi-

O that I saw more of ■ in me! Any trial, however severe, is blessed if it leads you closer ■ Jesus, and shows you more of His heart, which is all love together; and, as you say, it is very sweet to have Him dealing with us in any way. I have been much drawn to prayer for my dear parents since I have been ill; perhaps God has laid me low for this reason among others, that being so much with them, and witnessing their tender care of me, I may be led to feel for their souls. Dear friend, will you ask that my poor prayers may be answered, and ■ weak efforts blest to these precious souls?"

"P—, February 28, ■

. . . . "O the precious soul! what can you give ■ exchange for it? How trifling all our earthly concerns often seem to me! I sometimes wonder when I see grave and learned men taken up with what seems so childish in comparison with eternity. How strange, that God should choose the weak things of this world! ■ sometimes staggers me, and makes me unbelieving; but that is because I am so blind and foolish. . . . I am often very unbelieving about them all, for none of them are beginning to care, as far as we can see; but still we must pray on, and never cease till our breath goes, and our praising days begin, never to end. O for a praying heart! I was thinking to-day how sweet it would be if all my members were employed in His service. I should like if my tongue were always employed in commending Him, my eyes to behold no face but His, my ears to hear no voice but His, my feet to go on ■ errands but His, my hands to be employed in no

work but His, and my heart filled with Himself. ■ how contrary to this is my real state! May I be humbled on account of my shortcomings."

— ■ ■ ■ S.

"I want to tell you what a sweet time I had this morning in praying for your family and mine, for I think we should encourage one another by telling when God seems to be saying, 'Pray without ceasing; ask, and ye shall receive.' What a mighty weapon prayer is! ■ wonder, when it moves the arm that ■ the world. I cannot tell you how sweet it was to bring them all to His dear feet, and to say, 'Lord, they are even ■ dead, but lay Thy hand upon them, and they *shall* live.' Do not cease to wrestle, and ask that I may be taught, too, to pray, and *we shall prevail*. I know we shall. It is for His glory, and will ■ not glorify Him- ■ And then, why are they all alive now? Does not that very fact seem to have a voice, and to say to us, that our very hearts may leap for joy, 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in their death, but rather that they should turn and live'? ■ has not out them down, because He is so anxious ■ save them. I don't much mind though we are not the instruments. He will employ those who will bring most glory to Him; and is not that enough? It is sweet to *roll* ourselves on the Lord, and to say, 'I know that Thou wilt do all things *well*.' ■ wish I could *praise* Him, but I haven't a heart to do so. I am so cold, so selfish; I seem to ■ everything as my right. But He *will* teach me, He will humble me, and ■ am just glad to

lay myself at His feet, and say, 'That which I know not, teach Thou me.' I feel as if I had just begun to ——— I cannot say the A B C in the divine life yet. We have had no more battles since ■ last wrote; ■ is curious I never feel as if we were going on right when they are all kind. I am afraid lest we be trying to avoid the cross; but the best way is to seek humbly and prayerfully to do our duty as far as we see ■ to be God's way, and to leave all consequences to Him. ■ wish I could 'cease from my own wisdom.' I had a sweet dream last night. ■ thought I had gone to Kelso to spend the day, and we had such a sweet time together; it was more like heaven than anything here; for there seemed to be no sin in anything we did, or that was going on around us. All seemed to breathe such a quiet sweet air: the only sorrowful thing was, that Mrs H—— was very ill. I thought she was entirely confined to bed; yet she, too, seemed so sweet and happy. I often wonder if we ever can learn anything from dreams. It is sweet to think ■ heaven, with its quiet green pastures, and its still waters, and its 'Lamb as ■ had been slain,' is no dream. No! It is the greatest reality there is. The love of Jesus is no dream. ■ is too often but as a dream to me. ■ for more faith! All my cry just now is for faith, strong faith, giving glory to God.

■ Mr ——— seems to me to be wrong in making so many Christians think they should not go to the Lord's table. At the last communion, some of them did not go forward, even some of his elders. I got frightened when I think of ■ going, and so many of His people stay-

ing away ; but still I just cling to this, that it is not as God looks at, but Jesus. He says of Him, ' This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' ~~Then~~ should we do without Him to hide in ? It is a sad world this ; how few care for Jesus, and how different His own people are from what they ought to be ! At least I know I am. . . . It is a blessing it is ~~an~~ sin to be poor. Jesus was poor, ~~and~~ had not where to lay His ~~head~~ . . . Do you still take from eight till nine on the Saturday nights ? for that is my hour with B——. You will get this as you go to the Tuesday meeting. It is curious, I often am happy on Tuesdays in prayer in the morning, and then I recollect that you are all meeting together at our Father's throne ; and I think perhaps you have been remembering poor me, and I is a sweet thought. I have communion with you in that way. Farewell, my beloved friend. Here is a verse for you — ' God is love.' ~~I~~ that we could enter into it ! God is love, and He is love to me ; nothing but love, infinite, undeserved, unending love. ' His nature and His name is Love.' What a God we have ! What short returns do we make ! Alas for me ! I love but little in return."

" P——, March 26, 1845.

" MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Nothing for a long time has given me such delight, as hearing that we are perhaps soon to meet ; that will indeed be a happy moment. I wish it were come. I have been twice laid up since I got your last letter, or I should have answered ~~you~~ sooner. I do wish these illnesses were improved by me. I had a sore throat which ended in one of ~~my~~ usual fainting fits.

I have been thinking it must be for some end that I am so often tried, though my illnesses are alight, and I feel so anxious they should answer the very end for which they are sent. Oh! pray that they may. God seems to be shewing me ~~my~~ heart at present, and it makes me very miserable to see it, for I think He cannot look upon such a vile wretch as I, for I am really that. Don't you sometimes ~~feel~~ ashamed and grieved, to be always going to God, and saying, 'Lord, I have sinned'? I felt that very much to-day. I am *always* grieving my kindest Friend, and He is *always* forgiving me, and I can scarcely stand it ~~in~~ times, ~~it~~ so wonderful. Why does ~~He~~ love me? I cannot tell. I shall know, when I get to glory, all about it; but in the meantime, I wish I could sin less. Oh! if I could be only one hour without sinning, how glad I should be! But this should make Jesus more precious. O that ~~it~~ may! I had a wonderful time at prayer in bed this morning. Jesus' love seemed indeed to pass all knowledge. I thought He said to me, 'Thou art all fair, my love.' I cannot describe the sweetness of ~~His~~ words, 'my love.' Don't you feel that you would be ashamed to speak of God's loving you, if ~~He~~ were not in His Son? Ah! that's the glory of it all! But why do I speak of it? What do I know? I sometimes think I should give up speaking or writing about it at all, I am so mean, so vile. O for a *clean heart*!"

"P—, March 1845.

"I long ardently to be *away*, to know something of that love which passeth knowledge, for here I do indeed

see through a glass darkly, but then it will be *face to face*. What a thought! I think that will be 'the exceeding weight of glory' spoken of, seeing Him who is '*altogether lovely*.' O to live a more heavenly life on earth! I often fear I am on the broad road yet, I am so unlike one who is but a stranger and pilgrim here. Is it not strange I don't get more assurance? My dear friend, I fear you will think me too egotistical, but the reason is, that when I quit my vile self, which I am always so glad to do, and speak of Jesus and all the glorious things of another and a better world, something within me seems to check me and say, 'You are a hypocrite; you have neither part nor lot in this matter;' and I fear it is too

But I won't vex you with my sinful doubts, only, when you write, ask that God would give you a word in season to a weary soul. . . . I should like to have a talk with — again about our Elder Brother. What a thought, that Jesus wears, and will for ever wear, our

There is none like Jesus! What a precious privilege, to be allowed at any time, and at all times, to pour out our hearts before Him! It is often a relief to me just to kneel down and say, 'Lord, I thank Thee that Thou art;' O that I could add, that Thou art mine! Should I never get any more from Him than I have already got, I have matter for praise through all eternity. I deserve nothing, and if I do get to heaven at last, I think I shall be the greatest wonder of mercy there; I shall have the lowest place; I think I should be ashamed to see myself in any other. There is one man I am very anxious about here, will you remember him! I spoke to him the other day about his soul,

and he seems anxious, but he has strange views, and won't go to any church ; however, I have got him persuaded to go next Sabbath. Poor man, a woman next door tells me he is so miserable sometimes, that he often comes to her house, and, without saying a word, seizes hold of her Bible, and reads a verse, then stands thinking over it, then goes away again. He said to me with a kind of despairing feeling, that he thought of joining the Unitarians, who deny that Jesus is God. He asked me to go to see him again to-day. O that Jesus would speak by me !"

" April 1.

" My BELOVED J——,—I have not been well enough to finish this till now, but I am quite well now. I that all my pain may be sanctified ! I despair of ever getting any better. I wish I could see myself complete in Jesus. I am ashamed when I think of what I am, so proud, so vain, so foolish, and self-willed. All I want is, that Jesus should be glorified by me, and then it matters little what man thinks of me ; but my fear is, that I dishonour Him.

" Sometimes eternal things seem so real, so important, that I gaze with wonder to see so many never thinking of them at all. I wonder they do not feel as I do, and I wonder I feel so little. It is a strange life this, but it is a glorious one, and the end of it is glory. 'His rest shall be glory' (Is. xi. 10, margin).

" I have sweet news to tell you about our congregation at M——. R. and I have been feeling for some time a great desire for a revival amongst us, and your

letter about Jedburgh made us doubly anxious, and ■■■ thought what a delightful thing it would be if we could get all the praying members to fix an hour for us all to plead for it. We spoke to ■ dear Christian, who joined in ■■■ plan with all her heart; ■■■ ■■■ introduced ■■ to ■■■ more ■■■■■ in the congregation, who have agreed too, and she is to speak to all the other female members, so that we shall soon, I trust, be praying ■■ the same hour for precious Jesus to ■■■■ into ■■■ ■■■■ of His enemies amongst us, and win them to Himself, and draw His own closer. One is Mrs D——, and she seems just like the dear one of the same name in Kelso. She said she had been long wishing it, and was so struck when Mrs W. spoke to her about it. . . .

■■■■ our separate meeting, ■■ are to have ■ monthly meeting at Mrs D——'s house at three o'clock the first Friday of every month; so you will remember us on Friday, ■■ first meeting: eight of ■■ have also fixed ■■ hour for prayer, ■■ six in the morning every Monday and Friday. ■■ ■■■ ■■ first, ■■ Monday, and ■■■ very sweet to have such ■ quiet morning hour. Our dear minister is very wonderfully quickened just now, so that we all feel there is the greater call for us to pray for a blessing, when God is so anxious to bless, as He shows He is, by stirring His servant up to such earnestness in seeking to win souls. O that we saw many seeking Jesus! I trust R. ■■■ ■■■■ get great good from our monthly meetings with such Christians. How much my poor soul needs it! I feel very humbled in the midst of them."

— April 18, 1845.

"I am at this moment alone here. They are all in E——. I wish I could spend the day with God. ■■■ I should improve a quiet time like this; but oh! ■■■ weary sin; the 'old man' is still very strong in me. I cannot tell you the longings I have to be done with this body of death, and to have a body like unto ■■■ glorious body. O for the time

'When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own!'

"We met a dear old Christian the other day, past ninety! and she was always singing—

'Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Dearly I'm constrain'd to be!'

She has begun the chief note in the ■■■ song even here."

— Edinburgh, May 1845.

"■■■ DARLING R——,—I have been constantly thinking of you since you went away, and wishing you ■■■ back; and oh! I do wish we were both ■■■ our Father's house in heaven, for this is a dreary, and world!

"I have been reading some of ■■■ Baker's letters, and ■■■ remark he makes I liked very much. He says, 'You must go to Jesus for those things which we are very apt to think we must bring to Him, such as deep repentance, love to Him, delight in God,' &c. It is a difficult thing to be a real Christian; and I think ■■■ is so difficult, just because we are so proud, and have so little simplicity. We won't learn of God; we often want to teach ourselves, or ■■■ learn of God but in our own way.

"I am ~~up~~ to-day, and much better, though the pain is not yet away. It is sweet to know that I am in a Father's hands, and that every pain will work together for my eternal good; but as yet, I see no effect of my many illnesses in making me more holy; I am no better than I was. Oh, pray that Jesus would draw near, and draw me near to Him, and make me holy as He is holy, and *because* He is holy! It is sweet to me ~~■~~ times to think of Him as *my Elder Brother*; it brings Him so near to ourselves. You and I shall never regret our choice in taking Jesus to be our Saviour, our all ~~■~~ all; and yet it is not we who chose Him. He says, 'Ye have not chosen me, but *I have chosen you.*' ~~■~~ ~~■~~ ~~■~~ holy ~~■~~ for choosing such a creature ~~■~~ I!— and I am so glad He has chosen you too! Let us give Him ~~■~~ ~~■~~ ~~■~~ ~~■~~ gather us all into His fold.

"When you see my old —, tell her to pray for me that Jesus would give me the victory over Satan, who has long tried me with a sore temptation. I could not explain it to any human being, but He knows it all. O for faith to trust Him! What do you think of old Lizzy? Tell her from me to beware of resting short of Christ. Perhaps God has sent you to speak the word to her that will be blest; Jesus walked till He was weary just to convert one soul.

"We are thinking of letting our house, and going to some country place, and I want that you and I should pray about it, for it is of importance what minister we all hear for two months. We are told, 'In ~~■~~ your ways acknowledge Him, and *He will* direct your path.' I do love you, and am glad that we shall spend *eternity*

together. May Jesus shine on you for ever!—Your own loving
“ M——,

“ P.S.—Mr Robertson preached on Sabbath, and I must give you one sentence from his sermon, as it suits you and me so exactly. ■ was this: ‘It would not be ■ for you to ■ without sorrow, ■ you ■ without sin. God must have the whole heart, and it must come to this at last, that you cry, None but Christ, none ■ Christ! and oh! if the loss of a creature draws you closer and closer to Jesus, can you then say, ‘All these things are against me!’”

“ P——, June 7, 1845.

“ Oh! Jesus ■ truly ‘Wonderful!’ I sometimes think, Well, I ■ trust Him, let Satan and my own evil heart say what they like. Oh, that we should for one moment distrust Him,—that we should not place ■ confidence in Him! He is worthy, yes, He is worthy! He is a *faithful* God; we shall be more than satisfied ■ day ■ ■ ■ dealings with us, ■ poor, weak, guilty children, ■ right, and that they ■ spoke ■ one language, and that love. O for a praising heart!”

—, June 1845.

“ MY DARLING R.,—I have been seeing little Helen, and she is very ill. She has no decided complaint, but just seems wasting away, as many of the poor children here do. I scarcely knew her again, she is so thin and altered; but oh, she is patient and sweet! I ■ hope she is one of Christ’s lambs. You must not forget to pray for her, and ask that I may have a message for her every time I go. She is very fond of the Testament,

and even sleeps with it ! She says she loves ■ *because it speaks about Jesus.*

"I ■■■ tell you a very striking and sweet answer to prayer which I had yesterday with regard to her. As I was returning home, after having seen her, I kept saying to myself, 'Oh ! if I could only afford to pay a doctor for visiting her !' for Mrs P—— does not like to send for a doctor, when she is not able to pay him. Well, I asked God just at the moment to send me some money, if it ■■■ for His glory : and when I got home, ■■■■ ■■ to me, 'I ■■■ R. some money when ■■■■ away ; here ■ the same for you.' Was it not very striking ! Could we really learn to trust God, I believe ■■ should get many ■■■■ as wonderfully answered ; and my prayer was so unbelieving too, for I really did not expect to get it so soon answered.

"I had a sweet time this morning, in feeling my *utter helplessness*, and lying at Jesus' feet, ■ His disposal, and telling Him that He knows that without Him I can do *nothing* ; and that therefore He *must* help me. Oh ! He seemed sweet, sweet ! When I can get a glance at Christ, I could give up *anything*.

"I had a talk with ——— this morning. It began about our many trials, and in speaking to her about having Christ, and the certainty that He would never forsake me, but enable me to bear all trials in ■■■ strength, I got great comfort to my ■■ soul. I *said* these things ■ first, rather than *felt* it ; but as I went on telling her many sweet texts, they ■■■ with power to ■■ soul, and I felt in a small degree that Jesus would really keep you and me, and enable us to glorify

before them all. I went to see dear M—— yesterday. She is very feeble now, and dark in her soul; but she said one sweet thing—"Oh! if I only had *strong faith*! I must just creep in at her feet, surely her precious blood that has washed thousands can wash me!"

"Dear little Thomas has departed, I trust to be with Christ, which is *far better*. He died during the night on Tuesday. The last text I gave him was, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' His mother said he often slept on that text. He sleeps in Jesus now, and how sweet his slumbers are!

"How are you getting on? I am grieved to hear that you do not feel our Beloved near; but He is near nevertheless. He says, 'Lo, I am with you *always*.' I went to Mr Drummond's lecture yesterday, and was greatly refreshed. In speaking of the trials of God's children, he said, 'Jesus was watching the furnace, *longing* for the time to bring them out. He does not *afflict* willingly, but *relieves* willingly.' He is trying your faith and mine, dearest, that it may come forth as gold. Mr McCheyne, in one of his lovely letters, says, 'The way to be saved is to know the heart of God and of Christ; see John xvii. 3. If you only knew that heart, you would lay your weary head with John on His bosom. For one look at yourself, take *ten* looks at Christ. Look at Rom. xv. 13. You are looking for peace in striving, or peace in duties, or peace in reforming your mind; but ah! look at His Word, "The God of hope give you with all peace and joy in believing."

All your peace is to be found in believing God's Word about His Son. If for a moment you forget your own case *altogether*, and meditate on the glorious way of salvation by *Christ for us*, does your bosom never glow with a ray of peace? *Keep that peace; it is joy in believing.* Look as straight at Christ as you sometimes do at the rising or setting sun. Look direct to Christ.' Is not that fine? I do think that when we get to heaven (wonderful! but not more wonderful than God giving us Jesus), we shall be amazed at the simplicity of what it is to look to Jesus. Let us look, and never mind our own feelings at all. Don't you feel lighter even in thinking about it? I do. I think I go wrong in looking for the *effects* believing must have, instead of looking and trusting. If I were to look and trust, I *could not help growing*. Remember, 'the everlasting arms' are always underneath, so that, however low we may fall, they are still beneath us, and in His own time He will raise us up.

"Good-bye. I wish you were back again, I long so for you. May Jesus be with us both, and say, 'Peace be unto you.' A smile from Him is worth a world. Once more, good night.—Your

"2 Cor. v. 7."

"M—."

"E—, July 8, 1845.

"Can you believe that our dear Mr Hay has really left this sad world? It is sweet to think he is in glory! but it is a sad trial to those that are left. My heart bleeds for his poor —. May the Lord be her husband! . . . Mrs A— has gone to Jesus; she died the same

day as Mr ——. Be sure, when you write, to tell me all about his death. How strange ■ sounds to say that word in connexion with him! Tell dear —— I long to write to her, but that I am so poorly, and so utterly downcast in soul, that I have no heart ■ do it. I am afraid it is sinful to be so sad and cast down about anything; I should think more of what a dear minister ■ said, 'Whoever goes, Jesus stays; whoever dies, Jesus lives!' The Lord liveth."

"P——, August 4, 1845.

"MY BELOVED J——,—He is infinitely worthy to ■ trusted. I am ashamed when I think of all my per- ■ and ingratitude! Surely, I ■ trust if any should; for, oh! he has been a kind Master to me. I often wonder how He can be so gracious and loving to me, when He knows how ungrateful I shall be to Him; but 'He is God and not man.' It is a very blessed thought, that every trial is to make us more holy, and that all things ■ work together for ■ good; but I do not think I am growing in holiness ■ all. I do not profit as I ought under the trials He ■ ■ It makes me very grieved often to think how very little I am the better for all His chastenings; it is terrible to come out of the furnace ■ purified. Will you pray for me, dearest, that *not one* trial may be unimproved by me? . . . We went to visit the grave of ■ beloved friend. . . . I can scarcely believe ■ is really gone; I never felt ■ death so much. I feel as if the world had got ■ darker hue since he left it. Can you believe ■ is really away? 'He has seen ■

M'Cheyne now,' and he has seen *Paul* and *John*, and, above all, he has seen *Jesus*! We should not wish him back from such a sight as that. Everything ~~is~~ to us, 'This is not your rest.' ~~It~~ ~~must~~ arise from ~~the~~ dust, and raise our *whole* souls to eternal realities. We must set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Don't we profess to call *Jesus* ~~our~~ treasure? then let our hearts be where our treasure is, and that is in heaven. ~~We~~ need many a lesson before ~~we~~ become obedient children; but, ~~though~~ ~~in~~ ~~His~~ name, though ~~we~~ weary of His correction, He does not weary of correcting us; and well for us He does not. What should we do if ~~He~~ said of us, 'They are joined to their idols, *let them alone*'? Anything but that, would you not say? We ~~shall~~ thank Him for them all one day, and say, 'I know that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.' Will you pray also for our Sabbath classes? I feel very much how unfit I am to be a teacher—unfit in every way—and I am ~~am~~ grieved when I see none of my scholars turning to *Jesus*. . . . — would ~~we~~ dear Mr Hay's death much. How strange it sounds—*dead*! Ah! well, 'it is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.'"

"August 12, 1845.

"~~My~~ DEAREST FRIEND,—I have been thinking much lately of living to God's glory. Do you remember ~~the~~ verse which says, 'This people have I formed for myself, they shall shew forth my praise'? ~~It~~ is not *our* praise ~~we~~ are to shew forth, but *God's*; we are not to seek great things for ourselves, we are to seek *God's*

glory *supremely*; and that is what I fail in so much—I *myself* terribly. I have been praying a great deal for a single eye; it is so very sinful to be seeking or wishing our *own* glory *or* happiness instead *of* God's glory; *our* happiness should be in glorifying God. What a sweet heavenly life we should lead, if we thought only of God's glory, and forgot *ourselves*! If God's will were ours, *our* will would not be so often crossed. But this is hard to flesh and blood: *for* God, it *is* not impossible, for 'with *God* *nothing* is impossible,' and He is able to subdue *our* stubborn wills to His. What holy peace *we* should enjoy if we would just lie at His feet, and say, 'Lord, do *what* seemeth good unto Thee!' I don't understand God's way with *me* at present, but I know it is all right, and if I do not *understand* it clearly now, I shall *some* day say, 'He hath done all *things* well.' What about old Lizzy? *Has* she found Jesus yet? Tell me about her when you write, and *do* write soon. I am grieved, dear friend, you have *so* many troubles. 'Look unto Jesus,' *and* *cast* them *all* upon Him, and He *will* sustain you. Think of this sweet verse—I think it *is* almost my favourite of all in the Bible—'They looked to Him, and *were* lightened.' We cannot look at Jesus and *be* heavy-hearted any more, at least *while* we *are* looking. As you say, if we realised more of His presence, *we* should not be *so* often troubled."

"P——, August 18, 1845.

"Pray that God may send you here if it be for His glory. I trust I should not wish even you here if it

is only when we see Him as *He is* that we shall be like Him.

"Salvation would be to me no ■■■■■ ■ all, if holiness were not included. Jesus does fulfil His precious promise that sin shall not have dominion over ■■■ people, but if it does not reign, it rages terribly in me. ■■■ ■■■■■ said yesterday, in ■■■ ■■■■■ 'God's answer to all our *hard* thoughts of Him is, I have given you my Son; and ■■■ ■■■■■ to all ■■■ *high* thoughts is, Ye have crucified my Son.' What delighted me ■■■■ in the sermon was this, that when ■■■ come to Jesus, He made us holy as well as forgave us; and the very thought of being made holy seemed to me so sweet, that I could scarcely bear the joy it gave me. How kind and how lovely Jesus seemed ■■■ my *Sanctifier*! I think I said to Him from my heart, 'Yea, mine own God art thou!' I ■■■ very happy all Saturday ■■■ during church on Sabbath, but ■ have been sinning very much since then, and Jesus is not so near, nor so sweet. Ah! ■■■■ shews ■■■ is a holy Saviour, for He turns away from the least sin.

"I often notice how soon and how terribly I sin after a time of joy. How ungrateful that is!—how black sin is then! Ah! ■ see I need grace for joy as well as grace for ■■■■■ ■■■■■ a blessed thing ■ would be if ■ had no *idols*, if we had ■ aim, no desire but to glorify Jesus and to do His holy will! But *self* comes in, and many other idols—at least *I* find it so; I seek great things for myself. Do you ■■■ ■■■■ cult to be willing, *really willing*, to be *always* ■■■■■ and laid low, and to see that you are utterly worth

low and despicable, and that it is only on account of another that God can have anything to do with you! I sometimes find ■ very sweet, but ■ other times my pride rises, and I am unwilling to be *always* in the dust—*always nothing*. What a warfare it is! I am often 'faint,' yet God, my 'wonderful' God, keeps me ■ 'pursuing;' and, oh! I trust, since He has begun the good work in me, He will not leave it off till it is *finished*—till I, even I, am 'faultless before the throne.' O to be there! and to see you there, my most beloved, 'without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing,' and join with you in the sweet, ■ song, 'Worthy,' ■ 'worthy is the Lamb ■ was slain for us!' I shall see you clothed in His beauty, and glorify God in you. ■ will be *all Jesus* there. No self, no sin, ■ idols, but Jesus will be all in all. 'Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' I wish I could see you face to face, that I might speak of the Lord's dealings with ■ poor soul, for they have been very wonderful lately. ■ don't know when ■ will be, but I ■ quite ■ ■ ■ permit us to meet in His own time, and when it will be more for His glory; and it would not be ■ sweet meeting if any other hand than our Father's brought us together. I have been going ■ frowardly in my ■ way lately, but God has most graciously shewn me my wickedness, and has brought ■ back in some degree to Himself, and made me more willing to ■, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' I had been thinking that such and such a thing would make me happy, and I sought ■ in spite of God. What a sinner I have been, and am I but He has ■ taken away the

idol—He has made ■ bitter to me ; and now I see His way is the best, and the *happiest* too ; and, dearest, will you pray for me, that I may not be allowed to take my own way any more in anything ? Are not these wonderful words ?—‘Thou ■ played the harlot with many lovers, yet return unto me, saith the Lord.’ God’s way is so much the best in everything, I am *determined*, in His strength, to trust Him for everything. He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Let us trust Him when ■ cannot see plainly the love of His dealings with us, and we shall see ■ in His own time—if not here, yet *yonder*. Our path in life may be a solitary, and a painful, and a trying one in many ways—we may be despised and overlooked, *but He* will never forsake us, nor withhold *one* good thing from us ; and all these things will most assuredly be for the good of our souls. Then let us sing—

‘The way may be rough, but it cannot be long.
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror’s song !’

I speak in this way to you because I want you to praise Him for me, and to pray that I may have grace given me to trust Him to the end. ■ that I saw *all* ■ love seeking this gracious One ! I am not hopeful about — just now, which is strange, when I ■ I can trust Him more about myself ; but I see no signs of life yet. Perhaps God’s time has not come ; ■ must continue to pray, and ‘hope against hope.’ We ■ very anxious about dear — just now, but he seems to *hate* when we mention the subject. O that Jesus would reveal Himself to him, and he could not help running after Him !”

October 6, 1845.

"I am to be busy this week giving tracts. Pray for a blessing on them, and that I may have an open door to speak to many souls. I intend to go and get a quickening from ——. I am glad to say that at present I have more desire to stay here and win souls to Jesus than to be away. Mr Robertson spoke of that yesterday, and said that we should not desire *perfect rest* till we had served God all we could here. I am going to-morrow to see the old man at N——. Give words for me, and the blessed Spirit to carry home the sweet message of mercy to that soul. How sweet the sound of a free salvation is when you feel that you are the chief of sinners!"

October 15, 1845.

... "We had a nice day yesterday. I did not get much from man; but I had a sweet time at the table. At first it was mingled; a painful sense of *sin against love*—and a sense of the love of Jesus, too; but in a little while I cannot tell you what a sweet, calm, happy feeling of *peace* came over my whole heart. I felt that Jesus had come near, and that He loved even me; and I tried not to think of my wretched self, and gave myself up to the blessedness of being the Lord's. I was almost afraid to breathe, lest I should all go away."

October 25, 1845.

... "There is but one who can give even a drop of comfort at a time like this, and to His effectual sym-

pathy ■■■ tender love ■ have been unceasingly ■■■ mending you ; and I do feel persuaded He is *very* near you. O ■■■ he may say to your very heart—' *It is I, ■■■ afraid !*' I pray that you may ■■■ love, divine, holy love, in this stroke ; and oh, may ■■■ 'exceeding great ■■■ precious promises' be more precious to you now than ever ! Mr A. Bonar said in his sermon—'The Father's bosom ■■■ the shore to which Jesus always ■■■ in all his temptations.' He left that bosom to win for poor sinners the ■■■ of glory ; and, now that He has gone back, He tells ■■■ that we, too, may find a refuge there ; for that *is Him, His God is ■■■ God, and His Father ■■■ Father.* . . . We cannot but weep at such a time, and Jesus wishes ■■■ to weep. He wept himself at the grave of Mary and Martha's brother, and He has the same heart still. Farewell, my beloved friend. I commend you to Him who can bind up the broken heart and heal *all* those wounds.—And, praying that you may grow much in the knowledge of Jesus, I ■■■ your very attached friend."

"P—, October 30, 1845.

. . . . "My beloved J—, night and day you are in my thoughts. I have, indeed, been in the furnace with you ; but what good will that do you? None. ■■■ there ■ One with you who ■■■ and will comfort and ■■■ you. One ■■■ unto the Son of Man is *very* ■■■ you. . . . 'He doth not afflict willingly ;' and 'in *all* your afflictions He is afflicted.' He ■■■ our ■■■ Head, and ■■■ feels when any of ■■■ ■■■ bers are touched. 'He ■■■ toucheth you toucheth

the apple of His eye.' . . . The other day I heard just as ■ were a voice in my heart, saying, 'Do not grieve, it is I who am smiting her, and ■ is for her eternal profit.' ■ cannot tell you how ■ comforted me. It was Jesus who had drawn near, and said, 'O thou of ■ faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? Thy friend is safe, for my hand holds the rod.' . . . In a few short years we shall be in Immanuel's land. One tie less to earth is another tie to heaven. You will feel ■ more a wilderness ■ than ever; and don't you remember what Mr M'Cheyne said?—'Christ ■ never so precious as when the world is one vast howling wilderness.' "I will allure her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably to her, to her heart." . . . I wish I could write something that would comfort you, my own friend, but I am but a broken cistern; but Jesus is a full fountain, and His fulness is for you. Here is one of the drops of that fountain—'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.' Again—'Give ye them no possession, I am their possession.' Ah, the Christian should want nothing here, he has all in God. I am ashamed to send such a cold letter, with so little in ■ of our wonderful Immanuel; but you have Himself to go to, and ■ is always full, always ready and able to bless you."

* P——, November 12, 1845.

. . . . "I am glad you have such friends as —— with you. Jesus himself, when in His agony, went to His dear disciples for comfort (oh! how like 'the children' he became!), but He found no comforters. Blessed Jesus! what He suffered that His people might spend an eter-

nity without a single pain! I feel as if my earthly words would just annoy you. When you get near, will you remember my poor soul? not that I may be happy, but that I may glorify Jesus. This morning everything seemed swallowed up in the thought of His glory. O that the world knew Him! My heart is pained just with the thought that few know Him—that few see any beauty in Him, and His own people see so little. . . . It is very sweet to me to hear truly ‘wonderful’ is sustaining you; while He is making your cup of sorrow full, He is also making your cup of consolation to overflow; your sorrows abound, may your consolations much abound. The tempest makes me run quickly and closely to my shepherd’s side, when the weather might tempt us to wander.—Praying that the God of peace, and love, and hope, and consolation, and all grace may be with you, and manifest himself to you, I am,” &c.

“P——, November 24, 1845.

. . . . “My heart rejoices in the midst of its sorrows when I hear how kind the Lord is to my dear friend, in supporting and comforting you while suffering under His hand. I try to give thanks to our God on your behalf. We are told to weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice: will you let me weep with you, my dear friend, and rejoice with you too? It is painful to me so far separate; but this is His will who doeth all things well, and we must not think any of His commands grievous. . . . How soon we shall

know all we now see so darkly! I often wish that time were come, for I **do** nothing but dishonour Jesus, and I am so often mourning without the sun; but still I think I should like to live even many years here yet, if I could win **all** to Jesus. Ah! I think He will need to cast me into many a furnace before my dross is purged away. O for a willing heart to all He calls me to bear! O for a childish, simple faith—to be Christ-like! Truly ‘in **the** tabernacle **we** groan, being burdened.’ How different **is** **our** **life** when we walk with Jesus, and with each other, by the still waters and the green pastures! O that the well of water which is even now within us, if we are Christ’s, would spring up more and more, and cheer us on our way to Immanuel’s land,—that it would also flow out from us, giving life to many dead souls around us! . . . G. H. took R. and me to visit a poor dying girl, whom he found a rejoicing Christian, and who, he discovered, had been brought to Jesus by his own brother about a year ago. She said, in speaking of God’s mercies, ‘Yes, and they all **came** to us streaming with **the** blood of Jesus.’ She takes great delight in speaking of Mr Hay, and said, ‘He will have a *heavy crown*, yes, **we** will have a heavy crown.’ Is it **not** sweet to go to a dark corner like that, and see such **a** bright light shining to the glory of Jesus, who **has** called her ‘out of darkness into **the** marvellous light!’ . . . **Oh** that we could find many (and be followed by many) in glory who had been **drawn** by us to the foot of the cross!”

"P—, December 1, 1845.

. . . . "He does indeed bring good even ~~out~~ of our evil. I ~~am~~ so glad that *everything* will be for His glory; even our sins, in the end, are the means of making His blood more precious, and shewing how glorious He is in subduing them all, and thereby He gets glory. . . Ask for me, that I may *so* see myself that I may not be able any longer to dishonour Jesus, by trusting to anything in me at all. O that I could glorify Him, by trusting Him even in full view of a deceitful and *desperately* wicked heart! And oh! how worthy He is to be trusted! how tender, how wise, how loving, how wondrously long-suffering he is! I feel as if He were more amazingly loving in saving such a vile creature as I, than in saving any of His people. He alone knows what I am, and I do greatly wonder ~~He~~ does not abhor me. I trust I am really His. My own blessed Saviour! does He really say to me, 'Come unto me'? Oh! I shall be glad, glad when I lay down this body of ~~me~~ and death, and *never, never* sin. . . . I had a very nice time to-day ~~in~~ my district. Jesus gave me a word to one poor woman, and she listened very attentively. I must not lose sight of her; I feel greatly the need of the Spirit when I go amongst them. What a wonderful thing it is, that ~~we~~ should be allowed to go and tell sinners like ourselves of such a glorious Saviour!

"I think I never feel so happy as when I am going from one poor wretched dwelling to another, trying with stammering, and alas! most ~~unpleasant~~ lips, to tell about ~~the~~ Lamb of God. Oh! ~~it~~ is glorious work; ~~it~~ is angelic work, and yet it is not given to angels, but

to sinners. . . . Have you seen — lately? I was sorry to hear of a dance she had been at. Poor —! I fear she has ~~not~~ given her heart to Jesus yet."

"P——, December 17, 1845.

"Do you not long for the time when we shall never part from each other any more, and when we shall meet, too, with beloved brothers and sisters in the Lord, even now ~~see~~ Him, and even ~~see~~ talking with Him of the decess which he did accomplish at Jerusalem? Blessed, glorious Jesus! I wish I knew Him! How like the wilderness ~~the~~ world has seemed the few last months even to me, though I have not been in such a hot furnace ~~as~~ you! Heaven seems more real than ever; and it is good to feel this. We should not feel at home here. . . . Perhaps we may see few ~~more~~ years come in. O that this one that is so nearly here ~~we~~ be spent more to His glory by all His children! Mrs D—— wants me to visit at the House of Refuge. What do you think about it? I am afraid I ~~at~~ least am not capable of such a work. There ~~are~~ children, and sick people, and old women, all needy souls. It would be pleasant work to ~~see~~ and tell ~~of~~ of them of the Lamb of God, who can take away all their sins; but I fear my unfitness. Pray about it; and, oh, pray for *three souls* in my district, whom I ~~am~~ particularly anxious about! God knows ~~of~~ their cases. One is B——'s father. O that I could win this soul to Jesus!—*not I*, but that He would ~~use~~ me as the unworthy instrument, if that be ~~my~~ glory. The other cases are women, one ~~is~~ righteous, the other very ignorant. I ~~am~~ very much

just now the need of the Spirit to bless my poor efforts; but ■ will come if we pray for Him, and I ■ sure there is great need of Him here. There are many means, but as yet little blessing. I often wonder why this ■ the case, but still ■ is encouraging, and matter for praise, that there are any even a little moved. ■ I must finish. May He who never slumbers nor sleeps watch over you this night."

"P——, December 29, 1845.

. . . . "I must write you a few lines to-night, as I ■ to have a chat with you, before this year passes, never to return. . . . There is nothing worth living for in this sad world but to win souls to Jesus. . . I like what you say about Jesus having compassion on the ignorant. It came home to me, for I am more truly ignorant, and I ■ worse than only knowing that I know nothing, for I am often tempted to think that I know something. I cannot tell you how ■ I ■ what you said about that. Surely, Jesus will look with great compassion on me! We must plead much for one another during this approaching prayer-union. It is sweet to think there is to be one. . . . What a world this is! We ■ really getting deeper and deeper into ■ dark wilderness. May it make ■ long for ■ cloudless day, the sinless eternity, to which ■ saints are hastening. And oh, may the Sun of Righteousness arise, even now, with healing in his wings, and may *that sun* never set! . . . I have begun to visit ■ the House of Refuge. Oh, think if we could win jewels for the ■ of Jesus out of that place! R. and ■ went for the first time on Friday last, but we were very *new*

to it, and we did not speak to many. One woman, however, we are much interested in. Pray for her. I went again alone to-day, and saw her, and had a long talk. I am *determined* to win that soul. O that I may not seek my own glory in it! I then went to another room in the hospital, and read and spoke to a great many and sick women; I cannot think how I had courage to do it. Surely God strengthened me. Oh, this is glorious work! There is nothing makes the world disappear like speaking to souls about Jesus. Eternity seems everything; and then how humble you feel that God should permit you to speak to sinners for Him! I could scarcely stand it. Ask for me that God would strengthen me, and teach me, and give me love to souls for His sake, and that He would give us souls in that place. O that the Spirit would come down! H—— gave me a sweet word of encouragement about it; I am sure God gave it to her, for it came to me with such sweetness and power—'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Let us plead the precious promise in His name in whom all the promises are yea and amen, and we shall not labour in vain; let us take it as our motto-text for our districts, in all our efforts; but oh! what efforts mine are! poor, weak, sinful, feeble; but through Jesus, they are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. I am glad I have been sent to the Refuge; this is so sweet to go from one sick-bed to another, stammering out some words about the Heavenly Physician. . . . And now farewell for the present. May you be filled with

'the peace that passeth all understanding,' ■ may you in body, soul, and spirit be preserved blameless to the coming of the Lord; and oh! if ■ be His will, may you and I meet again even in the wilderness, to talk together of all His wondrous works, to tell one another what ■ has done for our souls, and to exalt His name together. Dear Saviour! glorious Immanuel, I wish I knew Thee better, and served Thee better. I wish much, you would pray for me, that if I am spared to see another year, I may spend it *entirely* for God, and with God. I do wish (if I know myself ■ all) to live as a child of light, as a pilgrim travelling to another land; but if ■ is only wishes, that is of no use. How grieved and ashamed ■ am, when I think of all the sins and shortcomings of this past year! Will you ■ forgiveness for them all, and also that I may overcome, through Christ, *all my sins and temptations, particularly slothfulness, selfishness, worldliness, and desire for my own glory!* I have many, many more than these, but I seem to see these particularly. Pray that they may *really* be overcome; and pride too. ■ sometimes fear I shall never get over my sins, for I see, when I look in, I am *intending* ■ some future time to be better, and to live really as a child of God; but then I see I am always putting it off, instead of beginning *now*. Oh! I am weary of myself at times, but, thanks be to our wonderful God, ■ is not weary of me, and He will perfect the work ■ has begun. O that the next year may truly be ■ *new year* with all God's dear children!"

CHAPTER X.

Features of a Saint.

LIKENESS to her Lord in all things was what M—— ever sought. Over her likeness to Him she mourned. Becoming more and less satisfied with herself, and more and more satisfied with Him, she could not rest with anything save conformity to His image. Daily she looked to Him, not only that she might draw peace, and healing, and strength out of His fulness, but that she might become like Him in all things. "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, she was changed (transfigured—μετεμορφώσατο) into the same image from glory to glory" (2 Cor. iii. 18). She walked in the light of His countenance, and she found holiness as well as gladness. Fellowship with Jesus she proved to be as purifying as it was comforting. Losing her resemblance to the children of this present evil world, she grew in conformity to the children of His kingdom. Her family likeness could not be content without the family likeness. The lineaments of the Elder Brother were traced more and more legibly upon her day by day.

Of these features we will now draw together,

not grouping them after any special order, but bringing them out with sufficient distinctness to [] them perceptible, [] illustrating them by [] from her diaries and letters. We make no attempt at an artificial exhibition; [] do [] try to colour, [] soften down, or flatter; [] give her own words—words written in most cases in the closet, under the eye of God alone, and evidently expressive of her genuine feeling in [] various moods—shady [] sunny, hopeful or depressed, buoyant with victory or broken down with conflict.

[] of Helplessness.—Her impulsive fervour of character and resolute energy of action [] not lead to self-dependence, or, as it [] the fashion to call it now, to “self-reliance.” Her strength, like her life, [] “hid with Christ in God.” It was not strength acquired by self-exertion, or *deposited* in her by God. It was strength for the occasion, [] the day, or the trial—strength drawn out of another by faith, she herself remaining helpless [] before. It was strength in weakness—strength corresponding to her infirmities, and which led her to glory in these infirmities that the power of Christ might [] [] her. As it was to another’s righteousness that she [] indebted for her acceptance, [] it [] of another’s strength that she availed [] in all [] [] for God.

“I have had,” she writes, “I think, but [] feeling this morning—a feeling of utter helplessness. I went to prayer this morning with no desires, [] faith, no power, no strength [] all; and I felt very miserable [] first; but I was enabled to cast myself upon the almighty strength and the unchanging love of my own

compassionate Saviour, and there I found rest. I am answering my prayer, that Jesus may be precious to me, by making me first feel my own weakness. I must first be emptied of myself before I can be filled with Jesus. It is a painful way; but if I make me prize Him, I am worth bearing (and a thousand times more) the sore trials I have ever endured. How blessed it would be if I could see myself entirely helpless, I might trust altogether to Jesus! How sweet would be to come up from the wilderness LEANING upon the Beloved! O Jesus, wean me from self, from self-will and selfishness in every form, from sin, from earth, from every earthly idol, and fill my whole soul with Thyself. Amen, Lord Jesus!"

It was thus that God worked on her—making her feel that *self-reliance* is as incompatible with the work of the Spirit as *self-righteousness* is with the work of Jesus. Again she writes—

"I feel my utter weakness and helplessness more than anything else just now, I think. Oh! may I make me prize His strength the more, and lead me to trust entirely to Him who is the mighty God!"

Lowliness of Spirit.—One was sometimes led to think that she undervalued herself too much, as it led her to lay undue stress on the opinions of others, and to discount her own judgment entirely. An extreme like this is not without its danger; for it produces personal responsibility before God, produces vacillation of opinion and action, and hinders that manliness of decision which holds fast to what it has received. Though occasionally, however, deferring to others who ought

have been taught by her, thereby involving herself in perplexity, M—— held her and hope. Yet while doing so she speaks thus of herself:—" me willing to be esteemed as vile, and worthless, and mean (and what am I but that?) among all who know me, only Thou art glorified. What a wretch I am, to feel so unwilling to let others despise me, if that would bring glory to Jesus! Oh, if I could only be willing to be down and let others walk over me to Jesus, if it be only by that means they can glorify Him! If He is glorified, what does it signify if I am despised? I had a letter from S—— which hurt my vile pride. O Jesus, give me grace to win this soul to Thee!"

"I hope God will hear my prayers for her" (a friend for whom she often prayed), "for the sake of my dear Son, though I think my prayers more full of sin than anything else I do. Do you find that?"

Decision and Earnestness.—She had the world behind her, but she precipitately from it, as if fearing that it might pursue her, so that she might be tempted back again. Like Christian, with his fingers in his ears, running from the City of Destruction, so did she run. She stayed to calculate the consequences, nor give opportunity to the seducer to overtake or ensnare her ere she left the region of vanity.

Thus she threw herself beyond the reach of many a subtle snare, saved herself from the pain of many a trial that might have arisen from attempts to lure her once into the net. Her decision at the outset

made every one feel that such efforts were hopeless. No friends, however dear, could entertain **her** hope of inducing her to **step** again within the circle of vanity. They might **try** to her; but *she* would never again rejoin them. And though, doubtless, **many** of her trials **arise** from her decision, yet how many **thus** warded off, and how much of her spiritual progress may be ascribed **to** this calm firmness of purpose! Vacillation at the outset, if it does not quite drag the soul back into its former worldliness, most sadly retards progress in after life, and **is** the unconfessed cause of many **a** wretched stumble.

As **she** had **cast** the world with **an** energy quite her own, so she threw herself **into** her whole soul into **the** embrace of her Lord. She was in earnest.

Yet her **earnestness** was not of that false, sentimental, or self-righteous kind, **so** much in fashion. The word "earnestness," so **common** amongst us, deceives many, both those who **possess** they possess the quality, and **those** who admire it in others. It forms **many** of **the** **most** cunning traps for **the** unwary. By **means** of it, **it** is cheating thousands out of their divine inheritance, making them think that they are religious, and that their earnestness is such a goodly thing before man, and such an acceptable thing in the sight of God, that they are really entitled to claim heaven, whatever their opinions—nay, whatever their **may** be. Earnestness with many, **excuses** every fault, and beautifies sin, error, folly, Popery—nay, **even** infidelity **is**

the earnestness of which we speak was that **of** one whose whole soul had become engrossed **in** **the**

mighty things of an heaven and an endless hell, who had sought and forgiveness, and acceptance, joy, and hairship through the great propitiation, and whose heart had gone up to in whom centred all created and uncreated beauty. It the of a justified soul—the of who got a glimpse of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Of this earnestness we need give no particular specimen; it transfused through all she wrote and did.

Longings to be Holy.—To be holy, was the burden of her prayers. "Oh, when I be holy?" is a frequent interjection in her letters. To Christ, not merely for pardon, but for getting rid of sin, was what she sought to do. To anticipate a holy heaven one of her dearest joys.

"I have been very unhappy," she writes; "I my sins so much, without seeing my Saviour, that I often terrified, and cannot pray. My heart quite frozen; and oh, at times, the grief I am in, at bare possibility of not getting to heaven at last! It is not so much the being for ever happy that I long for, as the being for ever holy, and with those who are holy. I long sometimes to beseech God not to send me to hell, for there are holy there, who love Jesus. Oh, if it misery to live with worldly people on earth, what must it be there! I wish I were holy! Don't you long for it? But then you not like me; you are not so perfectly sinful. Dearest, will you pray much for me, and my heart may melted?"

"October 12, 1842.—When you remember me in your prayers, will you plead for holiness? for, oh, I am sick of sin! Don't you sometimes feel as if everything around and within you, as if the very air you breathe, were all full of sin? I often long to feel one holy thought or wish; but I long in vain."

And these longings to be holy, how strongly did the new nature manifest itself! There was something about them so fervent, so intense, so irrepressible, that we are made to feel that the spring within, out of which they poured themselves, must have been of no shallow depth. Is the average of the age's piety all like this? A correct religious deportment is one thing, and holiness is quite another. There may be a habit of acting inconsistently, and yet no desires to be as holy as God is holy. There may be the dread of a woful hell, and yet no longings for a holy heaven. Such experiences the above may lead some to re-examine the nature of their piety, and to re-question their claims to discipleship. Their religion may be just as unquestioned, nay, honoured, for this man's day; but God's day is at hand;—will it stand the sifting then?

In these warrings against sin and desires after holiness there was evidently a deep and solemn joy, though the strife was desperate, and, in the course of it, anguish seldom poured in upon the soul. The consciousness of not being wholly in conformity with God himself, was bitterness; yet the longing to be as he was in joy. The feeling that she was at one with God, in her desires to be like him, drew her into a nearness of fel-

lowship Him, which lighted up each cloud through which she passed.*

of Conscience.—Through the sprinkling her conscience had been pacified. The sight of the great sacrifice had removed her guilty the knowledge of God's free love had done her heart, that the knowledge of the cleansing blood had done for the conscience. For the "purging conscience" cannot be effected by the knowledge of Divine alone. Nothing but the sight of the can do that. In the blood we the life of another taken for life; and recognising this substitution, we get the benefit of it in our consciences; thus that which troubled them is taken away. We see the wrath should have smitten us passing over to another, and exhausting itself on him.

But that very process by which her conscience was pacified gave it a sensitiveness which no mere dread wrath, no threatenings of fiery law, could have done. Her natural conscience had been sensitive, but renewed conscience still more tender—tender in small things as well as in great things—tender as to straying thought less than a froward step. It the tender conscience that is speaking in the following passages:—

"29th.—Spent a day of sin and worldliness in Edinburgh. Alas! how often do I spend such days! And

"How precious," says Mrs Stevens, "are the moments when God and His child are at perfect agreement on the question of what is most to the soul's enrichment; when the Divine liberality, which waits to be gracious, is answered by the earnest devotion which longs to be holy; and spiritual treasures are, in consequence, given and received! This condition is one of the highest dignity and enjoyment that belongs to the immortal soul."

yet, when I came home and went to prayer, ashamed and afraid, I had such a wonderful, such a melting season as I have not been blest with for a long time. O the wonderful forbearance and forgiveness of God to such a vile wretch as I am! I could not think ■ my sins; I could do nothing but praise Him for His love. When I thought of the sinful day I had passed, I tried to confess my sins, but could do nothing but praise. O that I could cease sinning against such love! O that I could cease piercing the bosom on which I lean! but when I would do good, evil is present with me."

"16th.—Last night I dishonoured Jesus by yielding to an unholy temper. How sinful I am! To think that I, who call myself the friend of Jesus, should behave as one of His enemies! This occurrence has, I trust, been sanctified to me. ■ has shewn me how keenly the unconverted watch every action of the Christian. It shews me how prayerfully and how holily I must walk. It has led me more to the throne of grace."

"9th.—This morning I had a painful yet sweet season ■ prayer. I had committed sin, the night before, by giving way to angry feelings—a sin, alas! I often commit; and this morning my whole soul was melted with grief ■ my desperate wickedness in sinning against so much love. My heart felt breaking as I wept before Jesus. I think He has forgiven me; but I cannot forgive myself. My sins seem all the more vile, the more they are pardoned."

"November 22.—M. C. came to spend the day with ■ I grieve to say ■ were full of levity and folly all

day, and in the evening we went together to the throne of grace and confessed our iniquities to our injured God and Father, and I trust were forgiven. ■■■ was a solemn meeting. We had never ■■■ prayed together before, but none of us seemed to mind the presence of the others. ■■■ were so ashamed before our God, ■■■ the way in which we had dishonoured Him, and brought reproach on ■■■ name of Jesus. I thought my heart would break as I thought of how much I ■■■ grieved ■■■ ■■■ of Jesus, and been a stumbling-block ■■■ way of others coming to Him."

Separation from the World.—In M——'s case there was no looking back on Sodom, no thought of returning whence she had come out. There ■■■ no coming and going between Egypt and Canaan, as if there were some neutral region which ■■■ might occupy, or ■■■ if God had not defined the boundaries between the realm of darkness and the kingdom of His dear Son. Her coming out from the world, as we have seen, was complete. She did not hanker after it. ■■■ did not sit down to calculate how many of its gaieties were harmless, and how many ■■■ harmful, that she might ■■■ indulge the former while keeping aloof from the latter; she did not try to persuade herself that the world was not wholly evil, and ■■■ worldly people might be Christians after all. She saw that if the Bible ■■■ true, there were just two classes of men—those that are of God, and those that are of the world; those that are from beneath, and those that are from above. There was ■■■ party, half-earthly and half-heavenly. She might yearn over the world, but that would not make

it less "the world;" that would not lessen its danger, nor alter God's condemnation of it.

She not only "came out," but she was "separate;" she "touched not the unclean thing" (2 Cor. vi. 17). She "hated even the garments spotted by the flesh" (Jude 23). ■ saw that it was an unholy world; ■ world that sought its own pleasures and honours; ■ world in whose gay haunts God was not; a world with which her ■ nature could have no sympathy; a world whose society ■ holy soul could enjoy; a world whose tastes and habits were totally uncongenial with hers: she saw these things, and she quietly but resolutely withdrew from all its vanities. Nay, more, she sought to win others to the same separation, for she could not understand how it was possible for ■ man to be ■ Christian, and yet join with the world in its dance, and song, and sport. Hence she never hesitated to warn or to counsel those who walked in worldliness, and yet named the name of Christ; and she sought, by all means in her power, to draw the poor worldling out of the deadly snare. She knew what the world was, and she shunned it as a fatal fascination. She remembered how it had once stood between her and God, how it had done its utmost to shut out the glory from her eye; and she sought (if one may so speak) to be avenged on it for its enchantments.

Thus she writes to her friend, not long after her conversion:—"I went to Mrs —, but had not an opportunity ■ speaking to either of them. ■ doubted the propriety of remaining, for I was very unhappy. I could not pray, nor do anything. ■ ■ is terrible to

live with those who ■ not seem to care for God ■ at all! Pray much for my dear — who lives with them! I shall tell — what you say about 'the line between the world and Christ.' I sent my letter to dear —. He wrote me a very kind answer. He was not angry at my writing, and says 'he hopes it will have the effect of bringing us both nearer to God.' He says he may perhaps write again on the subject: ■ has not yet, so I am thinking of writing to him again, and speaking to him about the love of Jesus, and the happiness of having found Him. Do you think I ought? But I hope to have opportunities of *speaking* ■ him, which would be much better. But O how ■ tempts me at these times to think that *there is time enough!* I always seem to realise ■ things of eternity ■ ■ times less than ■ any other: do you feel that? I am very glad you are to write to —. I told her about being *wholly* on one side or the other. I also told her *your dream*. She did not say anything. ■ wish ■ *knew Jesus*; ■ would make a very sweet follower of the Lamb. Dear friend, shall your dream really come to pass? Yea, I trust it will. Oh! shall you and I *really* be amongst the green pastures, by the still waters, with Christ, seeing Him as He is, and being like Him? It is more like a *dream* than a *reality*. You I have no doubt of; oh! I hope I shall meet you in heaven! It seems too glorious for me. I hope I shall welcome you ■ heaven, for I *must* go *first*; and I hope I shall die in Kelso, with you beside me, saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; take her to Thyself!'

High Anna.—She sought not "great things" for her-

self, and yet she was ever aiming high. She "coveted the best gifts." She was not content to stand upon the low level or to live at the low rate with which most were satisfied. She was of an honourable place among the children of the King. Thus she tells her aims:—

"Have just finished the *Life of J. B. Taylor*. What a wonderful Christian he was! And it has stirred me up to be what he pressed upon everybody—to be 'an *entire* Christian.' But oh! I have an evil heart of unbelief, and great earthliness and corruptions to struggle with!"

"Dec. 30, 1844.—I should like very, very much to be a very spiritual Christian. But it is written, 'The diligent soul shall be made fat,' and I am far too slothful. I wish I were in heaven. I cannot stay here any longer. It is so miserable to be a half-and-half Christian, a lukewarm believer, if there can be such a thing. Don't you long for the rest in Immanuel's land?—for its golden streets, its pearly gates, its eternal sunshine, its green pastures, its still waters, and its sea of glass, and, above all, the unveiled face of Him who alone makes our heaven below? I often wonder that we can remain so contentedly here, absent from the Lord."

Love of the Scriptures.—It was intense. "Every word of God" she set above all price. Her reading of it was thorough, not superficial; systematic, not desultory; continuous, not fitful. Though she had her chapters or her verses that she seemed to joy in above others, yet it was the whole Word that she searched and fed upon, delighting to link all with "the Beloved

One," and feeling that of each part [REDACTED] was the centre. She eagerly laid hold of any text that might come from the lip or pen of a friend, and treasured it up. If you had lighted up a new star before her eye, you could not have given her half the gladness which seemed to kindle within her, when some new ray fell upon a passage and gave her a fresh glimpse of the things within the veil. She generally placed a text at the head of every letter, that [REDACTED] to whom she wrote might have a message from God ere they read a word of hers. In a similar spirit she thus wrote to a friend:—"I cannot tell you how delighted I am that my letter was so much blest to you; it is the only letter I ever sent off to you with any satisfaction, because there were none of my words in it, and I felt so happy at the time in thinking that my beloved [REDACTED] would get one letter from me that might be blest to her." Elsewhere she thus writes:—"The [REDACTED] that the blessed Spirit sent home with power to my heart this morning, was this—and oh, it is a very precious one—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

In her diary of June 1843, there is the following entry:—"I have had a long time of reading to-day; I don't know how it is, I can do nothing but read His holy Word. I have no heart for anything else. . . . R. and I saw Mr B. the other day in Edinburgh. [REDACTED] gave me [REDACTED] [REDACTED] parting—"The night is [REDACTED] spent, the day is [REDACTED] hand.' I felt as if he could not have given me a sweeter. [REDACTED] how sweet *eternal day* will be after such a long dark night!"

In a letter to a friend, [REDACTED] writes—"Have you

thought of what part of the Word we shall read together on Saturdays? Shall we read the 21st of _____ Saturday? and by the Saturday after, I hope to have heard from you. I was glad that you settled that we should devote last Saturday to confession, for oh, I feel I have been **VERY** guilty in the little profit I have got from such a sweet portion of God's sweet Word; _____ prayerlessly I have read it! how _____ I have meditated upon it! how little I have *fed* upon it! how little I have praised God for it! Let us agree, dearest, to read this in a very different manner. I _____ thought of a plan that might make it, by God's blessing, very profitable to us; I want us each to *writes down*, after we have read the chapter, what particular verses have struck us, and what we think about them, and what has been most blest to us, and then, **WHEN WE MEET**, _____ can compare notes, and see who has most to praise Jesus for. Do you like this plan, and will you agree to it?"

Thirsting for God.—"I prayed this morning," _____ records on July 31, 1843, "that God would in mercy remove everything that comes between Jesus and my soul, and that He would shew me what prevents the light of His countenance shining upon my soul. Perhaps it will be painful to flesh and blood to have this prayer answered; but I am in the hands of One who doth not 'willingly afflict,' and I have no fear. All I want _____ to be weaned from this sinful, sorrowful world, and to have Jesus for my all in all."

"A remarkable feature of her Christian character," writes her friend, "was her misery when she could not

realise the presence of God. Life seemed a burden to her if she had not the light of His countenance continually. One day she came to me in an agony of mind, begging me to pray with her, for she had been long praying alone, but could not find God, and she could **live without Him.**" In a similar **thus wrote to her friend on recovering from a sharp** **—:—"I** **strange that I have not** **my Father's** presence so much during this illness as I did the last; the first day it was the sweet Sabbath-day. **I** could only repeat to myself the name of Jesus, and I felt it very sweet to lie and think about Him. But I was soon too ill even to do that. At one time I almost forgot God. Oh, I have been very wicked! Will you pray for me, dearest, that God would forgive the **of the last week?"** In August 1841, little **than** a month after her conversion, she thus wrote to her friend:—"I should like to have God always in my thoughts, dwelling in my very heart. I cannot bear to pass a day, nay, not an hour, without **token** of His presence. I cannot live a stranger to my God."

Fellowship with the Saints.—Whatever there might be **natural selfishness** in her character, as she often complains, it did not check the outflowing of her sympathies towards others, nor her desire to receive sympathy in return. In the days of her vanity this had been the case, and afterwards **came out** still more fully. Her new nature went forth in quest of congenial fellowship. **was not merely** **wanted** **to love**; she wanted some into whose bosoms she might pour her griefs **joys.** Hence

she sought with such eagerness the company of saints. In every one ~~she~~ knew the Saviour whom she loved, she found not only a friend, but a relative. Nor did she hesitate to claim kindred in such cases. Poor or rich, it mattered not to her. They were members of the one household, and ~~she~~ ~~was~~ enough. ~~She~~ could speak to them of her beloved Lord; she could join with them in the hope of the inheritance; she could respond to them in their feelings as to the loneliness of exile here; she could try to bear their burdens, and ask them to bear hers in return.

The reader may get an insight into this feature of her character from such a passage as the following:—

“How glad I was to get your dear letter! you make ~~me~~ wait too long for them. Don't think you can't give me comfort. The very sight of your handwriting is enough to cheer me. I ~~am~~ sorry to write to you just now, because I feel so sad. I am afraid I infect you. Many outward things vex me, and then I have not much comfort within; but I have more than I deserve; and this encourages me—Jesus is the same. Though I change every moment, *He* is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I don't think I ~~shall~~ be right again till I am with you. You cannot imagine how I long to ~~see~~ you, and tell you all my griefs. You will say, Go to Jesus, and tell *Him* all. Yes, but Jesus himself went to His disciples in His distress; and I am sure, when we are together, Jesus will be with us ~~and~~ bless us. How slow the time goes! It seems to creep. And yet, how it will fly when we meet!”

intercourse was truly fellowship. She had no relish for anything else. Narrating, in a letter, circumstances of a walk with a friend, she sums up simply touching thus—"We spoke about Jesus till I longed to be with Him."

Appreciation of Christ.—However much of Christ might cheer and gladden, it was the blood alone that could give peace. The love might touch the heart; but the conscience needed the blood, for it required something to tell the conscience the penalty had been exhausted—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." To know that there is a substitute; that he has met the law's inexorable demands, by giving it a veritable life; and that, by so doing, he made the removal of guilt a righteous transaction, never to be reversed, nay, irreversible: this is what the conscience needs, and without this it cannot have peace, for the thing which caused its trouble—namely, its guilt—would remain untaken away. Only the blood alone that can "purge the conscience from unrighteous works to serve the living God." Mary—this deeply, for her conscience (as we have seen) was tender in the extreme. The incarnation of the Son of God was not enough; there must be suffering and death. "Not without blood" is a verse which every awakened conscience responds. Here she most cordially responds to it, as, for instance, when she thus breathes forth her desires,—"*O to be ever washed in blood! It both cleanses and destroys power of sin. I asked God to cover me all over with this precious blood, and He did it. And oh, what a won-*

derful tide of unmerited love He poured in upon my glad soul! It was almost too much. Oh, if the drops are so sweet, what must the ocean be!"

Trust in Christ.—She leaned on [redacted] himself, [redacted] she saw in Him one who was entirely worthy [redacted] her [redacted] confidence; and her soul [redacted] with His work, [redacted] [redacted] it to be altogether complete [redacted] suitable. It [redacted] enough for her. [redacted] conscience needed nothing more to pacify it than the knowledge that "He had finished transgression, and made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness." "I am trying," she writes in January 1842, "to trust Christ for everything, for I have nothing myself at all; [redacted] times not even a desire; yet [redacted] will not be weary even of me, for He is long-suffering and abundant in mercy." Again she wrote on September 4—"Yesterday was the communion [redacted] Mr Robertson's. I had less joy than [redacted] I had [redacted] any communion before, I think; but I felt I could trust Christ. . . . I did not feel Him near, but I [redacted] I [redacted] Him precious, as the Saviour of sinners, even the chief. I could trust my soul to Him for time and for eternity. 'It is finished' was all my plea, and I [redacted] [redacted] enough. God is [redacted] with the work of [redacted] beloved Son—why should not I be satisfied too?" Again, in August 1842, she wrote to me—"I have never forgotten one thing you wrote to me some time ago; you told me to go more to God with my difficulties, and less to man. I daresay I should not have done so, if I had had man to go to; but lately I have had no one but Jesus to speak to, and I have found it often very blessed to [redacted] Him all my

still is sweet to me with a child of God; so you must not be angry with me for wishing it so much; but you must pray for me that I may not trust too much in man's words, but that I may live more upon the Word of God."

In another letter to a friend in Kelso, she speaks more at length :—

"September 23, 1844.

"MY DEAREST B——,—I often find it difficult to believe that Jesus forgives *freely*. I am always wanting to bring something as a price—either my repentance, or my tears, or my prayers, or something else—anything but *free grace*. I suppose one reason is, it is so humbling to human pride to be *freely* forgiven; and another, because we do not know God, we do not know how immense His love is, and how He glorifies Himself to forgive 'without money and without price.' Dear friend, you and I 'have nothing to pay.' Let us allow Jesus 'frankly to forgive us both!' In the chapter I was reading this morning, Paul says, 'I am nothing!' surely we may say that too. Nay, he gloried in his infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him. Christ's strength is made perfect in our weakness—the weaker we are, the more Christ is glorified in holding us up; the more sinful we are, the more He is glorified in cleansing us from all sin, and in delivering us from its power; for He says, 'Sin shall not have dominion over you;' so that, though sin may *rage*, it cannot *reign*; and the more ignorant we are, the more He is glorified in teaching us (O how slow He finds me in learning!); so that, whatever we are, however low

may have sunk, if we only put ourselves in his hands, He will get glory to himself by us. How glad that thought makes me, that He gets glory from me! Paul says, 'When I am weak, *then* am I strong.' Don't you often find how true that is! When you are weakest in yourself, then you find that you get on best, because you lean more on His strength. If we would trust Him *entirely*, how fast we should move! He tells us to 'trust in Him *■ ■ ■* times'—it is easier to do this sometimes than at others. What low thoughts of 'the *Mighty God*' that shows us to have! as if He could not help us in the greatest difficulty, as well as in the least! How *■* shall wonder at our unbelief, when we reach that *■ ■ ■* place where we *■ ■ ■* never, never doubt Him again!"

"I secretly rested," says an old minister, "after I believed, in the *act* of faith, rather than in the *object* of faith, and drew comfort from this more than from the object, Christ holden out in the gospel." Though perhaps this might occasionally be a snare into which M—— was led, yet it will be evident that this was not her tendency. The object of faith had, in her eye, assumed such a place, that she seldom turned in to think about her own act of seeing. Engrossed with the Lord himself, she had no time to scrutinise or analyse the mental process through which she had thus become absorbed in the vision of His glory; or when *■* times He seemed absent or hidden, she was so bent upon regaining the sight of His excellency, by *thinking about Himself*, that her own actings of faith and love quite fell out of sight. Engrossment with the person of her Lord

kept her thinking about herself, save that infinitely needed Him. She knew that to look Christ was to have peace with God; but that to look at her act of looking, was to look away from Christ, and that to continue thus looking at her own act of looking, would inevitably be to fall from grace (Gal. v. 4). Nor would it avail her have "begun in the Spirit," if afterwards she should seek to be "made perfect by the flesh" (Gal. iii. 3).

Desires after Christ, and Attachment to His Person.—Letters and diary are alike full of these. They are the sun-light of every page. With Him, all was noon-day; without Him, all was midnight. At one time, when feeling her soul was dried up, writes— "O John's place, leaning upon the breast of Jesus! I was telling Mr [redacted] I could not praise Him for anything, and he said, 'Praise Him that you are miserable without Him.' This is, indeed, matter praise. how much worse should I be, if I were happy without Him! But I must seek to be happy with Him, and Him. I read a chapter from [redacted] to dear J—— to-night, and then prayed. I was much helped in prayer. I not happy, but I softened and peaceful, and a sweet feeling that [redacted] was listening."

"I miss——greatly, but I must go the to Jesus. Ah! He must my all in all. All I need is treasured up in Him; all I want for time and for eternity; and himself is my blessed portion. for a single eye to God's glory! that is what I want. Jesus, mine own God, give me this! How pre-

cious Jesus seems to-day! I long to bring the whole world ■ Him. . . . ■ me instrumental in leading many souls to Thee, blessed Jesus! . . . I ■ a little happier ■ morning ■ prayer, ■ giving myself entirely to Jesus. ■ seems so very sweet, the idea of being Christ's servant. It was a very holy, happy feeling; and *I could not help* praising Him for it. It ■ sweeter ■ praise than to pray."

"Oct. 28.—R. and ■ had a wonderfully sweet meeting to-night. Jesus was evidently with us, causing our hearts ■ sing for joy. ■ were so happy ■ we could not help singing, and we sang together the ■ Psalm."

"Oct. 31.—Had ■ very sweet ■ in prayer this morning. ■ was all praise. I could do nothing but praise. I felt ■ if ■ were really standing before the throne, singing the new song. Jesus was ■ near, and unutterably precious. . . . O for many such seasons! and ■ for a heart to praise! I felt each person of the blessed Godhead precious. The Father's love seemed so full in giving Jesus; and Jesus seemed ■ precious; His love 'passeth knowledge;' and the Spirit seemed ■ full of love, in lovingly dwelling in such a heart as mine. It was ■ melting season. O that I could shew forth His praise—that I had a heart and ■ tongue to tell to all around what a dear Saviour I have found!"

"Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1844.—Had ■ ■ ■ prayer this morning, in thinking of the Father's well-pleasedness with His beloved Son. It is very ■ ■ think ■ Jesus is glorified in our salvation, ■ He gets all the glory."

"*Saturday, 17th.*—Had a few minutes of very great sweetness this morning at prayer. I never feel such solid joy or peace as when asking the Father to reveal to me the Son, and to enable me to make Him a whole Saviour, not a half Saviour. It would be so very sweet if I could only get my wicked heart to trust *all* to Jesus, and to rest my weary soul on the precious Scripture, 'It is finished. I got a sight of that truth for a moment the other night, and ■ was unutterably sweet."

"I wish you were with me to-day, that we might speak together of the love of Christ, 'which passeth knowledge.' I had a very wonderful taste ■ it this morning; it was all praise together. What a wonderful Saviour we have! isn't He very precious? I could hardly stand His love this morning, ■ was so very, very sweet, and so undeserved by me. I never had such a foretaste of the blessedness of heaven before; I felt as if I were really standing faultless before the throne, singing the *new song*. ■ my heart longed to praise Him as ■ ought to be praised! but ■ could praise Him for the glad hope, that perhaps very soon I should really praise Him even as ■ deserves to be praised. It will be sweet to cast our crowns at His feet, and give Him *all* the glory. O to be rid of this body of sin and death, —'to see Him as He is!' for then 'we shall be *like Him*.' I am very unlike Him now, but yet he loves me; *I know He does!* and He will teach me, even me, to love Him; to ■ with Peter, 'Lord, thou knowest all things, *thou knowest that I love Thee;*' but oh, what a poor love mine is!—I am ashamed of it. I wish you would plead ■ precious promise for me—'This people have I

formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise.' I wish I could forget myself and think only of Jesus. ■ that I longed more to bring sinners to Him! When He drew so near to me this morning, I tried to pray that you might drink deeper and deeper into His filling love; you know more of it than I do. You are not so full of self ■ unbelief as I am; but all the glory is His; He is more glorified in some than in others; isn't it sweet to think that ■ gets all the glory, and you and I none? Every feeling of love we have He gave us; all our natural feelings are enmity; isn't it wonderful? Are you happy in His love?"

Prizing the Mercy-Seat.—It was the "seat of mercy," the "throne of grace" to her. She prized it because she felt she needed it, and because the grace that was dispensed there was just the grace which suited her case as a sinner. And it was what she saw of grace in that throne that emboldened her to come, with every sin and burden, ■ any moment, in the assurance that from such a place no one that was willing to be indebted to grace alone would be sent empty away. Of ■ she speaks thus:—"This morning had a cross, which again led me to the mercy-seat. Oh, what a place it is! How grateful should dear R. and I be, that we have been led to feel its preciousness!"

To this mercy-seat she carried every burden, ■ well as every sin; every perplexity, as well as every fear. Most implicitly did she trust her God and Father, and with most ■ openness did she unbosom her heart to Him:—"I asked that ■ would lead us to choose a residence where He would bless our souls. I

asked nothing for us all but that they might be born again. I asked that wherever we went He would go with us. I pleaded the precious command, 'Be careful for nothing.' I have committed my way to Him, and *I know* that He will be faithful to His word and direct our steps. I asked Him also to guide R. and — with regard to the church we should go to, and I know He will lead us in a right path with regard to this also. Oh, what should we do without Him! 'Hold thou us up, and we *shall* be safe.' I think I was made willing with regard to this matter to say, whatever way we are led in, '*Thy* will be done, not *ours*.' I asked with regard to this, and with regard to where — may go to live, that He would not grant us our wishes ■ they were not according to His will. All my prayers, O Lord, are before Thee; oh! grant me a gracious answer, for Jesus' sake. I thought of this verse to-day—'Continue in prayer, and *watch in the same*, with thanksgiving.' I must *watch* for the answer to these petitions."

"*Thursday, November 2.*—Had a letter from —, fixing every Thursday between eight and nine for herself, D—, T—, R—, and me, to meet ■ the throne of grace. I went to meet them this evening, and found it very sweet to plead for each other."

"*Saturday, December 2.*—The first day of the Prayer Union. It is a sweet thing to think that so many of God's children are pleading together at the same hour. ■ that there may be a great blessing!"

"*26th.*—Have just had a very solemn and very, very sweet season ■ the throne of grace. I had not so

much joy as a sweet, sweet kind of holy fellowship and communion with Jesus. Oh! it was blessed; I cannot tell how blessed! I felt I was so wonderfully happier than the worldling. I longed to tell all what a happy, happy life the Christian's is. I had much pleasure in praying for my beloved sister M——, and I *felt* I was heard. He will answer my prayer in His own time."

"Oct. 18, 1845.—I have been trying to learn to pray anywhere, even not on my knees, as I cannot go to a cold room. O for a praying heart! Am in great ~~trouble~~ generally about getting a ~~room~~ to myself for prayer, and was thinking how God could bring much good out of this evil both to me and to others. Was thinking that my dear friends, from the very fact that there is so much trouble and work about getting a room ~~for~~ R. and me, might be led to think, Do we as earnestly feel the need of a room for prayer!"*

In a letter to me, August 1842, I find her writing: "There is one thing I want you to pray for R. and me; ~~it~~ is, that we may not be interrupted or hindered in our hours for reading and prayer. Will you ask this for us? I think they are sometimes vexed with us for being by ourselves so long, and yet I feel that I do not take enough time. I have often so much to ask for, that I could remain all day. But there are so many worldly things for us to do! I wonder how Christians can find so much time for all these worldly duties, and yet be so much in prayer. I am afraid we

* She felt what an old minister sets down in his diary as his experience: "Abstraction and solitude have done me much good; God hath oftentimes visited me in a solitary wilderness."

"I must redeem the time as we ought. Will you tell us about [] when you write? but especially pray [] our Father in heaven may shew us where we have gone wrong, and enable us to amend it."

There is something touching in the above extract. What longings for fellowship with God, and yet what a desire [] discharge all needful duties! What desire to be alone—to have hours, nay, days of prayer! And yet what unwillingness to do anything [] might annoy others! The worldly or the formal see nothing but selfishness in this love of being alone; and they are often more roused to anger against the religion that shews itself in this solemn way, than against that which is ever working and bustling. The reason is evident. The man that is much with God in secret is, by the very fact of his going alone to meet with his God, a far more unambiguous witness for God than the man who merely says or does religious things. And, besides, the impress of [] is [] legibly stamped upon him, by the closeness of his contact with Him whom he goes alone to meet.

Let us hear her again, as she refers to this her place of glad resort:—

"What should you and I do if we had not the mercy-seat to go to *at all times*? It is the sunniest spot on this dark earth. I have felt very happy in the love [] Jesus these last two days. This morning [] could hardly leave the happy spot where I may tell Him all I feel, and ask for all I need. We shall not find even eternity too long to praise Him. I [] not forget you there. I was so hurried, that I forgot

to tell you in my last letter how much I have been helped in pleading for you since you went away; asking that you may be enabled to speak for Jesus where you are. We must pray much for each other just now, that we may be brought nearer to Himself, and have we desire, no wish, but to be enabled to live to His glory. How far short of this do I live! I think there never was such an *un-Christ-like* Christian as I am. I was asking much this morning that I might realise more the things that are unseen. Oh, if we could always remember that we are only strangers and pilgrims here, we should think more of our home in heaven, and care less for the things of earth. We must not live like those who 'mind earthly things.'

"How little worldly people know what they lose by not caring for eternal things! I think, if a worldly person tasted for one hour the unutterable joy and the sweet peace that Jesus gives His people, they would never care for earthly things again, at least they would not make them their all as they do. I sometimes long to tell people how happy they would be if they would come to Jesus, and how Jesus longs for them to come. I have had great delight for several days in praying for my dear, dear ——. I think God must have special thoughts of mercy towards him just now. He cannot have given me these desires for him without intending to grant the prayers He himself has put into my heart to pray for him. Let us plead for him *together*, and for our sweet —— also. How I love them both! and I delight to think that God loves them *far more*. Perhaps some day before very long we may all be kneeling

round the of grace. What a happy, what a wonderfully happy time would be! We give Him no rest till He has made this family a praise on the earth."

"January 10, 1846.

.... "I have not much time to write you to-day, but I am anxious to write during the Prayer Union week. How soon it passes away! I that you and R. and I should keep it another week. It would be very sweet, and Mrs H—— and B—— would join us. I hope you have enjoyed this Prayer Union.* I have not had much enjoyment myself, but I have times been very happy to know that so many of God's dear children were uniting together to ask *great glory* to be given to Jesus, by the conversion of many sinners to Himself, and by the increased sanctification of His own elect."

Enjoyment of Communion Seasons.—With her eye upon herself, but upon her Lord and His cross, she went His table. There found Him whom her soul loved; or, if she did not find Him always as she desired, she rested on His promise. Thus she tells her experience:—"Sabbath, Oct. 29.—Had a very sermon from Mr Moody Stuart. I think I never before had such a clear idea of *believing* as I had while

* For a good many years past, there has been a "Union for Prayer" among Christians, for several days together, towards the end or beginning of each year. These M—— prized much. They were not superstitious observances or Popish forms to her, whatever some may affirm respecting them. She saw nothing more of superstition in the practice of those who cannot (by distance) meet together in the body, agreeing to meet in spirit at certain times, than in the practice of those who can come together, having prayer-meetings at a certain hour.

he spoke. [REDACTED] sometimes seems so simple, and Jesus seems so worthy to be trusted, that I wonder I ever can doubt. But all my happy feelings left me at the table. I could not find Jesus, yet I *knew* He was there. Perhaps I was seeking *feeling*, and not Jesus. In the evening, Mr Burns preached the sweetest sermon I ever heard him preach—all about Jesus; and, oh, He seemed lovely—yea, He is *altogether* lovely!"

"October 1844.—R. and I. have just [REDACTED] down from the communion at St Luke's. It was the most blessed one I ever had; the fragrance of [REDACTED] is with [REDACTED] yet. [REDACTED] never had such a view of Jesus before. God shewed [REDACTED] that the work was finished—that He is well pleased with [REDACTED] beloved Son—that [REDACTED] [REDACTED] And, oh, the joy that this light gave me! I never felt anything like it before."

In the anticipation of a communion season, she thus writes to a friend, in February 1843:—"It ought [REDACTED] be a delightful Sabbath, with Mr M'Cheyne and Mr [REDACTED]; but what is all that, if Christ be not there? What [REDACTED] the Sabbath without the [REDACTED] Lord? [REDACTED] Jesus! Pray for me, that I may [REDACTED] my Beloved at His own table. Pray that, if I may not have the place of the disciple whom Jesus loved, I may be permitted to bathe His feet with my tears, to sit at His feet and feed [REDACTED] the crumbs that fall from His table. Oh, how justly might He spurn me! But He will not, for [REDACTED] came to save sinners; therefore, He must be my friend."

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] she afterwards wrote thus:—"I should have been [REDACTED] this moment hearing Mr [REDACTED],

but I am so very tired with a long walk, that I think the next best thing I can do is to write to you, my dearest friend on this earth, this dreary wilderness, where we are still present in the body, but *absent from the Lord*. And what a Lord! the Lord of Glory! *Jesus*, in short—that is ■ ■ ■

"I have so much to tell you about yesterday, that I scarcely know where to begin. What a day we had! How I longed for you! . . . The sermon in the morning ■ ■ ■ by Mr M'Cheyne, from John iv. 10—Christ and the woman of Samaria. He said this verse shewed three things—1st, That Christ cares for ■ ■ ■ souls. He spoke a great deal of His love in thus caring for *each soul*; ■ ■ ■ it would require Mr M'Cheyne himself ■ ■ ■ tell you all he said about that. The only bit I remember ■ ■ ■ the last sentence, when ■ ■ ■ said—'This is wonderful, but it is *like Christ*—the more incomprehensible the love, ■ ■ ■ is all the more like Jesus.' 2dly, Jesus saves the worst. When He plucks brands from the burning, He generally chooses ■ ■ ■ worst. 3dly, Jesus ■ ■ ■ long with stupidity and ignorance. Again and again this woman shewed her ignorance, and yet Jesus ■ ■ ■ not turn away. And, oh, the way he spoke of this! 'If thou *knewest* the gift of God!' If thou knewest the beauty that is in it, the peace, the joy! I wish you had heard him. I did not write that down; I could not for listening. But his table-service was the finest of all—I never did hear anything like it. Oh, how he spoke of Jesus! ■ ■ ■ told us to make use of a sacrament time to ask Him for everything. He said—'Tell Him all your wants—tell

Him frankly. Ask Him for *yourself*, for *your friends*. Lean upon Him *entirely*. Those are happiest who lean most upon Jesus. Be like Jacob, go halting through the wilderness, leaning upon your *Beloved*. Doubting believer! ask Him for perfect peace, perfect love, which casteth out fear.' ■ spoke also of there being times when Jesus is *peculiarly* near, ■ communion ■ especially, and also at times of revival. ■ said—'When you see many fall down at His feet, you may be sure the "King of Glory" has come in. It is the voice of the Beloved, the step of Jesus.'

"I did not feel near to Christ; and what was ■ all without that? I felt a degree of *peace* in going forward to ■ table, which I have not felt for ■ time, but I did not feel joy. When ■ took the wine, I asked Jesus to wash me in the blood of which it is a type; and I think ■ heard my prayer. It is curious that I so often feel such peace at the thought of going to the table—a sort of feeling as if Jesus was there, and that I *must be safe there*; but, when seated, I generally feel only a kind of restless longing after something that eludes ■ grasp; and sometimes all I feel is a total want of gratitude for the love which is there so evidently set forth. One thing I must tell you, that Mr McCheyne said in his prayer—'Give us to mourn the sin of *piercing the bosom on which we lean!*' None ever did that as I have done! He said also—'Give us to know Him as we have never known Him yet; to love Him as we have never loved Him before; to *hide in Him* as we have never yet done! ■ thank Thee for giving us only *Thyself*. We shall praise Thee better ■

the *table above*.' He spoke of Christ being *our peace*—that He would be our peace even in *eternity*. ■ then said—'If your eyes have seen Him, if your hearts have loved Him, this world will be a wilderness to you. You are looking on a *brighter world*.' Either he or Mr — (I don't remember which) spoke of the believer longing to be with Jesus, his faith to be lost in sight. ■ said—'Think of your *own pastor*. It is sweet to think that he, though absent, remembers you, and bears you ■ his heart; but you are not satisfied ■ that. You would not be contented with a letter from him; you want him to return to you. So it is with the believer. He knows that his Lord never forgets him, that He continually intercedes for him; but still he cannot be happy until he sees Him face to face, till he knows as he is known.' Oh, don't you feel that!

"I was interrupted last night when I had got thus far, and have not been able to get a word written to-day till now; but I have been with you in spirit at *our Father's throne*, and asked for you all you wished in your *dear letter* this morning. I am beginning to feel as Mr — said on Monday. I am not contented *with a letter*, I want to see *yourself*. The longings I take to be with you are quite painful. I wish I could be a comfort to you; but we shall speak together about Jesus, and that will comfort you. It is strange, we really seem to *read* together, as well as *think* together; for the chapter you mention in your letter about Jesus stilling the tempest on the lake, and being asleep when the storm arose, is the very one ■ was

reading last night, which gave me such comfort that I said, 'I must speak about this to J—— when I write to her again.' He said—'Peace, be still! and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.' ■ it not beautiful? Don't you think you see His *holy*, calm, sweet countenance as He said simply, 'Peace, be still'? And there *was* peace, all was immediately still. On Sunday evening Mr —— preached on Psalm lxxix. 20. ■ was about the sufferings and sorrows of the blessed Jesus. He spoke about what Jesus must have suffered, at the contrast between the *holy home* He had *willingly* left, compared to the sinful, miserable world He came to. He said—'How He must have longed to be back to the holy, blessed society of heaven! And then, when He came only to bless and to love, He found nothing but hatred. He longed for *friendship*, and yet He said—"When I looked for comforters, I found none."'

I felt very miserable when he was speaking—it is so terrible to think that Jesus suffered all that, and for such hard-hearted wretches, too! but I felt glad when I thought it is all over now; He will *never* be sorrowful again; the Father's Holy Child is now in His Father's bosom, and never, never will His blessed head feel a thorn. Yes, it is now *finished*. ■ is now seeing of the travail of His soul, and perhaps the day is near when He shall be *glorified*. What a day that will be! Shall you and I see Jesus face to face? Is it not like a dream? But, oh, it is true!"

On the 1st of May 1843, she gives her friend the following sketch of a communion season in Edinburgh:—

"The *feast* is all over now; and it truly was a *feast*.

What a day Sabbath was! ■ was 'the house of God, the very gate of heaven.' What a pity a communion Sabbath is not as long again as an ordinary Sabbath! We had Mr Somerville at our table, and I never experienced anything like it. The first words he said were, 'I feel certain that Jesus is looking upon this table. I feel He is in the midst of us;' and ■ am sure He was. R. and I were ■ the fourth table, and he served the third also; and what, think you, was the subject!—'Woman, why weepest thou?' How sweetly ■ spoke about that! He said, 'What a wonderful sight was this!—a poor trembling woman and two bright glorious angels on the one side, and Jesus himself on the other, saying, "Woman, why weepest thou?"' He said, 'Perhaps there are some here to-day, weeping because they cannot find Jesus. Ah! He is not far away. He is often nearest when you do not know it.' I was sorry R. and I were not at that table, particularly as ■ was *my text*. But ours was even finer. The text was, 'My dove, that art in the clefts of the rocks.' What a Saviour we have! He is so tender, so loving; He is truly 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' . . . Then, ■ the end of the service, he spoke about this:—'When he putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.' ■ said, 'I am loath to tell you to go from the table. I daresay many of you are saying, "I should like to stay a little longer." You have been in the sheepfold, dear souls, and you do not like to go back again to the wilderness; but ■ is Jesus who puts you forth, and He goes before you. He puts you into the wilderness again, that you may learn your own

helplessness, and His strength. But He does not *drive* His sheep. No; **He** *leads* them, and He always goes *first*. The world thinks that God's people are in bondage. But no; they are free. They are not driven; they are led. They follow the Lamb, because they love the Lamb, and would be miserable if they did not follow Him.' Oh! I did feel loath to leave the table; but Jesus went with me, and He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' When we left the church, **we** walked along the street for a little, I felt almost in heaven; and my dear R. enjoyed it so much too. **I** for a heart to praise! When the bread and wine went round, I am sure Satan was near, for **I** got such a fright when I found myself so cold and dead; but I asked Jesus to lead **me** away from my dark heart, and to enable me to look out upon Himself, and He did it; **how** polluted all I did, and thought, and felt, was! Yet, if we are in the clefts of the Rock, all our vileness is hidden, and only the perfect beauty of Jesus seen; and then we know that 'He bears the iniquities of our holy things.' I often longed for you to share our feast, and remembered you at the table. **I** wrote down some sweet bits for you when **I** could; but I could do nothing almost but weep; it seemed to **me** so wonderful, that *such* a Saviour should think of us **all**; and He seemed so *winning*, so gentle, so full of compassion; it was almost *too much*. I felt that I knew nothing of Him; but I hope he will teach me, for He has compassion on the ignorant."

of **Way of Acceptance**.—Her resting-place was the work of the Son of God, complete in all its

parts; needing nothing in the sinner to make it more sufficient or more suitable. Thus she went at first to the Father through the Son, and thus she continued to go to the last. But, like others, she sometimes got into perplexity on this point; and forgetting to hold *the beginning* of her confidence steadfast, she lost her consciousness of reconciliation. "21st Sept. 1843.—Went to Mr Robertson's to-day, and had a long and, I think, blessed conversation with him. God enabled him to shew me that I have been making the Spirit's work within me my ground of confidence in place of the work of Christ. I see I have been trying to come to God as a *Christian* in place of as a *sinner*. Mr R. said I should put it down as a settled point, that I am *always* to come to God as a *sinner*, with no good thing about me at all, and plead that Jesus died for sinners. What a happy, peaceful, God-glorifying state I should be in if I always went to God in this character! I will do so Mr R. says—in God's strength. I am determined always to go to Him as a *sinner*, and I know that 'He receiveth sinners.' This, then, is a settled point."

Spiritual-mindedness.—To follow Christ, to be like Christ, was what she sought with the whole vehement energy of her soul. To mind "heavenly things" was her aim. To be unlike the children of this world, and to be like the heirs of the world to come, was the thing which she saw to be so infinitely desirable, and which formed the burden of her pleadings with God. ~~She~~ she writes:—"R. and I went to Miss R.—'s, where we had a meeting. I think God was with us. I had a great longing to be spiritual—to have God in me. At

prayer I was enabled to cast myself upon Him, and felt as if a load had been taken from my heart. I did not feel so much joy, as a sweet peace filling my heart, and taking away all my angry, unholy feelings. Had a great desire to live to God's glory. Asked this for us all. I think our kind God and Father led us there to-day. My soul was much refreshed. Oh! to think that, when I see spiritual to be so infinitely preferable to earthly things, I am so eager in the pursuit of these trifles!"

"22d.—I asked this morning for spiritual-mindedness, by *whatever means*. O that this prayer were answered! I am weighed down by sin, and earthliness, and selfishness. O to be holy! I do long to be holy! I hate sin. ■ is indeed an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God! But I am afraid that I think more of its *bitterness* than of its *evil*; but this only shews how entirely destitute of good I am."

Views of Sin.—Conviction of sin is not a pre-requisite or a preliminary to salvation; it is part of the salvation ■■■■. The possession of it does not qualify us for coming to the Sin-bearer; nor does the want of ■ disqualify us or make us less welcome to Him, or warrant us in standing aloof. To say, I must repent before I come, is to say, I must begin salvation, and then come to Him to carry it on and consummate it. ■■ my sense of sin is not deep enough, instead of making this a reason for standing aloof from the Son of God, I am to make it an additional reason for going straight to Him, as one who needs Him more than others.

Thus M—— acted, and in so doing her sense of sin

deepened and grew more intense. Thus she writes :—
 " June 9, 1843.—This is my birthday. Have I grown in grace since last year? . . . What a precious day this has been! At prayer this morning, I had such views of my exceeding sinfulness, that I was almost in despair. I thought God could never pardon such a being. But soon He led me to the Cross of Jesus, and there I saw all—even my sins—borne by Him 'who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' Oh how precious it was to feel that God could love me in spite of all my sins! I am always trying to come to God with a price in my hand; but Jesus shews me I come as an empty beggar."

" Oct. 24, 1843.—R. and ■ came to town for a week to attend the Communion at St Luke's. Went in the evening and heard Mr W. Burns. I think I never heard him so searching before. I felt as if he spoke every word to me. My heart seemed as if it would break with sorrow at the remembrance of all my sins. I think I never saw myself such a sinner before. . . . He spoke about holiness and purity of heart, ■ said that the next best thing to being perfectly holy, was to be perfectly ashamed of our unholiness."

In September 1844, she wrote to a friend thus :—
 " My dearest B—, I am very, very unlike one who calls herself by such a glorious name as a child of God. How precious should Jesus be to such sinners as we are! I am ashamed when I think that Jesus sees all that is in me. I cannot get rid of sin at all. It pollutes all I do, and think, and say. And then I am not humbled under a sense of my utter unworthiness."

In her conflicts with the evil within, thus she speaks:—"Aug. 30.—Had a severe time of wrestling this morning against ~~my~~ corruption and deadness. I ~~was~~ such painful longings to get near Jesus, but I ~~was~~ seems so far away!"

Reality in Divine Fellowship.—"I was an hour upon my knees before ■ could utter one sentence in prayer," was her expression one day in conversation with a friend.* And why this strange silence—this want of utterance? Because she knew too well what prayer consisted in, ■ speak words without meaning, and preferred to be dumb before Jehovah rather than mock Him with ~~my~~ utterances. Prayer was not prayer to her, ~~because~~ it brought her into conscious contact with the living God. If it was not the interchange of feeling between her and the Christ to whom she had given her heart, ■ was nothing. Brought up amid "forms" of prayer, and accustomed, in so far as she prayed at all, to pray by book, she, from the time of her conversion, laid aside all such helps. Of the arguments for or against set forms, she knew nothing, nor ever thought of knowing. She felt that she must tell God what she wanted; that no other could tell her wants, or sins, or fears, or griefs, or trials; and hence she laid aside these forms simply as one who felt that she needed them not, and that they did but straiten and impede ■ outpouring of her soul to God.

Her letters in almost every page reveal her longings for or enjoyment of Divine fellowship. The following extract, though not exclusively on this point, will illus-

* See Ps. lxxii. 1—"Truly my soul is ~~as~~ for God." (*Morgan*.)

trate this :—" I have been reading over one of your letters, and there is something in ■ I must ask you about. You say—" When you see you need any ■ ask God to give it you, and to *forgive you for not having it.* Now, is it ■ fault if we have not grace? If I could think that, then ■ indeed see my sinfulness; for I seem never to have anything I ought to have. Will you tell ■ about this when you write again? for ■ has often troubled ■ I have thought sometimes when praying ■ such and such things, I wonder ■ I am sinful in not having them already; but I think of so many things that continually puzzle me, that ■ would ■ endless to write them all. ■ want to ask you about ■ thing, however, that I ■ never do—and that is to search my heart! ■ don't know how you set about it, and perhaps that is the reason I see so little of ■ sinfulness. Don't your thoughts either wander away to this world and vanity, ■ else to *Jesus*? ■ then, oh! how can you think of yourself? Do tell me about these two things in your next letter, which I wish I had. I had a curious kind of feeling on the last day of the year; I must tell it you. It was after dinner; I had gone to meet you at our Father's throne, and I had not much delight in prayer; but when I came into the room again, I could not remain. I felt an almost intolerable longing after something, I knew not what; I could settle to nothing; so at last I went to my own room; but I could not pray, for I felt as if God had called me to *speak to me*, in place of me praying to Him! I was *wretched*, yet *happy*, till I thought of what Samuel said, and ■ knelt down and said, 'Speak, Lord,

for Thy servant hearth.' And, oh! I felt so *tremblingly* happy, I thought God was actually in the room, and yet I had *no* fear. I did not feel my need of Him, but I felt that He had a message to *my* soul, so that I could not rest till I knew what it was. Oh! if it was to tell me to speak to my darling —; and you know it was that night I spoke to him. I have been thinking of what Mr B. said about glorifying God; *■* was indeed very humbling to me. *●* that I could glorify Him! But what I feel most at present is *want of desire* to do or feel anything. I prayed this morning a great deal for *sincerity*. I feel convicted of sin in that respect; for if I *really* were anxious for spiritual blessings, surely I should pray more earnestly for them. *■ ■ ■* sometimes frightened to pray; and just now a feeling of depression seems to weigh down *■* heart, and at times *■* cannot speak to God for weeping. . . . O the glorious time when we shall *never* be separated, in another and happier world, when we shall be for ever with Jesus! I wonder if we shall remember the time when we wrote *■ ■ ■* spoke together about Him on earth. I wish *■* were more like Him, holy *■* He is holy. Will you pray that I may have longing desires to be holy, and that I may feel more my load of sin?"

Thus it was that she shewed, not only "whose she was not," but "whose she was." Neither in the positive nor in the negative features of her character was there any ambiguity. That she "was not of the world" was evident; but equally plain was it that her "citizenship was in heaven." The family likeness was too plain

to be mistaken. Her unhesitating mode of action in everything that might discredit the name of Christian, or compromise her own character as the bearer of that name, might offend. It would be imputed to the proud assumption of a claim to higher spirituality; and the lukewarm, the half-hearted, would feel as if reproached. Yet there was nothing of assumption about her, no self-complacency, no love of singularity, no wish to cast reproach upon one human being. Unconscious of doing anything but simply following the Master, bearing His cross, she could not but be surprised her conduct should draw attention, seem strange to any who bore His name.

There was nothing artificial about her piety, save as it was manifestly the workmanship of a *Divine Artist*. In this sense it was truly *artificial*; but, in every other, natural, — natural in her air and tone and complexion—natural in what it was and what it did. Her religion was not that of imitation. It was the unbidden growth of the new nature within,—not the result of outward appliances, or skilful efforts to do as others did, or to feel as others felt. That new nature, fostered, as it had been imparted from above, shot up into vigorous growth, and shewed itself in the fruits of the Spirit. It was healthful in her piety, for she was "rooted and grounded in Love" (Eph. iii. 17), and the growth of such a soil was not likely to be stunted or sickly.

Her intercourse with the world, though uncompromising, was ever gentle and affectionate; for she felt that as she differed on so many vital points, there was

the greater necessity for not differing on smaller ones. Her intercourse with Christians was that of one who realised the oneness of the brotherhood, and to whom the "fellowship of the saints" was no unmeaning term of courtesy.

It may also be noticed here that her thoughts often up to the *angels*. She used to speak of them, and express her gratitude towards them for their of condescending love to the "redeemed from men." remembered that they "ministering spirits," who, as Baxter says, "have charge of us, and pitch their tents about us, who bear us up, who rejoice our repentance, who are the witnesses of our behaviour, who behold of our heavenly Father, who convey souls to heaven, who will come with in glorious attendance at the great joyful day." *

To "the whole family and earth" (Eph. iii. 15) her soul went out, realising kinship with all;—with the redeemed in virtue of a common brotherhood in Christ, and with the angels in virtue of a common fatherhood in God. Thus, taking in the whole circle in heaven and earth, she was brought under the moulding influence of those manifold objects all sides, the contact with, or contemplation of which, is

* Works, vol. xviii. p. 288. See other places also; for he frequently refers to the topic, maintaining that our Lord meant to affirm that each heir of the kingdom "hath his angel;" yet that they are not or servants of the godly, "but ministers of God, for the godly," a distinction which we often overlook when quoting Heb. i. 14. He shows also, that, as being holy beings, and beings who have such love to us, they ought to be loved "with a great and holy love," so that we ought to "long for their company."—Vol. v. pp. 235-245.

designed so specially by God to promote our holiness, by assimilating us to what we behold. Each part of the new nature thus got hold of something congenial, and was expanded or elevated or purified. She longed to be holy, for all with whom she was to spend eternity were holy. Her "faith grew exceedingly," and her "love abounded." The fruits of the Spirit hung ripely on her

CHAPTER XI.

Progress in 1846-47.

IN M——'s course there was no lingering. Her face was Zionward, and she tarried not by the way. ■■■ might feel weary, she might stumble, she might be torn with the briars of the wilderness, but she did not turn aside. Jerusalem was in view, and so she pressed

■■■ In her experience as a saint, there is a manifest advancement. There are still fluctuations in it; but, on the whole, it is steadier; the flow is longer than the ebb. She is evidently gaining ground, though she grieves over the slowness of her progress. The cross brightens on her view, and sheds its radiance more steadily upon her path, with less of distance or of cloud between.

■■■ feelings which ■■■ experience unfolds are maturer and less impulsive, though still as warm and fresh. Her fellowship with the Lord is more constant and unbroken.

There is also a greater vividness in her anticipations of the eternal kingdom. She speaks more than ever as a stranger; and there is at times the expression of a

Home-sickness in her letters, which seems almost like the presentiment of her nearness to the country she so desired to enter. And, with these home-longings, she breathes out the feeling of quiet loneliness, as if she were becoming more and more acutely alive to the uncongenialities of earth—more and more lovingly sensible of the affinities between her and heaven.

Thus, for instance, she wrote, towards the end of 1845,—“How [redacted] it will be to speak together again about ‘the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off!’ Don’t you often long to be *at home*, free from *sin*, sorrow, pain, and everything that makes earth the wilderness that it is? Mr M—— spoke so sweetly [redacted] Sabbath, about this verse,—‘The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.’ It exactly suited [redacted] He said the world erred in this way, for they were not wayfaring men, but the believer was; he was journeying on to his home, and the way was so plain, that, even though he were a fool, he could not err in it. . . . I need not tell you the great delight [redacted] is to me to have [redacted] beloved —— with me once more. It was very sweet to meet in the wilderness. How much sweeter still it will be to meet in glory! It will then be with ‘exceeding joy,’ for we shall be ‘without fault,’ and [redacted] shall see Him who is ‘fairer than the children of men,’ and we shall *all* meet then [redacted] our Father’s house—*His* and in *Him* our Father. O to be ‘made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light,’—to be holy, as Christ is holy, and ‘perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect!’ . . . O for an open mouth,—to be always [redacted] the Rock, that there might be in me a well of

water springing up into everlasting life, and flowing as rivers of living water, giving life to all around me! How much grace Jesus is able and willing to give me! I am not straitened in Him, but in my poor wretched self. O to be done with self—with a vile body of sin and death! Don't you long for the unsinning heart, for the glorious body like unto His glorious body, and to know even as we are known! I know nothing of Jesus at all; and yet how glorious He is, how worthy of being known, and loved, and praised, through all eternity! He is all-glorious—all-powerful—all-loving. His power is boundless, His love as boundless; and it is all for poor sinners like you."

But we shall leave our readers to gather from the letters in full the state of her feeling and experience. We give them, as before, according to dates:—

"P—, January 10, 1846.

"How you humbled me, my darling friend! If you only knew this desperately wicked heart of mine, you would not think I had any real desires for poor sinners! I have seen a little at prayer this morning of what I am; and I am ashamed and confounded when I see how almost entirely I desire my own glory in all that I do; and I earnestly want you to ask this for me—that I may see the sin of it, and that it may be rooted out of me. I think I never long for my sinful home so much as when I see, that even in working for Jesus I am putting forward myself. I get alarmed when I think how I may win souls by holding forth me in place of Jesus. I wish I were holy; I wish I had

pure motives—that [redacted] forgotten, [redacted] Jesus everything! But I never find it thus with me, and I am very, very sad about it. Don't you weary to have a single eye? . . . I sometimes feel when I *really* begin to pray, as if I should need to pray all my life, and do nothing else, there is so much, and so many, to pray for. To-day was for all God's dear saints. Surely there will be a great blessing after so much prayer, and united prayer, too. We have had three prayer-meetings this week, I am happy to say. One was our meeting at M——: it was very sweet. Then we had our usual meeting at Mrs J——'s on Tuesday, and another at her house on Thursday. . . . I am often comforted in seeing the love of God, even when I cannot see my [redacted] interest in it. It is unutterably [redacted] and refreshing to think there is such a being as Jesus. [redacted] verse has often given me great joy—'I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore;' but yet, as James Laing said, 'I should like to taste myself.' I have not time in this letter to tell you about my district people. I shall write again about them. I shall only say, *pray for them*; and oh! *pray for me*! I am very anxious about a woman and a young girl whom I had a long talk with. I am longing for some of them to come to Jesus. . . . May God, even your own God, bless you, and make you a blessing.

"Monday.—I have been giving myself anew very solemnly to the Lord this morning. To be *His alone, His entirely, His now, and His for ever*! [redacted] grace for me, for I am utterly weak. I am going to

my district now. Pray for me and it: ■ weighs heavy on my heart. Pray that I may feel more and more that it is *His* work, *His* cause, and that ■ alone must have all the glory; and pray for *conversions*, for I feel as if I could not bear any longer to go among so many dead souls, hurrying to ruin, and a Saviour all ready to save them. Do write soon, and say something to encourage me, for my hands hang down, and my knees are feeble, and my faith is very weak. Let us plead for one another, that we may draw many to Jesus.—Believe me, ever your own sister in our sweet Lord Jesus."

" P——, January 31, 1846.

" Ah! my beloved one, these trials often give me a sight into ■ dark caverns of ■ heart, and shew me how much I have been seeking self, and my own glory, in place of the glory of Jesus. I often think if I were more intent upon the glory of my beloved Lord, I should care less about whether unworthy ■ were treated well or not. I am weary of myself at times. I ■ wish I had a single eye to the glory of Jesus. How often, too, in feeling envious at others having as much more grace than I, do I shew that ■ am not aiming at His glory; else I should rejoice at His being glorified by the holy walk of any one. How ■ things ■ lay me in the dust, and keep me there; and how precious ■ make '*the only holy One*,' '*the fairer than the children of men*;' and how it should make me long for the time when I shall be like Him, when I shall stand faultless before the throne, dressed in beauty not my own! and yet, with all the sins that cleave to

us, is ■ not a sweet service the service ■ Immanuel !
 O that I had more faith to trust Him entirely, however
 ■ things appear !—and they are often dark : they
 are dark ■ home, dark around me, and dark in my
 own soul ; but the night is far spent, the day is ■
 hand, even a morning without clouds. ■ to be ready
 for that day ! . . . The pain in my side is never
 away. I had to put leeches on again. Will you seek
 that I may get patience to bear it ? for it is very trying
 to be so long in this state. What vexes ■ most is,
 that it comes on worst when ■ am at prayer ; and then
 ■ prevents ■ doing as much as ■ should like, going
 to the House of Refuge, and to my people here ; but
 it must be good for me, else I should not have it.
 Perhaps it is a thorn in the flesh which ■ am always
 to bear. . . . I fear I have no ■ cases to tell you
 of in my district. Pray for it and me, and ask that
 God would shew me *why* He does not bless the means.
 Perhaps He honours me so little because ■ honour
 Him so little. I should like to leave this dry land
 altogether, and go abroad as a missionary. I want to
 go to Africa, and tell the poor negroes there is One
 who loves them, degraded though they be. But how
 am I to get ? R. and I are very anxious to be mission-
 aries, and we often pray that, if it be His will, the way
 may be opened ■ ; but ah ! I fear I am not fit.”

“ P—, February 12, 1846.

“ How many proofs of love my loving God is still
 giving me, in laying His hand so often on me ! He is
determined to make me holy, and, oh ! I do love and

bles Him for it. I want you to join me in praying that all my pains may be sanctified, for they have not been so yet; and oh! I am anxious that God may get His own way, and not give me mine. I have many a sore heart for sin, but I am glad, glad that I do feel sin a burden. We should be glad that we are in the fight, terrible though it often be. You speak of sin getting the mastery—ah! dearest, you cannot, I think, know the struggle I have with it, I am so very vile. Oh! pray for me, that I may hear the rod, and Him who appoints it."

"P—, February 19, 1846.

"I don't want you to be alarmed about —, for she is materially worse, only she does not get any better, and she complains more constantly than she used to do; and the reason why I tell you about her is, that you may join R and me in praying, yea, in wrestling more anxiously than ever, for her precious, precious soul. I think I could almost part with her, if it were to Jesus. There is much that is encouraging about her; and oh! how much to be grateful for! — reads a great many of the good books we put in her way, and you know how much she knows in many ways: I mean she sees in a measure the necessity of thinking of the soul; but oh! she is dark, dark, I fear, about the way of salvation. — does not see how it is *entirely grace*; and I feel how utterly weak we are to help her; but *He can*, and *He will*, if we ask Him, for He tells us to pray for one another, and He knows we must pray for one so dear; yet we are not to seek it for her sake, but for His glory; that is what I feel so difficult. Will you ask for R. and me, that — may

have a single eye to His glory in this thing? I know the great love you have to —, and I feel a great relief to tell you all our sorrows, knowing that you will bear them before our Father's throne. Yes, and there is One on that throne who bears them all on His heart; and I often thank Him for even these sore trials, though grievous, grievous, at present. Your letter has been matter of comfort to R. and me,—especially as it shewed us that, without knowing increasing anxiety about —, you have been feeling, as we do, the necessity for double exertion on their behalf. We are most glad to join with you in setting apart a day for special prayer for —; and let us ask for praying hearts and a single eye. We have fixed *Friday first*; and if that day will suit you, you may either write a line to say so, or, if you have not time, we shall understand that that day will do. We shall try and get as much of the day as we can, and will remember them particularly in the morning, and at *five*. I often am almost in despair about them; prayer is so long of being answered; but we must wait in faith, for, as you say, God is almighty, and much more willing that they should be saved than we are, and it is He who has given us all our anxiety about them. I often think the cause why our prayers have not yet been answered may be in me. I wish you would pray for me, that I may walk more consistently before them—that I may win them to Jesus. Oh! J——, I wish I were not a daily dishonour to Jesus; I cannot tell you the sorrow I feel, that, in place of growing and adorning the gospel, I am backsliding fearfully. I know I am. I am not half

so anxious, or zealous, or prayerful, as I was at first. The world is coming into my heart again. Ah! it is this makes me long often to be at rest; done with sin; done with a sorrowful, God-dishonouring heart, and a God-dishonouring world. ■■■ I don't ■■■ I'll be ready for a long time. ■ to be made meet for the undefiled inheritance! to be done with deadness, and coldness, and selfishness, and distance from Jesus! to see Him as He is, to sit ■ His feet, and say to Him, 'Jesus, my redeeming God, I shall never more grieve thy heart by sin again!' ■ shall say that in heaven; we cannot say it here; and it is this that makes life often so bitter. But how little of my sinfulness I see! I feel its bitterness a good deal, but I do not see its guilt enough. Ask this for me too. 'I will tell you a dream I had the night before last. I dreamed that I was in India, and I thought I was so enchanted to be there, for I thought, now I will go and speak to multitudes of poor heathen, and win them to Jesus; but, to my dismay, I found we were to leave next day, and I cannot tell you the agony I suffered when I found I could not remain to work amongst them. I said to R., 'Oh! think of Dr Duff and all the missionaries being up the country there, and all the poor Indians, and we cannot get to them!' And we never did get to them, for I awoke in all my misery about it. I often think I should like to go abroad, but for leaving —; oh that I saw her in Christ, and — too! I could leave them then. I wish I saw the way opened up for us to go somewhere; there is so much done at home, and they need people more abroad; only I have

two strong obstacles in the way,—first, these dear souls in —, and then I fear, indeed I know, I am not fit to be a missionary. Well, we are all in His hands; let Him as seemeth Him good; let Him choose our inheritance for us.”

“P—, March 10, 1846.

“I am strong in body just now, but my poor soul seems famishing and faint. I wish you would ask for me that I may be *greatly* quickened, for I need it. I sometimes get alarmed at the dead, unprofitable I am in; and I am grateful that I have life enough to feel that I am dead, and light enough to see that I am very dark. It is a great mercy, and one I ought to be very grateful for, but I want to *press on* to higher and higher heights; I want to be an eminent Christian, that is, one who glorifies Jesus much, and I am often much discouraged in seeing how far behind I am. O for a single eye! self does so pollute all I do. Will you pray for me, my dearest friend?”

“P—, March 23, 1846.

“I am very much tried and tempted in my soul just now. I sometimes feel as if sin and Satan were just raging against me; but, praise, eternal praise to Jehovah-Jesus, I shall one day be, through Him, more than conqueror. He is teaching me my weakness, and it is a painful lesson for a proud heart to learn; but I humbly trust He will teach me also where my strength really lies, that in Him I have strength, for is it not written, and it is a wonderful verse, ‘In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge’? and ‘In

Him ■■■ all the fulness of the ■■■ *bodily*?' Oh! that word *bodily*! To think that He wears *our* nature; yes, *our* Redeemer was 'made in the likeness of men.' I talk to you of these things like a poor *dab*, as I am; but in glory, I shall know even as I am known."

"P—, April 14, 1846.

"I have been confined almost entirely to bed since last Monday week, with a severe attack of rheumatism ■■■ my whole body, and pain in my side, which has ended in sciatica, so that at present I cannot walk across the room but with difficulty; ■ is very painful ■ times, but I am very thankful that I am not always in pain, as I might be. How kind and gracious, God, my *own* wonderful, loving God, is to me! Oh! ask that I may see *love* in all His dealings with me, for I am very apt ■ doubt His loving heart! ■ takes a great deal to subdue me, but 'He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.' . . My heart bounds ■ the thought of meeting you once more; but I do not know what to say about it; the time is drawing very near, and the doctor says he cannot say I shall be able to walk in a fortnight. It is a sore disappointment, when Mr A. Bonar is to be there. I must go to the Fountain, now that the streams are dried up. God's dealings seem strange just now! I had settled all I had to do—go regularly to the Refuge, give away tracts, get ■ ■■■ class, &c.—when, all at once, I am shut out from them all, and, instead of doing my Master's work, here am I laid up, fit for nothing! Oh! pray for me that, since I cannot *do* His will, I may glorify Him by

suffering it. Ask that I may not come out of this furnace till *His* time come. Ask for a humble sub-
 spirit, and especially that I may have the spirit of prayer given me, both for myself and others, that I may be enabled to pray for those to whom I cannot speak."

"*Kelso, April 1846.*

"MY [REDACTED] R.,—Although I have just come here, yet I sometimes think I cannot stay away from you any longer! I often think of the few [REDACTED] moments we had in your little room before I left. And yet there was sweetness in them too, for I knew you had Jesus, [REDACTED] that [REDACTED] loved you, and would take [REDACTED] of you. Cleave to Him in all your griefs, and you will [REDACTED] sweet. He wishes you to find *your all* in Him. I like [REDACTED] verses you [REDACTED] me very much, particularly the last one—

"Think what Father's smiles are thine,
 Think that Jesus died to win thee—
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?"

[REDACTED] wonderful that He should love sinners so much!

"Last night we were at ——'s. I learnt the last verse, and repeated it to myself [REDACTED] the evening, that, though my body was there, my heart might be above with Him who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. I wish my heart were more there. How my soul cleaves to the dust! [REDACTED] may well cry, 'Quicken me, O Lord!' I have not felt God's presence lately; [REDACTED] this morning, when I was thanking Him for all [REDACTED] temporal blessings, I burst into [REDACTED] as I thought, 'What is [REDACTED] all, if my Father hides His face?' [REDACTED] long to live near God, [REDACTED] hide deeper in the clefts of the smitten

Rock. O ■ delight myself in God! that would ■ heaven upon earth. I wonder when *our Father* will call us *home*! O to be *for ever* with Him, with the meek and lowly Jesus, with Him who once ■ a ■ of thorns, but who ■ wears a crown of glory! Don't you long to cast yours at His feet? I have sometimes great longings to be away; but often Satan makes ■ not so anxious, by telling me that I am not a *child*, and that ■ shall never get to Jesus; but Satan is a liar, and we ■ not believe what he tells us. We ■ rather believe what Jesus himself says, and He says, 'Ye shall never perish.'

"P.S.—Pray that I may win old Lizzy to Jesus. Oh! when will *glory* dawn!"

"Kedso, April 1846.

"I cannot tell you the grief your letter, telling me you are not to come here, gave me. My only consolation is, ■ it is not *His* will that you should come ■ present. You would not find it an ■ ■ you ■ without being ■ Oh, no! I ■ very much, even though I am here, that it is the wilderness still, and, sweet though the Lord's hidden ones here are, He is the sweetest of all himself. There are many fair lilies in His garden, but He is the fairest of them all. 'He is fairer than the children of men.' The Rose of Sharon is the sweetest flower in all the garden of God. I hope I shall ■ much of its beauty here, and bring back with me ■ sweet fragrance of the Plant of Renown. Will you pray that it may be so! Now that you are not coming, I must be doubly anxious to bring home the 'fragments' to you. ■ that ■ would *fill* me

while in this place, that I may return to you and all with a blessing! To glorify Jesus, that is *everything*.

"Little W—— is dying; H. told me such a sweet anecdote of him. She was sitting beside him, and he said, 'You have a great many rings.' — replied, 'They are all presents—I — buy jewels.' — then said, 'There is one jewel you have which you got for nothing.' 'Is that your mamma's ring?' — asked. 'No,' he said, 'it is Christ I mean, the pearl of great price.'

"I had such a conversation with my dear old Lizzy to-day! Oh, pray for her, and for a blessing — my visits to her. I think my heart will break if she does not come to Jesus before I leave. How full and free He seems when I speak to her! Blessed Saviour, and blessed work! To think that we are called to it! I — stop now. Pray that I may win souls to Christ here—especially old Lizzy. Your — M——."

"Keto, —, 1846.

"To-morrow is Sabbath, — day of peaceful — Oh, — of the time when there shall — nothing but Sabbaths, — endless Sabbath of blessedness and holy joy! I wish you had Mr — to-morrow; but you have Jesus, and that is far better than any on this earth. Though you have not the channels for the living water to pour into your soul, you have the fountain itself, and that is ever free and open to every sinner. Only — empty, and Jesus will fill you with His own fulness; the — you have the better, you will be better able — contain the treasures that — hid in Him.

"I have been praying ever since I came here that God would make me an instrument in His hands for promoting His glory, whilst I am here; that I may be made useful in bringing souls to Christ; that the worthless life which He has redeemed may be spent in His service. Oh, join with me in this prayer! I am often unhappy when I think that I am of no use in this world. When I think that all God's children are working for Him except me, I think that I am the barren fig-tree, and that Jesus will say, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' I do not know yet in what way I can work for Christ; but I have laid my prayers at the foot of Christ's cross, and I know that God will answer them in His own good time and way, not for my sake, or on account of my prayers and earnestness, but for the sake of Him who died on that cross for such vile sinners. I feel so happy at the thought of living for Jesus. I do not know what has given me such an ardent desire to do something for Him. I wish I were a missionary. . . . That the Lord may be your Shepherd, and that you may never want, is the prayer of your own affectionate M——."

"Keto, May 6, 1846.

"I gave what you sent me to a poor child who is dying. Oh! R., if you only saw her! she is a real child of God. I must tell you all about her, for I am greatly occupied about her.

"We used to say that we had never seen a pious child, but I have seen one at last. The first day I saw her I wanted to take an angel's office, and carry her in

my arms to Jesus! J—— and I heard that she was ill, and Mr Bonar said he thought there was real grace in her, and off we set to see her. She is about eight years old, and is dying of water in the head. ■■■ suffers a great deal, but her mother says she is very patient. She sometimes cries out when we are there, 'Oh! mother, my head!' Poor thing, I am so sorry for her! She has turned quite blind, too! One day she said, 'I am blind, mem, but I can see Jesus with my heart.' Wasn't that sweet! I asked her what she saw in Jesus, and she replied, 'Love.' M—— said to her, 'There will be no sorrow, no pain in heaven;' and her answer was, 'No, mem, all love.' I wish you could see her. But you never will, till you meet in glory. But I won't tell you anything more about her at present, for I have a plan about her. ■ have written down all the sweet things she said, and I want Mr Fordyce and Mrs H. to write some nice remarks about her, and to make a little book of it; it would be so useful for children."

"Kelsa, May 1846.

"I wish I had as ardent a desire for communion with Jesus, ■■■ Beloved, as I often have for fellowship with His dear people! Pray that it may be so, and that I may have far more desire for Him, and ■■■ love 'which passeth knowledge.' I took a longing to see you just now; but, as I could not, I went to tell Jesus ■ wanted more of Him; and oh! He is sweet! I fear ■ know Him *very little*, if at all. I am so unwilling to submit to His will, not to say in all things, but in anything! ■ to be able to say, 'My soul is as a weaned

child!' When I think how soon ■ are to part—to say that bitter word, *farewell*—I fear I am not like ■ weaned child; but He ■ 'Be careful for nothing.' It is sweet to tell Him all our heart, and to ask Him to *comfort* and *sanctify* us! He is a blessed God! How He bears ■ His poor, silly children! Our God is *very pitiful*, and of *tender* mercy. He *never* turns a deaf ear to any of ■ complaints, though they are often ■ foolish. He notices when ■ people are sad, ■ draws near to comfort them, saying, 'Why weepest thou!' ■ knows why ■ weep, but He wants us ■ tell Him; ■ knows what a relief the very telling Him of our griefs will be. ■ is *best* to speak of Himself when we meet, and not outward things. O to know Him as a living Saviour, living in me, the hope of glory! O for a joyful hope of coming glory! Do you remember the *home-feeling about heaven*? But I must stop, or I shall think I am at P—— already."

"E——, June 11, 1846.

"I feel ~~now~~ that ■ are ■ the ■ from the other, when I have to write instead of speaking to you face to face; but this is His will whose meat and drink ■ was to do the Father's will, and it must be our will too. . . . I felt I was meeting you in spirit very often during ■ journey yesterday, especially about five. Jesus ■ very tender of His poor, sinful, sorrowful child, for ■ drew near to comfort me many a time after I had left you. ■ thought my heart would break! How I longed for our holy home where I never should ■ farewell—when we should be *with the Lord* together

for ever! I must now get the closer to Jesus. . . . I feel so drawn just now to all who love Jesus. It is a strong tie, the tie of grace that binds believers to each other; it can never be broken."

"P——, June 15, 1846.

"May we both lean our weary souls on the bosom of Jesus, and may we find a very sweet resting-place! Yesterday was our communion at Musselburgh. I sat for a short time at the table, as if alone with Jesus. It is almost too much to think about the love of Jesus! I cannot stand at all, if I feel it even a little. We shall need glorified bodies to hold the fulness of His love. It is so sweet to get away from the world for a little, and sit under the shade of the 'Plant of Renown' with great delight. I could not help *groaning* when I heard man's voice again, and thought, oh! I am in the wilderness still! We shall never say *farewell* when we are in glory."

"P——, June 17, 1846.

"It is a week to-day since we said earth's bitterest word, farewell, and it seems like ten years. I wonder how much I have done for Jesus in that week now gone, with all its sins and opportunities of glorifying Him—sadly and sinfully lost—gone to return. I am often afraid to write to you—I am afraid I write you lies! Do you remember what Mr W—— said about that? I hope you will send me sometimes the *Thursday night's* notes. How often we have feasted on them together! how often we have walked into His house of God in company! We shall walk the golden streets of

the **Jerusalem** together! I am sometimes afraid;—yet this is sinful; Jesus surely is able to carry me all the way. I wish I knew Him better; His name is ‘*Love*,’ and His name is ‘*Wonderful*,’ but my name is *unbelief*, and I cannot—no, I should **I will** not, trust Him. I could trust you—I could **you** with anything; and can I not trust *Jesus*? What a heart is mine! He gave a proof (another among the multitudes He is for **giving**) of **love** to this family, for He sent our dear minister with a sweet message of love to dear — to-day. **spoke** of this verse,—‘We have known and believed the love which God hath to us.’ He said that made **the** difference between a converted and an unconverted man—the simple belief of the love of God; and yet, to make that difference, it required the mighty power of God. He would have given much to convert that soul, but he was powerless; yet God works by means, and **must** plead, my beloved, that His message may be blessed. He seemed to be blessed in speaking of the love of God—his whole soul seemed to be in it; and you know where he got the love—he got it where the beloved disciple got his; and if **can** fill a human heart so full, what must His own infinite heart contain! . . . Do you think I should print my little book? I think our dear little Mary’s love to Jesus, and, above all, the exhibition of His love to her in **perfect** peace He gave her, may draw some young heart to Him. . . . Tell me if your *den* is a Bethel to you, if Jesus draws near and says, ‘Peace be unto thee.’ I am so glad when I think you are quiet there alone; yet not alone, because your Father

is with you. My only drawback is, that I cannot come gently to the door, slip in, and join you ■ His throne, to bless Him for all ■ mercies to us, His poor silly sheep. ■ must be content that we excel in spirit for the present. My frequent prayer is, that our separation may lead us nearer to Himself. You must ask for me that I may often,—*always* have *Mary's place*, ■ I have ■ good deal of Martha's work to do. Oh to be *at home*! ■ ■ have ■ of a home-feeling about heaven ■ on earth! . . . You have One who ■ wearies in caring for you, who watches over you *at all times* with an intensity ■ interest and love such as ■ dwelt in a human bosom till the 'Word became flesh.' How deep, how pure, how holy, how unwearied, how unselfish, how God-like, is the love God bears you! I ■ glad you are loved thus by One so glorious, so lovely. ■ you remember the sweet chapter we read together ■ ■ last five o'clock meeting? ■ was ■ about the altogether lovely One. O ■ I could trust both you and my- ■ with Him without ■ fear, a doubt, a murmur, or ■ suspicion!"

"P—, June 26, 1846.

"Our minister was inducted yesterday ■ two o'clock. What ■ solemn service it was!" Do you know I cannot understand my feelings about him. I ■ so drawn to him, and yet I have never heard him

* She thus writes in her diary:—"Thursday, 26th June 1846.—The Rev. T. B. was inducted this day pastor of the Free Church here. May the Lord bless him, and make him a blessing! Felt very much drawn to him; I cannot tell how, as I have never heard him; but I take this as a token, ■ he is a gift from Christ to us; and if so, I must love him. Felt the presence of the Master much during the ordinance. ■ was very solemn. I feel as if this were really the beginning of good days to P—."

preach. I [] so much all the time of the service, my heart was quite melted; and I felt, surely [] man is a gift from Christ to us, and I must love him. Do you think Christ gave me these feelings towards him? R. did not feel as I did, for she [] she had never heard him; but neither have I, and yet I felt as if I loved him so much. I felt as if it were to be the beginning of good days to poor P——. O that it may be so! The Master was very near to us yesterday, I think; surely He has sent this man. . . . Tell me what you feel about going to London; I hope you won't go; and yet, if it be for your good, we must, as you say, seek what our [] will is. How difficult I find it to bend my stubborn will to His! but there [] nothing too hard for the Lord. What a comfort it is to think that! How my heart went with you when you wrote that you want to be stirred up to *start anew*! It is indeed a weary thing to be a *half* Christian. For the honour of our Master, we should indeed seek to be 'a peculiar people.' We have just been reading the [] Psalm; Jesus has such a beautiful name in it — '*the King of Glory*.' What a title! The followers of such a glorious King should not be like the world, who [] His enemies. My precious friend, when you are pleading for yourself to be stirred up, remember your poor friend—pray for your [] child, that she may really see. I have sometimes great longings to get on, but they have never been answered yet. I should like to be a '*song*' Christian, but I am not one yet, I fear. You ask [] if I have been learning anything lately; the question humbled me greatly, but I am so glad you

put it, for I trust ■ will make me search and see what state I really am in. You must often put *questions* to me; I like so when you tell me what you feel, and ask me how I am getting on, for it *alarms* me out of my too easy state; you must always tell me what the Lord is teaching you, and it will encourage ■ more and more to follow ■ to know the Lord. I feel, like you, a good deal of what *I* am, but I do not see Jesus as I ought; I should like to be *intimately* acquainted with Him. He is too much as a stranger to me; and yet, I feel that none but He can satisfy my soul; ■ but ■ *living God* can satisfy a *living soul*. But is mine a living soul? Yet surely a dead soul could not long for Jesus as mine often does. I will try, my own friend, to lay all your ■ before Him, who *can* and *will* supply them all. I sometimes greatly love to pray for you, especially at our ■ hour; but I should ■ if you knew how ■ and how feebly I pray for you. I am so glad you want to have an additional hour for prayer. Oh! beloved, let us *besiege* the throne; ■ have great need—I have, ■ least; and we have many to pray for. The hour R. and I have thought of, is from *three to four on Fridays*; tell me if you like that hour, or fix any other you like; perhaps you may think an evening hour will be less interrupted; and don't you think ■ should make our own families, Kelso, and P——, the chief things to pray for? Let us seek grace for ourselves and one another, that we may glorify God in the midst of them; let us plead for them, and let ■ plead for the places we dwell in, that Jesus may dwell in them, and revive ■ work in the midst of them."

"P——, June 29, 1846.

"How ~~much~~ the love of man is God's love! No earthly friend would have pained you ~~at~~ ~~the~~ time, but ~~we~~ have a kinder Friend above. He wounds that He may heal; ~~He~~ lays low, that He may ~~raise~~ up again; ~~His~~ ~~love~~—mysterious, wonderful love! 'Whom the Lord loveth ~~He~~ chasteneth, and scourgeth every ~~one~~ whom ~~He~~ receiveth.' A weight of glory will make amends for all the trials of the wilderness. God will not let any of you forget that ~~we~~ is the wilderness. Oh! what a weeping world ~~there~~ is! but faint not, beloved friends, ~~all~~ ~~things~~ will ~~be~~ wiped away in glory."

"P——, June 11, 1846.

"I sometimes feel solemn when I think how the Lord is dealing with ~~us~~ in both our families. There is such love in His taking to Himself those who are ready to go. I dread the king of terrors coming here, for so few are ready to meet him as a friend sent to bring them home. . . . I need all your sympathy at present, for this is a very tried house. Dear —— has been very ill again; I had little hope of finding her ~~well~~ on ~~her~~ return; and oh! the agony about her soul! I could think of nothing but that; yet, thanks to our wonderful and merciful God, ~~we~~ found her a little better. . . . I cannot tell you what a solemn feeling I have about all this. How unspeakably important the soul seemed last night! I feel as if anything could be borne, if the soul were only safe. The Lord is speaking very loudly to us all, particularly to dear ——; and I write to ask you to join us more earnestly than

ever, that ■ may be sanctified. ■■■ you join us at three yesterday! I was with ———; I read her the whole of 'Mary standing at the feet of Jesus.' It was very sweet to myself, and dear ——— seemed quiet and solemn. How I yearn at times over them all! but there is One who yearns far, far more. O to see them all at His feet, in His arms—yea, in His very heart! 'The advancing footstep of a sinner to the Altar, is a sweet sound in our Aaron's ears.' Do you remember that, beloved? . . . We are so cheered about ———. O that my old Lissy and the old man ■ W. H. were gathered in too! Jesus has a *large heart*; it can hold *all* who come. I am glad you are in that infinite heart. Farewell for a little. And now, may you know more of that lovely One who makes all heaven glad, and who cheers even *earth's dull mansion* with His bright beams. That these beams may shine into your heart more and more, is the earnest prayer of your own loving and attached sister in *the Beloved*."

~ July 17, ■■■■■

"I cannot tell you what or how I feel, when I hear our loving God has laid His rod ■ my precious friend. You tell ■ not to grieve, but I cannot help it. 'No affliction for the present is joyous, but *grievous*,' so I *may* grieve, but oh! not sinfully; and I fear I do that. How much I may have to suffer before my stubborn will is subdued, and 'every thought brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ!' But I can trust Him, *my own beloved Lord*. I wish we were all 'safe in the promised land.' I feel my distance from Jesus

here; it is so painful, that I feel at times as if I could wait no longer, but must go to Him. 'Oh that I had the wings of a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.' How sweet it would be to go to glory together! Oh! my beloved, what a wilderness this is! and the dreariest part of it is the evil heart within. Let us plead that our afflictions may not pass away without the effect God intends by them. I dread that more than the suffering. I am thinking I shall be the next week up, for my side is bad again; but don't you grieve, for I feel I need it all, and I am sometimes so happy when I feel the pain, for I think this is Christ's hand on me, and it is in love, and I am so glad He loves me, that anything from Him is sweet. But I fear, if I were more tried, and tried in any very tender part, by bereavement for instance, I should not feel so sweet any longer. 'I am a beast before Thee.' I often say that—it seems just to suit me. . . . And now, what message shall I send to yourself? I shall not send one from me, but from your beloved Lord. I have opened the Bible to Psalm xl., verses 1-3. May the sweet Spirit of Jesus write them on your heart."

" E—, August 17, 1846.

"You may get this on your birthday. If it be for the Lord's glory, may you, my precious friend, see many, many happy returns of this day; and may you every day be beautified in your 'altogether lovely' Saviour; and may every birthday find you liker and liker Him who is the spotless One—our all-perfect God. I cannot at all tell you my feelings when I received

your dear and welcome letter this morning. It was one ■ those green spots in the wilderness one sometimes meets with. I had wearied for ■ during the last, ■ me, painful month; but ■ trust I have felt that this has been a needful trial, and that ■ has been blest to ■ I lean too much on you when I am with you, and I lean on your dear letters when I get them; ■ you must ask that God would enable you to write to ■ only when He wills that ■ should hear, and then your letters will be blest to me. And soon, beloved, we ■ not need to write with pen and ink; we ■ speak face to face ere long, I trust, in 'Jerusalem above.' I often weary to be away! What a God we have! Truly ■ is God and not man, or He would have cast me off long ago. . . . I am too weak to write much at a time, and my side is very painful to-day. Will you pray that all this may be sanctified? I should be humbled indeed, when I think how sinful I must be to need so much pruning. But it is *all well, all right*; and I shall see that clearly in the sweet light of eternity. O to be *at home*! I feel a kind of persuasion that I may be away soon. I feel little in- ■ in anything here, and ■ think perhaps this pain is the messenger sent to bring down the frail body; but He knows the best time to take me. ■ that I were quite sure that I am prepared! But I feel as if I were cruel in saying all this to you. You would miss M——; you would be saying, 'I am distressed for thee, my sister.' ■ is curious I CANNOT STAND you speaking of going home, and yet I speak of ■ to you; but then I forget I am not J——, but only M——.

I was ■ church yesterday for the first time for a month ; and how lovely and pleasant His courts were ! We heard Mr Cumming of Dumbarny ■ St Luke's, and I never heard such an exquisite sermon. I thought of you constantly. How you would have enjoyed it ! I *must* try and remember some of it to tell you, in spite of my poor side."

" E——, September 3, 1846.

" E—— says you have promised to return in spring, so mind you are to come by ——. But ah ! how ■ do ■ know what ■ happen before then ! We may have met, beloved one, *in glory* ; we may be by that time, 'absent from the body, and present ■ Lord.' Do you know I sometimes lately have ■ eternal things so near ! Perhaps my being so poorly puts me more in mind that I am mortal, and that my days on earth are as a shadow. I am in wise and loving hands ; and it is a wonder to me that He takes such pains with me as to afflict me so often ; there is really nothing but love in it ■ all. I cannot ■ any severity ; it is so gentle, so loving, and, oh ! so infinitely less than I deserve. I am a wonder to myself, that my heart is not quite melted and won by such love ; but it is not. I need not conceal either from myself or you that my heart cleaves as much to the dust, and is as cold as if the bright Sun of Righteousness had almost never shone upon it. I say *almost*, for it would be sinful to deny that He *has* shone even on my hard heart, but it is hard still ; ■ only comfort is that ■ will not always be so. No ! blessed be His

holy and loving name, I shall one day begin (and never end) to praise Him with a sincere and unsinning heart. But it is sweet even now to stammer His praise. I thought this morning it was such a mercy in God to allow us to praise Him. Is it not, dearest! And when we begin to praise, although the moment before, perhaps, we thought — much to complain of and so little to praise, soon we find that we would need an eternity to bless Him for all our mercies; and then all our complaints vanish. I often find I have nothing to complain of, when I thought I had a great deal. One thing I do bless Him for—we are all still alive; we can still pray for our beloved ones who are yet out of Christ. I wonder how long they are to be out of Christ. O that but one would come in!”

“September 14, 1846.

“It rejoices — when I hear that there is — cloud between you and the bright Sun of Righteousness, and that He is shining upon your soul. What a wonderful — it makes when the Lord draws near! then are the disciples glad; but, ah! — is sad when He is away; nothing can make up for His absence. . . . Everything — changeable and uncertain here, — I often feel we must just live by the day. God could, in ways we never should think of, arrange everything for us as — could wish, at least, as would glorify Him; and His people should desire nothing that would — glorify Him.”

Frequently, during the past two or three years, has

M—— given utterance to her desires to labour for the Lord. She has sought, in many ways, to carry these desires into effect; and in no small measure she has succeeded. She has already "done what she could," as we have seen.

But now her desires take a more decided shape. M—— wishes to be directly and undividedly a labourer in the field. Anywhere—anywhere, at home or abroad—she is willing to labour. Only let it be work for Christ, and she will undertake it, at any cost of suffering, or toil, or sacrifice.

Now her eye turns more definitely to the foreign field. M—— sees that labourers are few, and M—— would fain step forward to offer her services, though most painfully burdened with a feeling of weakness and unfitness. It is this feeling that troubles her most. The hardships and the sacrifices do not weigh with her half so much as this. Her humility is at all times great; here it shews itself excessive.

The purpose of her heart she is not allowed to carry out. M—— judgment decides against the scheme; at least, in the case of her sister, without whom M—— cannot go. Several hindrances arise up, and ultimately the plan is abandoned. But her devotedness and consecration of spirit have been fully proved.

M—— will explain the contents of the following letters:—

"P——, September 14, 1846.

"I must now tell you that R. and I are very much occupied with. We greatly wish to go out as mission-

cries—that is to say, as teachers. We have thought of it almost ever since we first sought the Lord,—I say, since *He* sought us; lately we have more as if God were calling us to it by His providence. O that it were so! What an honour and privilege to go to tell poor heathen children of Jesus, the friend of *children*! to take them to Him too, that He may take them up in His arms and bless them! There are many obstacles: first, we are afraid of running before we are sent, and I fear my motives are not pure at all; but then if I wait my motives right, I may wait all my life, for I have a desperately wicked heart. What do you think about our wishes? We think God seems to be pointing us to it in many ways: in the first place, it was *He*, not ourselves, who gave us these desires; then we nothing to do in the writing of letter about us to this lady; and her letter and the account of this society have come to just the time when our family are talking of many plans for the future; and we want them (if they can) to do them without calculating upon us, as we think we can do for amongst hundreds of children abroad, than with two or three at home. We spoke to mamma about to-day for the first time, and she is very averse to it. Ah! that would be the terrible part of it—the differing with her, and the parting from her. It would be the plucking out of the right eye, the cutting off of the right hand; but Jesus says not love father or mother more than Him. But, oh! darling, we are anxious about this matter. I can pray about nothing else almost; and, oh! join us, for we are very

anxious to do nothing rashly ; we want to see God leading us every step, and our way is but dark to us yet. M—— will not hear of India, so we are thinking rather of applying to the Free Church. It would be nice, too, to go out, sent by our own Church ; and Pesth or Jassy is not so formidable as India or Africa. Will you pray earnestly and much for us, that God would lead us every step of the way, and shew us *His* will in *this* solemn
 [redacted] What a terrible thing it would be if we were refused ! but we will tell them we are so anxious and willing to learn. Will you not be long of answering this letter, as I am very anxious to know what you think ? I am afraid of two things : of being put back from it by any sacrifice Christ may shew us we must make, [redacted] by the ridicule of worldly friends ; and I am afraid, on the other hand, of undertaking a thing I am not called to, or fit for. Oh, how sweet it would be, setting off together on our Master's work ! We should really be *Christ's* servants then !”

—, September 19, 1846.

“ Does it not seem as if God had come into the midst of us and our arrangements, saying, ‘Ye are not your own, I have work for you to do’ ? What a brightness and a glory is there around the very thought that this may be the case ! But then come in my two other objections : first, my health—I am certainly not strong, the pain in my side never leaves me, and [redacted] must weaken me ; and, lastly, I am not fit for such a work in any way. I had such a sight of this this morning, [redacted] praying [redacted] it, [redacted] I [redacted] do

nothing but weep bitterly, thinking that Jesus could not send me. How unsubmitive I am to His blessed will! I feel that it would be hard to say, 'Thy will be done,' when that will was to say farewell to my beloved father and mother, and my precious and most beloved friend on earth, your own dear self. I cannot dwell on the thought at all, so I won't attempt to speak of it. Yet, I feel it would be far, far more difficult to say, 'Thy will be done,' if Jesus said, 'You are not to go, you are not to go to tell sinners, far away, of ■■■ love;' and I greatly fear He may say that to ■■■ my motives are ■■■ unworthy. I feel, dearest, that all this has been much blessed to my poor soul. It has often, since I got that letter about it, drawn me very near to my wonderful God. O that I had a holy heart to love such a holy God! O that I had a loving heart to love such a loving God! I feel my need of Him more, I think. I feel that I cannot stand or go alone. He must lead me; and is ■■■ not a sweet necessity laid upon us, that we must come and lean *all our weight* upon God—upon Jehovah-Jesus? Oh! J——, you and I will sing a loud hallelujah in glory! But I don't want to go to heaven yet; I want to go to His ancient people, and try to bring some of their little ones to Him who has already shed His blood for them.

"I was saying to dear ——, the other day, that I felt as if I were just beginning to feel that I need ■■■ Saviour. I have been professing for four years now that I am His, and yet this is all the length I am—that I need Him. Yes, I do indeed need Him, for I am a guilty worm of the dust, and can do *nothing* for my-

self; but He is everything, and has done everything, and all [REDACTED] wants now is, that we should consent that He should be our *Substitute*—that we should consent to be nothing, that [REDACTED] may be ‘all in all!’ This is humbling, but, oh! it is sweet too. Don’t you feel that you would not like any other way of being saved but this way, ‘the new and living way’? There is nothing on this sad earth so sweet as to weep for sin [REDACTED] the feet of Jesus; but [REDACTED] is a terrible thought, that we are never done sinning. [REDACTED] should make us He very low, and make our High Priest all the more precious to us.”

“P—, September 23, 1846.

“I wonder how my two old people are, Lissy and the man ——. O that I could go once more, and tell them of ‘Him who loved us, and gave *Himself* for us!’ Could He give more? Could He give anything half so precious, half so lovely? and, having given *Himself*, can He deny us anything [REDACTED] can ask Him? No: let us trust Him, dear sister, and we are sure to come off more than conquerors through [REDACTED] that loved us, and gave *Himself* for us. I love to repeat this verse, it is so sweet! Don’t you often feel you don’t so much, as it were, love Him for His gifts, as for *Himself*? [REDACTED] He had given us all His possessions, but not *Himself*, what would that have done for us? That is the misery of the worldling, that he is ‘*without Christ*.’ Can you conceive a more miserable, solitary state? What would heaven be without Christ? No heaven at all. I am often afraid Jesus will say these awful words to me at the judgment-seat, ‘*Depart*

from me,'—and then I should be without Christ. Oh! I think if I am to go to hell, I will sit in a corner and think of Christ, if I cannot be with Him. But He will not leave our soul in hell if we commit it to Him."

"P——, November 21, 1846.

"I shall be glad to see your face, for it is a rough world this, and Christ's poor silly sheep get many a hard blow on their road to glory; but it is a road to glory, and I should make amends for troubles by the way. . . . We are often dark and ignorant about many things; but what a comfort it is to know that, though our way be dark to us, it is all light to Jesus! He knoweth the way that we take, and He will lead us by a right way to his own joy above; and He seems often to say to me, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore thou doubt?' and, though it is a rebuke, He is such a gentle one, as if He said, 'Have ye any reason why ye doubt me?' making me feel I have indeed no reason to doubt my gracious Master. I envy you your hunger. I wish I had a hungry soul, for I should be sure to be fed. I fear you will starve here; but you must go more to the Fountain, and you will get the water clearer and purer there. I am times so glad God is pure and holy, it makes my very heart rejoice to 'give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.' Think of the time when we shall be as pure as our glorious Master—when we shall partake of His holiness, not only in a degree, but altogether. I cannot imagine me without sin!"

" P——, October 6, 1848.

" I am so glad it is beloved Israel we are to go to, if we *do* go; but, oh! I am terribly afraid, especially since I have seen this dear sister in the Lord. I ■■■■ hardly tell how I feel about it—I am *ashamed* and *afraid* by turns. I could scarcely look ■ Mr M—— when we were telling him—it seemed such presumption in me to think of it; yet, ■ is not *I* who am to work, but God—"the grace of God ■ me;" and, if He call me to it, He will surely give me the necessary strength.

" Oct. 7.—'The Lord your God is holy.' This is a sweet, and yet solemn verse for to-day. It would be a terrible thing if our God were not holy—ininitely holy. It is so blessed to think we may so surely, so safely trust our everlasting all to Him; yet I sometimes think it strange how we, at least *I*, can trust ■■■■ for *eternity*, and that I am so unbelieving about the things of *time*. Oh! if we could only obey that precious command, 'Be careful for nothing,' we should find the promise fulfilled in our blessed experience, 'that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, would keep our hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.' Truly it is a peace which passeth all understanding. I wish I knew more of it; ■ is my own sin that I do not. I am in great trouble about the mission business, I am so afraid of running before I am sent. I would not go *anywhere* without Him for thousands of worlds. Any amount of agony *with Him* would be infinitely sweeter than any joy without Him. I sometimes wish I were 'safe ■ the promised land,' I get so little of Him here, and I live so far from Him."

—, October 23, 1846.

" I think, too, we should not speak of ■ to any one ; for, if I did not go after all (and *I will not go if He go not with me*), ■ may do harm to the cause. As for poor me, ■ does not matter what any one says and thinks of me—they cannot think too badly of me ; but I must be very careful not to give occasion to any to speak against my Master. But ■ am really taxing your patience very unmercifully, and I fear you will say, when you read my letters, ' Ah ! poor M—— is too full of doubts and fears ever to be a missionary.' I sometimes think any mission in Europe is too civilised for me. I think I should do better out in the wilds of Africa, where ■ should have to teach only poor savages, and not so many eyes on me. It is a wonderful thing that Jesus has put it into my head at all, to think that I, ' a beast before Him,' should venture to say, ' Here am I, Lord, send me.' "

—, December 2, 1846.

" MY VERY DEAR Mrs H——,—R. received your kind letter this afternoon, and I now sit down to have a talk with you ■ this, to us, most deeply interesting subject. ■ were much delighted to receive your faithful letter. I thank our loving Father that He has given us faithful friends, for I am always afraid lest your love should blind you to us, so that you would ■ see us as we really are—at least ■ as far as we can know of one another. Dear friend, we have not taken up this matter *lightly*. I think God has been teaching us from the very beginning to dread

nothing so much as following our own way in this matter, and I feel (as far as I know my deceitful and desperately wicked heart) that the language of our heart is, 'If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not hence;' and I think, if you knew all the providences, you would feel, with us, that the Lord has been *at least calling our attention* to a missionary life very decidedly, although, *at the same time*, we feel that He has not as yet made our way so clear as that we can say we think it is His will that we are really to go. He has given us the strong wish to be employed abroad in His service. He has inclined the hearts of our dear family in a most wonderful way to be agreeable to our wishes. And another thing is very encouraging to us, our health has greatly improved lately, although *we have* the Normal School had a great deal of very unusual fatigue. You say you 'do not think we can infer, from present appearances, that He will ultimately send us abroad.' Perhaps He may not; but I think, *at present*, we should be turning from His way if we were not much taken up with the thought that He is dealing with us very peculiarly in the matter. His will regarding us is not clear yet; but it is sweet, as you say, to rest in His present will, leaving the case of the future to Him. I almost dread to speak upon the subject of *my fitness*, I should rather say *unfitness*, for such a work; I feel *ashamed, and deeply humbled*, to speak of *it* to you or any other friend I have; I feel so unworthy, so unfit, in every way, especially with regard to my knowledge of Divine things. I am not fit for any work *at home or abroad*; I am the meanest worm that ever tried to speak

a word for Jesus; and if I looked at my own qualifications, I should ■ once give up all thought of going; ■ Jesus will not send me a warfare on my own charges; if I go, my Master will go with me, the everlasting arms will be underneath me. He will put His own words into my stammering lips."

"P——, January 4, 1847.

"O to be done with sin! I weary of the struggle often, and yet this is wrong, for I should have my mouth filled with praise that ■ am in the struggle; but the more ■ am loved, the more insensible my heart seems to get."

"P——, April 10, 1847.

"So your sweet Lord (as Rutherford would say) has not been forgetful of you any more than of us! Don't you find it a blessed thing to be afflicted? I think I agree best with trials, and ■ have not a few of them ■ present. You ill—R. ill, and away from home—and so many at home ill—and, worse than all, seeing so many I love, without Christ, still out of the ark, in spite of the many calls they have had to enter in. I should greatly like to hear from you; and oh! tell ■ that you are better, for my foolish heart can scarcely bear to hear you say you are ill. That shows how selfish my love to you is compared to Christ's: ■ makes you ill though He loves you so much; yes, and just because He loves you so well. . . . I read to ——— in the morning now, as well as ■ night! Oh! seek a blessing on His own Word. How sweet it is ■ tell him how firm to ■ the Saviour is! . . . It is strange to me how

much I am taken ~~up~~ about that soul. I sometimes feel as ~~if~~ I had no one else to care for. Surely He who has given this concern to such a cold heart as mine ~~will~~ answer, in His own time, the pleadings of His ~~own~~ Spirit within me? Oh! pray ~~me~~ ~~my~~ soul, that the entrance of *His* word may give light to it. ~~I~~ have asked —— to remember us, and she says she will; it will be a great comfort to me to think that prayer for a blessing is ascending from some of God's dear children while I read to him. . . . I wish I could tell you of some loved ~~one~~ 'born again;' well, let us not weary, and 'in due season we shall reap, if ~~we~~ faint not.'"

"P——, April 28, 1847.

"MY OWN BELOVED FRIEND,—I shrink from writing even to you just now, for I am in deep waters, and I can scarcely bear to speak of it, but I long to write a few lines to you ~~in~~ times. My beloved —— is now very ill; he has had three more of these dreadful attacks, each only one week after the other, and he cannot stand it long. My own friend, the furnace is very *hot*. O that it may purify the precious gold, cleansing all the dross away! It is very terrible; but it is all *love*, deep, God-like love—I cannot doubt it. . . . I fear you will never see —— more on this sad earth—oh! pray ~~me~~ you may meet in the Jerusalem above, and be together 'for ever with the Lord.' Now, my beloved, I can say no more; I must go to my *Refuge*, the throne of grace, to plead for him."

IN

"P—, 7, 1847.

"The Lord hath laid His hand very heavily on this house, but it is *the Lord* who has done it, and He will give us grace to say, 'He hath done even this well.' I cannot tell you that heart has been brought to anything like submission yet. Oh! this is bitter, bitter sorrow! It is a hot furnace indeed, so hot that my often altogether; but Jesus' love never fails, and even in the midst of my agony I have felt that there was 'One like to the Son of man' with in the furnace, keeping the flames from kindling upon . I have had moments of deep peace that could only come from Him. Seek, dearest, that we may get all benefit God by this sore bereavement. His love to us is, indeed, wonderful; love shines out in every little circumstance concerning us, even to the most minute. As He has had all the pain of so deeply afflicting us, I cannot bear to think that He should not get glory to Himself from it all. May it be said of this stricken family, 'Now they desire a better country, is an heavenly.' Pray for us all. What sore hearts we have! but Jesus says He heals as well as wounds. What a wilderness this is! I know now what word means. Do write again; and believe me, yours most affectionately, in the love of Jesus."

"P—, June 22, 1847.

"Many a time, and in various ways, has the Lord spoken to this family; but, oh! what were all these to I feel as we never felt a pang before. has now spoken to us by *death*; and that has gone the

very innermost corners of our hearts, causing them to bleed as they never did before. My precious father,—are we never to see his sweet, kind face on earth again? I think ~~my~~ heart will break; I thought time would make it lighter to me, but it gets worse every day. I get comfort but in one thing, that it is sent for good to our precious souls. Oh! if beloved ones are led to Jesus by this heavy stroke, surely we may well suffer this agony. Yes, dearest; this may be God's way of answering our many prayers for their conversion; and though it is a terrible way, still, if ~~■~~ be for such an end, we may well praise Him for it.

. . . I feel that nothing short of God getting glory from this tribulation will comfort ~~■~~ under it; and what will bring Him so much glory as to see us all sitting at the feet of Him who has so sorely wounded us? I *must* live to God *now*—this world can never be my rest. How I long to be at rest up yonder! I long to go, to be 'for ever with the Lord.' . . . There is something striking in the time God has been pleased to take to remove our beloved from us, when ~~■~~ and we together were looking for, and talking about, little else but the return of dear —, after an absence of six years; and ~~now~~ that he has come, three weeks after our sore loss, we all look upon him, thinking, 'Oh! how ~~he~~ would have gazed upon him!' How I feel that God thus intends to make us see His hand in it very evidently! . . . I have great comfort at times in pleading that God himself would come and fill, and far more than fill, his place in our family. We have a promise to plead which we had not before; and I do

get blessed comfort ■ times, in praying that He would fulfil it. ■ to have God to be our *Father*, to come, like David of old, to 'bless His household!' I long to see more love in this trial, but it almost overwhelms my wicked heart. He tells us that it is through *much* tribulation we are to enter the kingdom; and yet how bowed down we are when the tribulation comes, 'as though some strange thing happened to us!' ■ was not present at the last, and that is to me one of the most dreadful parts of this trial. It was very sudden. I had gone to E—— that morning, and you may be sure he did not seem to be worse, when ■ could leave him, for I seldom left him even for an hour; when I returned, God had taken him. And now I can tell you no more, for I cannot speak of this at all."

"P——, July 1, 1847.

"Many thanks for your ■ welcome and very precious letter. One thing in it gave ■ especial comfort; indeed, it is the only thing that can comfort me now, your saying that, without this trial, the glory of *our* blessed God would be incomplete. ■ seems to me very wonderful that it should be so, ■ anything about a poor worm like me should glorify Him in any way; but it ■ be true, ■ you say, my beloved, that all things are working for His glory, and so must this amongst the rest. Does it not shew what a desperately wicked ■ I must be, when I could wish not to pass through *my* furnace, if ■ would be glorified thereby? Yes, dearest; God ■ shewing me, ■ this time of unutterable anguish, that I am a great

deal worse than I ever thought I was. ■ any one had ■ me before this took place, what thoughts I should have of God, and what unbelief, and murmurings, and repinings, and rebellings I should give way to, I should have said, 'Am I a dog, that I should do this?' but, oh, *I have done it!* Did you but see my heart, from day to day, you would mourn for me indeed; but God sees it all, and yet He has patience with me, and has ■ passed His word—and He cannot lie—that ■ will have patience with me to the end. Why can't I see love even in this fiery trial? I cannot understand my feelings at all. I feel as if it were impossible that I could ever be comforted, and yet God says, 'With me nothing is impossible.' What a wilderness this world is now! and every day it gets worse. I take such a yearning of heart to see my darling father again; and when I remember that I shall never see him again ■ earth, the thought ■ so full of agony, I can scarcely bear it, and the very sweetest word ■ all the Book of books seems unavailing to give me ■ ray, ■ drop ■ comfort. I cannot believe that ■ is true; I don't think I have ever believed it yet, and yet I *don't* see him. Yes, yes, it ■ true indeed; and my very heart is breaking within ■ Surely I cannot ■ a ■ God, to feel in this way! I don't think ■ people ever have such a rebellious heart, at any time, as I have; I fear I am refusing to be comforted. But why do I speak of my wicked self, and grieve my own friend? ■ ■ ■ thing I ■ say,—remember ■ the blame is *mine*, that I am so miserable. I cannot bear ■ any one should think the loving God is dealing

too severely with ■■■ rebellious child. You will ■■■ think that, for you know God better; and I am a little happy when I think and know that: it would be terrible indeed, if I made any one think ill of my heavenly Father, as I fear I do."

"E——, August 7, 1847.

"I always ■■■ sorry, my beloved J——, that my letters to you are so full of sorrow, for I know they will grieve you; but oh! how ■■■ it be otherwise? 'The cup which my Father hath given me' is a very ■■■ cup indeed; and although there are times when ■■■ deep wound does not bleed so much, still these times are rare. Oh! there is a depth and a reality of bitterness in ■■■ bereavement I ■■■ before! I never thought I could have felt as I ■■■ do. It has changed the whole aspect of this world to me; and often I have but one wish—to lay my aching head and ■■■ my beloved father's, and neither sin nor sorrow more. But I ■■■ that this is very wrong: my Father knows ■■■ when to take ■■■ poor sorrowful ■■■ home, and I know that I should rather wish to live more to Him now than ■■■ Earth has but one attraction for me now, and that is to be enabled to bring souls to Jesus. If it were not that even I can thus glorify ■■■ in a way that angels cannot do, I could not stay here any longer. . . . It will be sad to leave that house and that beloved room, where we watched night and day our precious invalid, and where, often and often, God has enabled me to pour out my whole soul before Him for his precious soul. How I have

sat by him, weeping my very heart out, and repeating to him, verse after verse, the sweetest I could find; and I see now, as if it were reality, his dear eyes fill with tears, and looking at me so kindly. O my father, my beloved father! no wonder this world is a desert to me.

"P.S.—I have been taking this opportunity of again visiting at the prison. Seek a blessing on my poor [redacted] I am often greatly helped in speaking [redacted] them of the sinner's Friend. What a wonderful thing, that God employs one sinner to direct another to the blood that can cleanse us both! They are often melted; but I long to see the blessing really come; there is nothing I find such comfort in as in seeking to win some of these poor wanderers back to the fold. Pray for a word of power."

"Blairgowrie, September 17, 1847.

"MY OWN DARLING FRIEND,—You will [redacted] surprised to see me address from Blairgowrie. I came here to nurse poor —; she has been ill again. O that now she may cry from the heart, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth!' And will you ask for me, that I may be enabled to walk wisely towards her, and may have a word given me to speak to her precious soul!"

"Blairgowrie, September 1847.

"I shall say nothing till we meet, about the prospect of a minister to P—, except this—'He hath been [redacted] of us, and He will bless us still.' Oh, yes, [redacted] is a prayer-hearing God, and He will give us a

godly minister yet, for He says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' I am glad you are to meet — on Friday. I love real, spiritual Christians! Love to all, from
 "Your own M——."

October 27, 1847.

"Since my visit to Blairgowrie, there has been a song of praise put into my mouth, and every new trial just seems to me a new cause for a louder and sweeter song of praise. I sometimes see such unutterable love to this family in all our trials, that I can hardly feel anything but thanksgiving to the God of love. I don't mean that I don't feel our sore trials; oh, no;—my wicked heart is far more inclined to faint under His rebukes than to despise them; but God is shewing me that He is afflicting us for our eternal profit, and making me feel that it is worth suffering anything, if the soul is only saved; and should not that make me praise Him?"

In the month of September, as will be seen from some of the previous letters, she was called to attend a sick sister near Blairgowrie. Of this brief visit she has left a record which is entitled, "Diary during a short visit to Blairgowrie." As this is fuller than her other diaries, and as it brings her history down to the time of her marriage, we give it pretty fully. It is a record of episode in parenthesis — the record of her experiences and activities when placed alone among strangers, with few, save the Christ whom she loved, to resort to.

"Sept. 8, 1847, Wednesday.—Left Edinburgh a half-

past seven morning, and sailed in the steamboat to ■■■■■. Felt Jesus very near me almost all the time; read Mr Hamilton's *Office*;—felt it very precious to my soul; felt especially sweet what he says of faith, ■■■ it has ■ virtue in itself; but that Jesus, to whom it unites the soul, is everything. How sweetly one learns when the holy loving Spirit is the teacher! I felt I could look beyond my faith to Him who is the object of it. Yes, ■ Jesus is all in all. O that He were all in all to me! I felt very sick soon after, and could not speak to any but one little boy, to whom I gave a tract. The Lord brought us safe to land, and after seeing about the railway, ■ took a walk to the churchyard;—met a servant girl there, to whom the Lord gave me a word. It was very solemn to ■ about eternity, surrounded by those whose souls ■ already begun their eternal ■■■■■. I wondered how many in these graves would rise to glory. Gave her one or two tracts.

"Left Dundee ■ half-past two, and arrived ■ Newtyle ■ half-past three. Found I ■ to wait there three hours before the train arrived again, as the omnibus to Blairgowrie does not leave till then; this was very provoking, as I was tired, and had no place to go to but a dirty inn. But I thought I might get some work for my Master to do, and ■ the time would not be lost. I spoke to three girls about the love of Jesus, and gave them tracts. I then walked about for an hour or more, and gave tracts to nearly all I met. ■ ■■■■■ last, and arrived at Blairgowrie safely, but very tired, ■ ■■■■■ after nine. Found M—— very poorly.

The Lord only knows how this illness is to end. May **■** be for **■** glory either way! Went very soon to **■**. My own beloved Lord has been very tender of me this day; He has been very loving to His wayward child. I often think God delights in showing remarkable forbearance and love to me. Why me, Lord! why me?"

"9th.—Went down to see dear old **■** dinner, and felt it sweet to hear her talk of Jesus. It greatly delights me when I hear others speak well of Him, and see them trusting in His love. My faith is very feeble; I can trust Him when all goes well, but when He gives me a bitter cup to drink, as He has lately, how I misdoubt and misjudge Him!—and yet He is love still. Yes, I would not have it otherwise. It **■** all well, because **■** did it. . . . **■** the burden greatly away. I said on leaving, 'The Lord be with you!'—'And go with you,' she added. It **■** very sweetly **■** my heart. I think I need double grace when I am away from home, I feel so lonely. Oh, I shall be glad when I am for ever with the Lord; I shall never feel lonely then! He is ever with me even now, it **■** true; but **■** is a different thing to see the loved One by faith, and face to face."

"10th.—Felt very near God, and very peaceful and happy to-day. What a change when the Comforter comes! All clouds, all burdens roll away, and the Sun of Righteousness shines into the soul. Strange that I am **■** always thus! Jesus is ever the same, and so my peace need never waver. But, ah! I have a body of sin to carry about with me, and that is a sad hindrance.

A bright cheery day. Went down ■ see ———; ■ with her an hour. It is very sweet to sit beside her, and witness her cheerful submission to her painful earthly lot. I feel when ■ her, how ungrateful I am for my many mercies. Why ■ I not lying like her? I do not deserve the health I have. O that I could spend it in *His* service, and glorify Him as much as she does in her sickness!"

"11th.—I trust it will be the Lord's will ■ M—— will recover, for I fear that she has not yet experienced a real change, not passed from death to life. I can do ■ except pray for her, as she is not able to converse. . . . A letter has come to ———, telling her that her father is gone. Oh, I know their sorrow: it is a very bitter one. May He who often ■ that time comforted me, comfort ■ family. ■ my own grief coming back afresh when I think of theirs. No letter from home to-day. Felt vexed about this. How little trouble makes me sin, and grieve away ■ Holy Spirit! Felt greatly ■ prayer about this sin, of being so easily vexed. ■ hid God's face, as every sin must do till it is washed in the cleansing blood, ■ by ■ kingly power, of Jesus. Strange, how sweet it is to weep for sin!* And yet there is bitterness in it too; and the more it is forgiven, the bitterer my tears get. O that I should sin against such a God! I wish I could, like Job, abhor

* Perhaps these words may call to mind a passage of Augustine:—"Thou art in the heart of those that confess to Thee, and cast themselves upon Thee, and weep in Thy bosom, after all their rugged ways. Then dost Thou gently wipe away their tears; and they weep the more, and joy in weeping." (*Confessions*, ■ v. ch. ii. ■ 2.)

myself! I have two besetting sins: I am soon angry, and I am very selfish; and often do I plead with God, that I need double grace to subdue these sins, and that, if He do not hold me up, I must fall, for I have no strength. Oh! it is blessed to be able to plead my utter weakness, that I may lay claim to His strength."

"Monday, 13th.—Heard Mr Macdonald preach twice yesterday. In the morning it was from 1 Cor. iii. 15. I was all about the difference of grace in Christians making degrees of glory in heaven. It is a subject that always makes me very sad, as I feel that I come so very far short now, that I shall likely have a very low place in glory. What an undeserved mercy if I am there at all! But I should like to have a large cup of joy, and a bright crown of glory; for the brighter crown, the fitter is it to cast at my feet; and the larger the cup, the sweeter is it, for it is just filled with the subject make me very anxious to press on, that I may get more grace."

The following extract wears a peculiar tinge of solemn gloom. She does not elsewhere express herself thus, but always rejoices in creation's loveliness, knowing that he who joys in it ought to joy in His works. For may not a Christian say, with some of the world's poets—

"Oh! my heart joys to gaze upon the sky,
Gleaming althwart green leaves, like happiness,
Above the gloom and shadow of the world.
O summer sunshine! floating round all things—
Meadow, and hill, and leafy coverture—
Steeping all nature in most sweet delight,
Till upward from the bosom of the earth,

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ cold, and bleak, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ unadorn'd,
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ sweet flowers, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ and ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

But yet ■ ■ ■ does not wonder at the deep sadness of heart thus expressed, when it ■ ■ ■ the sadness arising from the uncongenial air of earth. She felt herself a stranger here. ■ ■ ■ looked around, and ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ world lying in wickedness. Creation ■ ■ ■ beautiful; but sin had tinged it, and shadows hung over it, and Satan reigned in it, and its dwellers ■ ■ ■ not walking ■ ■ ■ God. Then, too, there were other sights, to the believing eye fairer and more wonderful—other ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ which partook more of heaven, and which drew the renewed soul upwards irresistibly by their superior attractions, making that which was ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ in creation to have ■ ■ ■ beauty at all, by reason of the beauty that excelleth. It ■ ■ ■ evidently in such a frame of spirit ■ ■ ■ the following ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ was written:—

"I took a lovely walk to-day; but it is strange how ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ pleasure I have in ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ scenery or ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ now. My heart is far too sad to care for anything of that kind, ■ ■ ■ though they are God's works. I ■ ■ ■ better, far better, to sit beside His dear people, and see ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ works and wonders of grace. I have no heart now for anything but spiritual things."

"Wednesday, 15th.—M—— much better to-day. O that this affliction, ■ ■ ■ by ■ ■ ■ in love to her precious soul, may be sanctified! I was so struck this morning!—I had been away for an hour, and had been praying earnestly that God would not let this trial pass away without bringing her to Jesus; and when I returned to her room, I found a dear Christian speaking to her

with such solemnity and affection, beseeching really to see the Lord. She said, God had sent two heavy trials, and that if she did not improve they would send a third; and that, if all failed, how her state would be!"

"Have been feeling much lately how very I see God in everything. O for faith to see His in everything! Have had great desires, too, to have thankful heart. Oh! if I thought more of my mercies I should think less of my trials, for I should see my mercies are far the more numerous of the two, so my joy would be greater than my sorrows. I have little of a grateful heart. I take things as had a right to them—forgetting that the least thing I possess, temporal or spiritual, I do not in the least deserve; that all is a free gift of God to a rebel."

"Went to see Mrs R——. Had a very sweet visit. She is indeed a living epistle. She said, 'How sweet it is to think of the tree of life being so richly laden with fruit, that it bends down its branches, so that even I, lying here, may pluck and eat!' I asked her if she had prayed for me that I might break the rod. She said, 'I tried to do so: I had one of the sweetest nights I have had for some time, and it began with praying for you. It was returned sevenfold into my bosom, for I lay down under His sweet smile. I asked for you, that Jesus would give to you what he gave to Mary, Woman, why weepest thou? Oh! I have a sweet word!' She said again, 'The Lord has a bottle for every people's tears, and if we never were made to weep here, we should have no tears to be bottled.'

I gave her some flowers. She smelt them, and said, with such a peculiar smile that I saw her meaning at once, 'Ah! the cold takes away some of the smell.' 'Yea,' I said, 'the cold of this wilderness takes away some of the fragrance of Christ's lilies; but their fragrance will be very sweet up yonder, when the Sun of Righteousness is shining full upon them.' Her answer was, 'Oh that I had the wings of a dove!'"

"16th.—Went to see my dear old friend, and was refreshed as usual. Speaking of R——, she said, 'O that she may often have a walk round the [redacted] of Calvary, and in the evening, through the streets of the New Jerusalem, whose streets are of pure gold, leaning [redacted] her Beloved!' Again she said, 'O that [redacted] may often visit the believer's five hallowed spots—the Manger, Gethsemane, Calvary, the Tomb, and the Mount of Olives!'—Went to Mr Macdonald's meeting in the evening. It was very solemn—on the Signs of the Times, as they shew that Christ's second coming is very near."

"Monday, 20th.—Was much drawn [redacted] morning to pray for more faith, strong faith, so that, however dark things may look, I may never distrust God. Perhaps He is to send me some trial that will need strong faith, for He never gives faith without trying it; but the trying of [redacted] is precious. But I must not be anticipating trial. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. [redacted] was also much led to pray for grace to glorify Him in the place where I now am; not to put [redacted] off, as I am so apt to do. What grace is this, that puts such desires within such an ungodly heart as mine!"

"22d.—Went to see Mrs R——. How sad to see her tried about outward things, when she has such a sore trial in her body! But she has her Lord's promise, that *all* these things are working together for her good. She was a rebuke to me. For, when her children ~~XXXX~~ what the world would call good ~~XXXX~~ riages, her heart seems breaking at the thought that, by ~~XXXX~~ outward temptations, their hearts may be drawn away from God. How different I am! How ready ~~my~~ wicked, worldly heart is to be glad, if ~~■~~ any time God seems to be sending my family any worldly good, instead of, like her, desiring first and chiefly for them the true riches! ~~■~~ had a very sweet though sorrowful meeting to-day. ~~■~~ trying to speak a word of comfort and encouragement to this beloved saint, I felt my own faith strengthened. And this night, in praying for her ~~■~~ our Father's throne, I felt, more than ~~■~~ remember ever doing, the sweetness ~~■~~ ~~XXXX~~ privilege of being permitted to pray for the Lord's people."

"Thursday, 23d.—My Lord bruised Satan under my feet a little, this morning, and gave me great confidence in drawing near to Him. What a God he is! O to be a better servant! Am reading ~~■~~ A. Bonar's book, *Redemption Drawing Nigh*. Felt, in reading it, how strange that I have thought so little of the second coming of Christ, when the Bible is full of it!"

"Monday, 27th.—My mouth has been filled with praise; O that my heart, too, were full this morning! I could do nothing but praise, as the Lord brought before me all His loving dealings with myself and my dear family. I felt that all that He had done was well,

and that I could trust all our concerns with Him for time **and** eternity."

Such **are** a few specimens of her experience **in** this time, which, along with **her** letters, will shew the advances she had been making. It was progress of a very decided kind. Little more than six years before, she **was** wholly of the world, with hardly **a** thought **of** the eternal kingdom. Now, **she** is far on in her course, making steadier **progress** during these few years than many in a lifetime. For, alas! in this, the mighty business of life, **we** seem to do little else than dream! Ten, twenty, forty years **pass** on, and **we** scarcely discern our progress! We have hardly started from the goal! **Un**eradicated, **un**belief **and** vigorous, evil tempers **un**softened, **un**subdued, worldliness **un**conquered, slothfulness still oppressing us, selfishness still in its strength! Is this all the progress of men who profess to be followers of **a** holy Master, partakers of a heavenly calling, and heirs of an undefiled inheritance?

Ought we not to be "making haste"? Is **it** wise, **is** it safe, to loiter **and** allow sloth to steal upon us, **are** **we** neither "endure hardness," nor "run," **nor** "fight," **nor** "strive," nor "wrestle," nor "keep under **our** body," nor "bring it unto subjection" at all? Crowns are not **won** by sluggards, nor are battles fought upon beds of down.

CHAPTER XII

Mr East Pres.

IN the beginning of January 1848, M—— became the wife of Mr G——, a devoted minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Thus she writes respecting this:—

"Tuesday, 4th Jan., 1848.—Our marriage-day. ■■■ hour alone with ■■■ in the morning, and ■■■ unutterable sweetness in asking Jesus to be ■ the marriage. My beloved M—— and I ■■ united ■ half-past one. Dear Mr Bonar married us. I can hardly tell how I have ■■■ day; I ■■ more solemnity than anything else. Surely the Lord ■■ in ■■ midst of us. We had several of His disciples with us."

Two days after, she reached her ■■ dwelling. Peace seemed to ■■ on it, and the promise of long days. ■■ ■■ just in such a sphere as she had often sought after—a sphere of quiet but fervent labour for her beloved Lord. What could better suit her retiring diffidence, and ■ the same time give scope to her warm zeal, than the rural retreat in which her lot ■■ now

cast? It appeared as if she were set there for years of patient, loving work, as the helpmate of His servant. Alas! we thought not that she was placed there only to ripen for an early tomb.

Her feelings are thus recorded in her diary :—

"B——, *Thursday, January 6, 1848.*—Arrived safely this morning with my beloved husband ■■■ home. May it be like that at Bethany, where Jesus often went; and may He give me grace to do Martha's part in Mary's spirit, sitting at the Master's feet!"

Her experience during this year may in ■■■■ sure be gathered from the following letters. It must, however, be remembered, that in her ■■■ circle, ■■■ with her ■■■ duties and cares, she had less time to write than before; so that the letters of this year are not so full and many as formerly.

"B——, *January 8, 1848.*

"MY DARLING R——,—When I received letters from P——, I looked eagerly for your hand amongst them. I long to know how you have been getting on since I left you. I am sure if you miss me, I miss you very much. ■■■ were always one, at least since the time when we really *began to live*—began to live to God—and it is strange to me to be separated from you. May our God bless you, R., and, oh, may you have more of Him now than ever you had! I cannot ■■■ you what I ■■■ in writing to you; my heart is full, and yet ■ is with difficulty I can express what I feel. I feel as if I loved you more now than ever, and it makes ■ very sad to know that you will be missing poor M——."

"B——, *January 13, 1848.*

"I went with my dear husband to his meeting K——, Tuesday evening. It was pretty well attended—all common people, with the exception of ——; you remember of whom it is said, 'The common people heard gladly.' M—— lecturing through Ephesians. He writes soon; and, oh, don't make me sad by telling me that you miss your own M——. I know that you do; but my heart is pained when I think of you being alone in that room where we have so often knelt together, and read or talked by the fire. Well, my beloved, you must draw all the nearer to Jesus, and if you do that, our separation will be a blessing to you. When I am writing to you, my heart gets so full of yourself, and the thought that we two are at last separated, that I can scarcely write about anything else."

"*January 15.*

"I am a rebuke to you, and to my late self also, for I rise by candle-light, and this morning we had breakfast and worship away by nine o'clock. After worship, we read together the Psalm for the day, and I then read aloud some of Rutherford's letters, and then we pray together. This is a very sweet part of our day's employments. . . . Oh, R., how glad your account of dear —— made me! I think, if he stands firm, he may have a very blessed effect on the others. Give him my warm love, and tell him that his Lord says to him, that he is 'to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' and that, if he suffer with Him now, he shall reign with Him hereafter. We shall be sure to remem-

ber him ■ prayer, ■■■ Lord would ■■■ up, and then ■ cannot fall . . . How dependent we are ■ one another, and how sweet that ■ is so ! Surely love is of God. There is something of heaven in ■ very thought of making another happy."

" January 27.

" My ■■■■■ R——, — Miss ——— drank tea with us on Tuesday before the prayer-meeting. She is ■■■ of the *right kind*, and I am greatly pleased with her. She proposed prayer together in my room, before going to the meeting, and it was very sweet. I have got a district to visit, and give tracts, and a Sabbath class. My district contains only about twenty ■■■■■ ; but that will be enough, I daresay, as I have a house ■■ attend to now. I feel that it is part of my service to Jesus to attend to that house, and to my dear husband's comfort as much as I can.

" Pray that I may win some souls in this place to His glory, who is so loving and gracious to unworthy me ; and ask a blessing, too, dearest, on my Sabbath class. We go to it at five, and return about seven. M—— has a class, also, of boys in the vestry. At present we have only four teachers ; but one thing greatly delights me, and that is, that they are all real Christians. You would be greatly pleased with our little school. O to win *all* the children to Jesus ! Another thing I must tell you about ; I am anxious to commence a female prayer meeting, like the one ■■ P——. Dearest M—— quite agrees with me about it. ■ began to think of it when ■ saw the teachers, and simply

thought of asking them to come once a week or so, and pray for a blessing on our labours in the school ; M—— wants it to be more general, and to ask all the praying people who will come.

“ I wish, dear, you would pray about this, for, as it will of course be in this house, I feel a good deal about it, all of them being strangers to me ; and you know I am too apt to be backward. But I dare not stop a good work on that account ; and, as my dear husband says, if I am weak, I shall just need to lean all the more on Christ for strength ; and, he added (and I felt it was a word from God), ‘ it will be wonderful if God does carry you through.’ Miss —— will be a great help to me, she is so much accustomed to these things, and the —— also, —— Christiana. Your own loving M——.”

“ B——, February 3, 1848.

“ Your letter this morning, about your coming, gave us both the greatest pleasure. The weather is milder now, so I don't think there is much of its injuring you to —— here. How I long to see you ! I long, too, to shew you my favourite study. It is there that —— remember you every morning at our Father's throne, and there that, —— family, —— worship the blessed Lord who —— given us all our blessings.”

“ B——, June 12, 1848.

“ I had such a sweet season in prayer yesterday morning, though it was almost all confession of my black guilt, so —— I could not help praying with my

whole soul, 'Lord, let me rather die than sin.' We had a fine day in church, too; my dear husband was much helped. I trust you pray for him, and for me, that I may not be a hindrance to him! I was seeing a very affecting sight in K—— on Saturday—a brother and sister, about eighteen years of age, both in one room, rapidly sinking under consumption. How ill they look! especially the girl. I spoke and read to them, and intend to go again. I think the girl has really found Christ—I trust both have; but it is difficult to tell their state, they are so ill."

"B——, June 26, 1848.

"There is none like Christ, after all, B——; not the very dearest — earth can fill the soul. Oh! it is a pleasant thing for a *dusty, thirsty* pilgrim to stop a — on his journey, and take a drink of the — of life. Oh, pray that I may have a more thirsty soul!"

"July 4, 1848.

"What a chequered life this is! It may often be by the way of sorrow, and yet we are sure that it is by the *right way* our Father is leading —; and — ends in glory; it ends in being for ever together, and for ever with the Lord. Amen, so let it be!"

"July 8.

"I cannot tell you how sweetly the Spirit spoke these words to me, on reading them this morning—'Seek ye my face.' I had the feeling as if God were smiling on me, and saying so tenderly and so anxiously, 'Seek ye my face.' How sad it is to think I am so

backward in doing it! ■■■ for me, dear, ■ praying heart. I am not well, and fear I lead a very useless life now. I read a good deal, however. I have finished the *Account of the Revivals*, and *Whitefield's Life*, also *Philip Henry's Life*; and I am now reading *Matthew Henry's*. I have taken such a longing for this house ■ ■ like 'Broadoak' (their house). What a sweet Christian household that was! I must conclude now, as writing fatigues me."

"B——, July 24, 1848.

"I often marvel when I think how tenderly ■ Lord deals with ■■■ Pray for ■■■ that I may not provoke Him to send trials by loving His gifts more than Himself. It will be ■■■ indeed for my soul if I try to feed it with anything but Himself. I feel much drawn just ■■■ to seek ■■■ ■ do my worldly duties for God. ■ have such a temptation to think I ■■ not serving Him, except when ■ am ■ prayer, ■ reading the Word; and yet, on the other hand, I feel I ■■ so naturally averse to all that is holy and spiritual, that I fear lest I ■■ tempted to neglect the throne of grace, thinking ■■■ ■ glorifying Him, though I am ■■ there. What grace we need, to walk in the narrow path! we are so apt to go aside every moment!"

"B——, September 16, 1848.

"I have little news to give you. More I think goes on in the *world within* than without. What searchings of heart I have ■ times! I shall never be what I ought to be till I am standing *faultless* before the throne."

"B——, October 7.

"It gave me much joy to see that He has put ■ *praising* spirit ■ you, my own sweet R., for ■ ■ ■ happiest and the most God-glorifying ■ we ■ be in. How often have I got rid of a sad and heavy heart (and many a one you and I have had together), just by beginning to praise the Lord! and, oh! when ■ do begin this blessed, this *heavenly* work, what ■ cause we find to praise Him! We find, then, that ■ only time, but *eternity* is too short to utter all His praise. How we shall praise Him even here, ■ these trials lead those so dear to ■ to Jesus! That will make us forget all our sorrows from very joy. I need not tell you that my poor prayers rise up for you many a time; and *through Jesus*, even they will prevail. I fear I write sad letters, dearest; but you know, 'when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.' Though absent *in body*, oh, how constantly and truly I am with you *in heart*!"

"B——, November 1848.

"I was very happy to hear about the new work you are engaged in. I trust that the Lord will bless ■ to many souls. So you have been hearing Mr A. Bonar! How glad shall I be when he comes here! We are to have Mr Reid of Collesie preaching for us next Sabbath; I wish you could be here to hear him. We are to have a sermon on the first or second Sabbath of every month, in the evening, for some months to come. Ask that the Lord would direct in the choice of His servants, and ■ with them, and bless His own word.

I do not feel well ~~at~~ present. It is a solemn thing ~~to~~ this! The danger to myself; and then, to be a mother! I to have the care of an immortal soul! Oh, pray for me, my own dear sister, pray that I may really feel weak, and be able to say, 'When I ~~am~~ weak, then I am strong.' A fear comes over ~~me~~ ~~at~~ times, but ~~she~~ says, 'Lo, I am with you *always*,' and so He will be with ~~me~~ *then*. I have little news to give you, except that I do love you, and that I have been giving ~~you~~ ~~news~~ to-day. Oh for ~~an~~ outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this dry place!"

"B——, Thursday.

"~~My~~ ~~dear~~ B——,—How I wish you were here just now! there is not a ~~person~~ in this house except myself! My dear husband is at a prayer-meeting ~~at~~ P——, and I have sent ~~you~~ the ~~letter~~ also, and ~~am~~ am left solitary. But 'I am not alone, for ~~my~~ Father is with me.' O that I desired and *felt* His presence more! ~~I~~ went up the hill on Monday to visit Mrs W——, ~~and~~ ~~was~~ a nice meeting with her; I have been seeing another dear Christian also—one of ~~the~~ people in P——. She was very happy to see me, and spoke so of my M——. Her eyes ~~filled~~ with tears, as ~~she~~ said, 'No ~~one~~ ~~can~~ tell how I love my minister.' She made me very glad by telling me that she profited ~~in~~ much under his ministry. ~~And~~ the people I visit speak the same way of him. I find when I go amongst them how much beloved he is, and ~~I~~ think it does *me* good in this way, that ~~it~~ makes me far more anxious that I may not be a hindrance to him, and so be a curse in place

"a blessing to the people. Pray for me, for a wife has great influence over a husband, for good or for evil. I wish I were able to go more amongst the people, but I feel less able every day now; but, if spared, I trust to be more with them afterwards."

"B——, Friday.

"I cannot tell you how very glad your letter made me. O how blessed to have such a hope that she is safe for eternity! I wish you would pray for my poor soul, for I have many more things now to drag me to earth, and many duties (right in themselves) to do, and I fear that my soul suffers. O that I could do Martha's part in Mary's spirit! It is curious, that sometimes, after a great many worldly duties and feelings, on going to prayer, I have more relish for it than usual. But this, alas! is not always the case. It will be terrible if I am less spiritual, now that I am a minister's wife, than I used to be."

"B——, Wednesday.

"'The Lord reigneth;' that text came into my mind after I had read your letter this morning, and it was very sweet to me, for I thought, 'then all is well' with my darling B——, though she may not see it as clearly as she will some day—if not here, yet in that bright sunny land of which Jesus is the light. It is written, 'Let the earth be glad;' let you and me be glad too."

"Thursday.

"Leave the future with the Lord, who has promised to make all things work together for your good.

It is the enemy who tells you that you are fit to die; he takes advantage of the weakness of your body to trouble your soul; but he was a liar from the beginning. 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever.' Trust Him who says, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' He will not give you dying grace before the time; but 'As thy day is, so thy strength be.' You child, and He says, 'My sheep shall never perish.' How much sadder I should be about you, when I hear of all your trials, I not know whose hand sends these painful rods, for 'the present not joyous but grievous!' How it think that Father possesses unerring wisdom, as well as boundless love. If only loving, would be afraid to trust ourselves entirely to His guidance; we should fear might err even in His love—as we so often do;—but He is wise as well as full of love, and oh, we may safely trust such a God! It is indeed a great trial to me that we do not suffer together, as many a day we have done; but that is His doing too. He has ordered our different paths, and therefore they are right. I was thinking, after I read your letter, of that terrible time (our father's death) when I, too, alone, and when I found it a very precious time for my soul. And how very soon after, the Lord fulfilled His word to child, in giving her another earthly protector, and that of dear children! When things are the darkest, they often turn very bright. How bright they will be, *ponder*, without a cloud!"

Of this period of her life, her bereaved husband thus

writes :—" As a minister's wife, she was a beautiful exemplar of what one holding that responsible situation should be. She was anxious for her usefulness, and strove, in every way, to be a help-meet to him. She felt very deeply her unsuitness for the situation which she had been called in providence to occupy, and very fearful of being a hindrance to her husband. She accompanied him every Sabbath to the evening school, in which she taught a class of girls, in whose spiritual welfare she took a deep interest, which was evinced, not merely by her affection and earnestness with which she spoke to them from the lessons of the school, but also by her inviting them to the house for prayer on week-day evenings. Immediately after her arrival here, she commenced a prayer-meeting with a few pious females belonging to the congregation. Her heart was very much in this meeting, though it was not so well attended as she desired.

" She had also a district for the distribution of the *Monthly Visitor* tracts, and this opportunity was improved for reading the Word of God, and praying with the people, and speaking with them on the great subject of salvation. She proposed also having a general class of young women; and I remember well her great delight one day, after having visited, along with a pious female, the district from which the class was gathered, of the many promises of attendance which she received. But such was her diffidence of herself, that this work was immediately undertaken; and then, bodily weakness, and finally death, prevented it. It was delightful to see how much

her heart was in the spiritual work in which she herself engaged, and in her husband's public duties ; what there was in her religious undertakings. The Holy Spirit indeed, in her ' well of ' springing up into everlasting life.' "

Then, in the last scenes in her life, he gives this brief narrative :—" For four or five weeks before her confinement, she was subjected to great bodily weakness and frequent pain ; and during this period, it was her greatest regret that she was excluded from the services of the sanctuary ; and, indeed, it was only through her husband's strong remonstrances that she was kept at home, when it was obvious to others that she was unable to attend. During this period, she loved me very much and was always with her ; but this desire at once gave way to the call of duty. I think it was on the evening of her last Sabbath on earth, that I was very desirous to remain with her, instead of going to the Sabbath-school. The evening was very stormy and wet ; but she insisted on my leaving her, and going to the school as usual, for I might be useful there—and what other consideration could be so important as this ? So unwilling was she that regard for her should be a hindrance to any ministerial duty.

" Notwithstanding her weakness, neither of us apprehended danger. We thought and spoke of her approaching confinement very hopefully. My view of her appears to me now in the aspect of security. How this aggravated the heaviness of the stroke which was soon to fall, it is unnecessary to say. But she said she was prepared for the Lord's will : she rested on ' the Rock ;'

she 'knew in whom [redacted] believed.' The last religious book—with exception of her daily [redacted] panion, the Bible—which she read, was Mr H. [redacted] little work, *The Blood of the Cross*, presented to her by me on the anniversary of our marriage-day. [redacted] last chapter that she read was the 9th, 'The Thoughts [redacted] the Saint concerning the Blood.' How [redacted] [redacted] being the [redacted] subject of meditation on earth for one who was on the eve of joining the happy company who sing in heaven! 'Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.'

"She was taken ill early on Tuesday morning, [redacted] January—already very much reduced in strength, owing to previous illness. [redacted] the sufferings of the last few days of her life, I cannot trust myself to speak. Her mind was very much distracted by her great distress, and [redacted] could hold but little communication with others. It was the Lord's will that her life, [redacted] not her death-bed, was to be her testimony. I think it was on the Wednesday forenoon that she mentioned to me five texts that gave her comfort; but amid the confusion and surprise of [redacted] sad season, only two have stuck to my memory: '*And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.*' '*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*'

"About three or four A.M., on Thursday, 25th, [redacted] gave birth to a son, who survived her only for a day. [redacted] was the last effort of her ebbing strength. She never rallied after this, but sunk into a state of unconsciousness, breathing very heavily. [redacted] [redacted] became

too evident that she was dying, all present knelt by [redacted] bedside, with overflowing hearts and weeping eyes ; [redacted] I was enabled to commend her in prayer to the care of that Good Shepherd who [redacted] with [redacted] own in [redacted] valley, and conducts them safely [redacted] Jordan. About three P.M. she breathed her last ; and from the [redacted] suffering [redacted] earth, she immediately passed into the unutterable joy of her Saviour's presence above. It [redacted] a solemn [redacted] to all—a [redacted] painful season to [redacted] heart—but, oh ! what [redacted] [redacted] the hope pour into the bleeding wound, [redacted] [redacted] who had suffered so much now suffered [redacted] more, but reposed on the gentle bosom of Jesus, the husband who first had her heart !”

A short time before this she had written to her friend respecting her prospects :—“ I [redacted] your prayers for the unborn child of your friend. That child [redacted] now a soul that will live for ever ; and I earnestly claim for [redacted] your prayers, that its soul may live, [redacted] though it should never see the light of this world. I have given [redacted] precious trust to Jesus, and He will keep that which is committed to Him. I [redacted] a very sweet and solemn time this afternoon for this. [redacted] gave anew my beloved husband and myself to Him ; and then I gave [redacted] our yet unborn child, that He might give it back to us, His child. [redacted] is sweet to commit everything to [redacted] hands.”

In what way God was to [redacted] her, [redacted] thought not ; nor how fully each petition was [redacted] be granted, though by [redacted] in [redacted] [redacted] eye might see nothing

but the frustration of her dearest hopes. ■■■ did ■■■ accept the charge ■■■ committed ■ Him by His trustful child ; but ■ did not give it back to her in the way that she had prayed for, that she might bring ■ up for Him here, and ■ ■ through ■ wilderness into the rest to which she herself was hastening ■. He bore it ■■ from earth, to be trained up in His nearer presence, and in a purer clime than this. ■■■ ■■■ been thinking of its training here, and, in the fondness of a mother's hope, had been preparing for it ; for in a recess behind the drawing-room shutter were found some few choice books for children, such as might have been useful ■■■ they been spared to ■■■ other. But the Lord had purposed to take the training into His ■■■ hands entirely. The education ■■■ to be conducted above, on no earthly system, and by no human teacher.

In tranquil unconsciousness, the mother sunk away to rest, the everlasting arms upholding her, and knew ■■■ that she was a mother till she had passed beyond the confines of earth, and was overtaken by her babe on its way to the Paradise above. Unknowing of the mother that had borne him, yet, as if drawn by some strange attraction, and unable to remain behind, the babe, ere another day broke, had followed her into the presence of the Lord. There they now met, and there they rest together, mother and infant, doubly knit together, in life and in death, he only knowing her as a mother in heaven, and she only knowing him as a perfected spirit, without ■■■ spot of that sin which she so abhorred in herself ; her first-born and her last ; only for

a few hours a [] of wrath, and sin, and death, and then an heir of [] and glory for ever !

Happy child, thus early [] to rest ! Taken away from the evil to come ; landed [] the bright shore, ere [] rude wave had gone over him ! Thrice happy mother ! Mother of a child that never wept ! Mother of a child that [] heaved a sigh, and into whose spirit none of earth's griefs, or fears, or bitter disappointments can ever find their way !

Passionately fond of infants [] she [] would either have doated over it to idolatry [] living, [] mourning in disconsolate sadness, if taken away. [] graciously moved from the sin of the one [] and [] pain of the other. [] child, which [] given [] the Lord, was [] to [] allowed [] be- [] her and her God. Yet they were not to be parted,—or, but for a few hours, and then re-united for []

Happy child, and thrice happy mother !—he saved all an infant's pains and weaknesses ; [] spared all a mother's sorrows and fears, yet blest with [] than all a mother's joys !

As if in token of their union, they [] placed in the same coffin, as well as laid in the same grave ; the babe resting [] its mother's breast, and enfolded in her [] Thus they lie pleasantly together in the quiet churchyard, sleeping in Jesus, till the voice of the archangel [] them to meet their Lord in the air.

It was a tranquil end indeed ! She had fought the fight, and the struggle was over ere she came to die.

She escaped the bitterness of partings that would have clouded her heart, and, it may be, clouded her departure. Her Lord himself seemed to draw a curtain from her and things visible ere she had yet left them, and, in utter unconscionness of all things round her, breathed out her spirit.

It had been a sore and weary battle in days past, yet the victory was won and the crown secured. And who would not wage such a warfare to win such a crown?

Eight years she was a worldling, now she is with her Lord! Brief pilgrimage! Crowded with hopes and fears, and tossings and tremblings, and griefs and gladnesses, such as might have filled up a far longer story. Here was not a long, though a stormy one; and for its end how often had she longed! To be away, to be home, to be with her holy Saviour, His holy heaven, amid holy angels—how had she sighed and wept! And, glad to be so soon done with her voyage, and to leave behind her the clouds and blasts of an unquiet sea, she stepped quilly ashore at the desired haven, which so speedily and unexpectedly reached, and, her infant in her arms, went up into the presence of her Lord!

"No stone," says her sister, "is as yet put up to mark her grave; should there ever be one, I would put her favourite upon it, 'So shall I ever be with the Lord.'"

Her husband's pen thus delineates her character:—

"Her death produced a deep sensation, which took

the form not only of sympathy for the bereaved, but of [redacted] for a great loss to the religious interests of the place. Her funeral [redacted] were preached by Mr Brodie of [redacted] and Mr Reid of Collessie—and it was remarked that there was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation on the mournful occasion.

“I would now give a few traits of her religious character, as these were impressed on me during the short time we [redacted] together. She [redacted] a remarkably [redacted] Christian; love predominated in her religion; [redacted] [redacted] naturally of a very gentle and affectionate disposition—and when the highest and holiest object of love was revealed to her, she clung to Him with all her soul. Her love to Jesus [redacted] a clinging, confiding, devoted love. Her religion was not an adherence to certain doctrines, but [redacted] more to a living person—the ‘Man Christ Jesus,’—in whom all truth meets—the Alpha and Omega—the friend, the brother, husband—all.

“Her humility [redacted] also remarkable. [redacted] cherished a deep feeling of personal unworthiness, and more particularly in reference to [redacted] responsible situation of a minister’s wife. She often said, ‘Oh, think of my being a minister’s wife!’ [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] happy but in the background—out of sight. [redacted] thought [redacted] [redacted] for [redacted] duty, and worthy of no mercy.

“Her love of prayer was very great. She knew not prayer as a formality; it was [redacted] than a duty with her—it was the [redacted] privilege, it was the intercourse of a [redacted] with a father, it was fellowship with [redacted]. She had the grace of prayer in a high degree, remarkable liberty and access in it. She had great love for

prayer-meetings, and much enjoyment in them. In speaking of the intercourse she had with [redacted] friends, she always mentioned, as the sweetest part of it, their meeting together at a throne of grace.

"Her spirituality of mind was great. She panted after God and heavenly things. She feared much the deadening influence of the world, and was exquisitely alive to the least declension from a heavenly frame. A finely-polished blade is easily blunted, and so it [redacted] with [redacted] heavenly-tempered spirit. [redacted] marriage especially, her complaints became very bitter of the encroachments of the creature. I have [redacted] her more than once rising from her knees bathed in [redacted]. In that humble posture she had been mourning before God, over the increasing influence of the world and creature affection—over her deadness [redacted] backslidings. Her Bible and Hymn Book are full of pencil marks, which give no doubtful indications [redacted] her prevailing feelings. I find passages of three kinds chiefly marked,—such as are expressive of the preciousness of Christ, of personal unworthiness, and of longing after the presence of God in heaven. The hymn in the Bible Hymn Book, marked 'My Hymn,' is, 'For ever with the Lord,' &c. Her well-worn and well-pencilled Bible is a precious legacy. [redacted] [redacted] leaves at the beginning and end are covered [redacted] with texts, in the handwriting of the godly ministers and Christian friends she most esteemed and loved."

We close with [redacted] following letter from [redacted] whose name often occurs in the preceding letters, and to

whose ministry and counsels she felt herself so greatly a debtor :—

— *Newington, Edinburgh, October 26, 1852.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I regret much that the pressure of other duties has prevented my complying with your kind request till now; and I choose the form of a letter to yourself, both as giving more opportunity to the expression of cordial esteem for our departed friend, and as best suited to the mere glimpses of her character which I am able to offer you. I felt delighted when you told me of your intention to bring together what may form a permanent memorial of her worth, her whole religious experience a fine specimen of ‘peace believing,’ and of ‘sanctification through truth.’ The grand elementary principles of the gospel had a very strong hold on her understanding and her heart. The finished work of Calvary was the rock on which she rested her whole immortal hope, and the truth concerning it was the uniform spring of peaceful feeling and holy motive. Of the freeness of her views to the chief of sinners, her views singularly clear and simple, and it was not only an article in her creed, but a deep practical persuasion, that the difference between the brightest and best of saints, and ‘the vilest wretch who breathes the air,’ is and must be the fruit of mere sovereign mercy. This, indeed, was one of her favourite themes. Feeling herself ‘a debtor to mercy alone,’ she was wont to speak of with warmth and emphasis which indicated that she was in her ‘a well of water springing up into everlasting life.’

"I remember some seasons, while she was connected with my congregation, during which she was sore vexed by the keen winds of spiritual trial. But even ■■■ times I was greatly struck with the simplicity of her reliance on the testimony of God, just because the testimony was His. Her language was of this sort: 'There is nothing for the like of me but casting myself on the Saviour as I am—a lost sinner, nothing but a sinner; I wonder ■■■ admits me into His presence, and I wonder how I can venture; but *then* ■■■ has promised to take my burden, and to give me rest. Everything in Jesus ■■■ my case; ■■■ the blessings of His salvation are ■■■ for such as I am; who else could make use of them? *Why not for me?*' ■■■ she found that ■■■ peace must ■■■ recovered and preserved precisely ■■■ it ■■■ obtained at first, the Christian living all along as he began to live, 'by the faith of the Son of God,' and 'holding the beginning of his confidence ■■■ unto the end.'

"Many a time have I felt quickened by hearing her speak as she did ■■■ Jesus, as a Friend who was not only believed to be faithful, but who had been tried, and found to be so; of prayer, as becoming day by day dearer to her, from its having so often given vent and brought relief to her anxieties; and of meditation on the Word, ■■■ more and more inviting in proportion as she experienced its virtue to bear her on its wings above sublunary vexations. 'The ■■■ was truly her 'delight,' ■■■ 'honoured it' by the liveliest attachment to all its ordinances. Whoever might be the preacher, those were her favourite sermons that had ■■■ of Christ in

them; and, as I marked her expressive countenance while listening to the Glad Tidings, it seemed to say more plainly than any language could, 'This word is found of me, and I am eating it; and it is the joy and rejoicing of my heart.' ■ ■ ■ because her piety was thus 'planted by the rivers of waters,' and fed by ■ ■ ■ springs, that its leaf remained so green. One of the best proofs of her joy in her religion being the joy of the Lord, was, that it had for its companion genuine Humility. The standard by which she formed her estimate of herself was neither the attainments nor the commendations of others, but the law and the love of Jesus; she preferred speaking of *Him*, the Adorable Object in whom she confided, rather than of her own confidence; and when on fit occasions she *did* 'give a reason of the hope' she so happily enjoyed, ■ ■ ■ eminently 'with meekness and fear.'

"I frequently admired ■ ■ ■ jealous avoidance of whatever was likely to obstruct her growth in grace, such ■ ■ ■ books of ■ ■ ■ light and trifling character, worldly amusements, or association with persons who ■ ■ ■ their profession in a formal or worldly spirit. She had a great fear of occupying debateable or doubtful ground where the life of her soul might be exposed to counteracting influences; and in judging of what ■ ■ ■ congenial ■ ■ ■ inexpedient, she was not guided by the opinions of others, so much as by her own experience. If anything had been found prejudicial to her, that was reason enough for shunning it, even though other Christian friends might think it harmless.

"She justly attached great importance to active

usefulness as a means of grace. The kindness of her manner endeared her much as a Sabbath-school Teacher, and a Visitor in the home of poverty and in the chamber of affliction. Her zeal in doing good was real pleasure, the vital glow and energy of one who 'loved much.' She felt that there was absolutely one great object to be lived for—to get closer and closer to the Saviour's pierced side, that thence she might tell out the story of His love, and that thither she might draw poor souls that were straying far from their rest. I believe she has met in the Happy Land with some whose harps are struck with a stronger hand in the praise of their Redeeming God, for the instructions of her lips, the consistency of her example, and the importunity of her prayers.

"Deeply do I feel, along with you, dear brother, that 'we can ill spare from our congregations such praying ones as she.' May the Lord raise us many more! Often has she made the temporal death of one, the spiritual life of others. I trust the blessed Truth she used to press with all the earnestness of living affection on those she sought to win, shall still come back on their memories and their hearts with all the melting accompaniments of the grave and eternity, that there may be joy in heaven over souls brought back to God, and of that joy she herself will be one of the happy partakers.

"While writing these slight and hasty hints, I have felt as if I saw her interrupting me, and saying, 'Speak not of me, speak of Jesus.' I have not been speaking of Jesus, commemorating some of

the fruits of His abounding grace, which [redacted] her all she had, and made her all she was? *To grace be all the glory!*—I [redacted] my dear brother, yours very cordially,
 "JAMES ROBERTSON."

Yes, surely it is the "grace of God" that her life shews forth so marvellously; it is of the glory of Christ that it so fully speaks; [redacted] is to the riches of His love [redacted] [redacted] so largely testifies. And it is God, not man, [redacted] this book is meant to exalt. The biographer [redacted] have come short in many things which he [redacted] [redacted] with aiming at; for it is not easy so to sketch a life as that God shall be fully seen in all its features, and man [redacted] much hidden, as in [redacted] building of a [redacted] world, or the kindling of a new star. Yet he has striven to exhibit [redacted] [redacted] but God; not a model [redacted] creature-excellence, but [redacted] specimen of divine workmanship. He has aimed [redacted] shewing, not the steps by which man [redacted] himself religious, and the case with [redacted] he does this; but the way in which the Holy Spirit [redacted] [redacted] and re-moulds [redacted] humanity—the process by which He brings light out of darkness, the heavenly out of the earthly—the discipline by which He trains and educates [redacted] child for His kingdom. In an age when multitudes, [redacted] the Bible in their hands and Gethsemane before their eyes, are casting about for an easy religion, [redacted] smoother road to the New Jerusalem than the rugged path along which the [redacted] [redacted] led the way; when many seem to think that by a proper admixture of high sentiment and devout [redacted] [redacted] piration, they [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] religion for them-

selves—a religion of sunshine, and balm, and assure—undarkened by shadows, and unmarred by storms; it is well to call attention to certain elements in religion, which by such dreamers are supposed to be symptoms of spiritual unhealthiness, indications of bodily unsoundness, if not of mental feebleness—elements of which the Psalms are full—elements of which the seventh chapter of the Romans is the expression;—the broken heart, the bitter tear, the cry from the depths, the unutterable groan, the desperate conflict with the flesh, and the still more desperate wrestling with the principalities and powers of hell.

If this Memorial has merely drawn the reader's eye to man, and made him love a character or admire a life, or weep over an early death, it has wholly failed. If it has not turned the eye to God, and fixed the admiration upon the glories of His Incarnate Son; if it has not laid bare the hollowness of the world, and the mighty fulness of the eternal kingdom, so as to lead men to desire the better country; if it has not quickened the languid, startled the sleeper, made the loiterer blush, and roused the saint to a swifter race and a higher flight—it has not effected its end.

THE END.

